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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"This man's brow, like to a title leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume."

Shakspeare.

"His imperial fancy has laid all nature under tribute, and has collected riches from every scene of the creation, and every work of art."

Robert Hall.

"Sweet food of sweetly uttered knowledge."

Sir Philip Sidney.

"He hath indeed bettered expectation."

Shakspeare, again.

"Strange! that a harp of a thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long."

Isaac Watts.

"He is a worthy gentleman,
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments."

Shakspeare, some more.

"Learning hath gained most by those books, by which the printers have lost."

Thomas Fuller.

"Remember first to possess his books."

Shakspeare, another time.

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men."

Henry Taylor.

"He hath strange places, cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms."

Once more, Shakspeare.

"Come then, expressive silence, muse his praise."

James Thomson.

"We bear it calmly, though a ponderous woe,
And still adore the hand that gives the blow."

John Pomfret.

"When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious union, on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent, on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood."

Daniel Webster, second speech on Foot's Revolution.

ERRATUM.

The only mistake in this Book—aside from the one of printing it perhaps—is found in this portrait. When the request came that I would forward a photograph, so that a portrait of the author might be engraved to beautify the Book, I was absent from home. Overcome by the honor done us, and fearful that the publishers might change their mind if given time for calm reflection, the Family Sanshedrim, immediately on opening the letter, grabbed the first photograph that came handy and sent it along. Happening to get hold of one given me by a former friend, once renowned as a champion of all sorts of weights, it is thus that you come to have quite a tolerable portrait of “The California Chicken.”

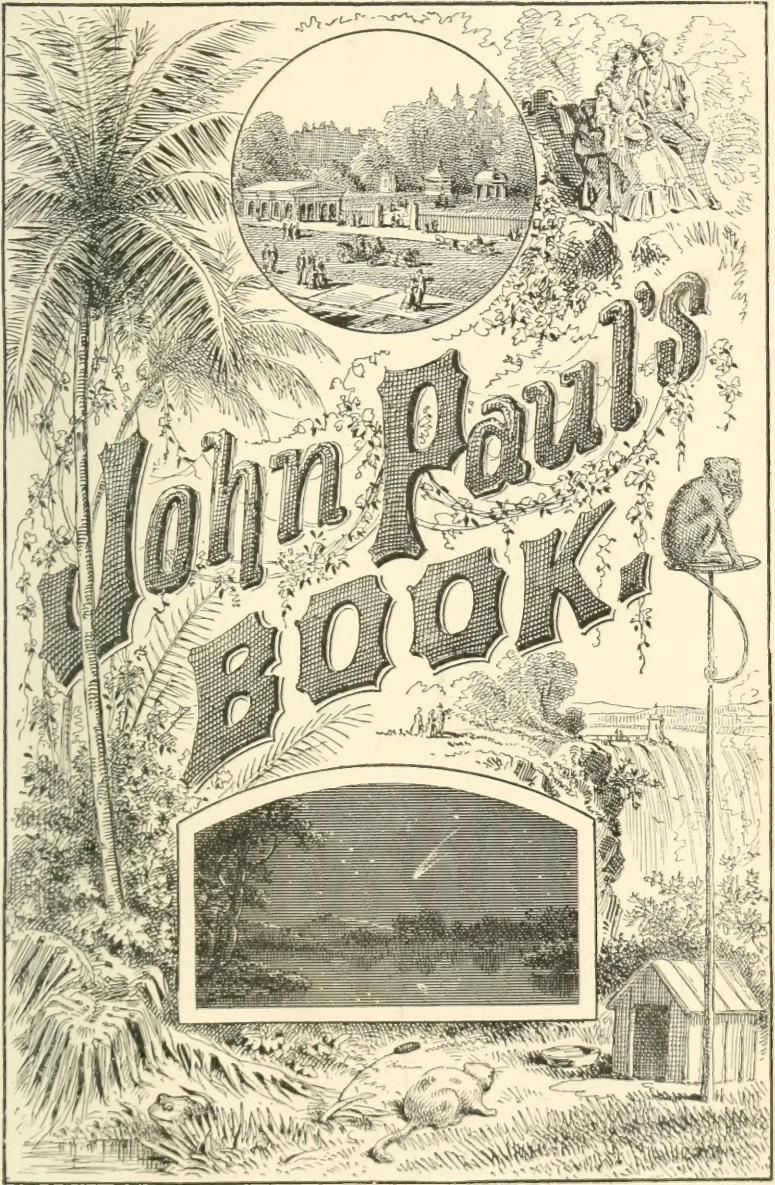
Under an impression that the critics might be less uncomplimentary in their remarks if they thought this was the man they had to deal with, the mistake was suffered to pass uncorrected. A much better portrait of the author will be found on the title page—sitting on a pole! If this be not sufficient to fill the aching void, I shall be happy to exchange photographs with any young woman who feels able to give twenty-five cents to boot.

J. P.

*His real name was
Charles H. Webb*



*Yours faithfully,
John Paul*
— " —



JOHN PAUL'S BOOK:

Moral and Instructive:

CONSISTING OF

TRAVELS, TALES, POETRY, AND LIKE FABRICATIONS.

BY

JOHN PAUL,

AUTHOR OF "LIFFITH LANK," "ST. TWEL'MO," AND OTHER WORKS TOO HUMOROUS
TO MENTION.

WITH SEVERAL PORTRAITS OF THE AUTHOR, AND OTHER SPIRITED ENGRAVINGS.

"Brittania needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep."

Campbell.

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1874.

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COLUMBIAN BOOK COMPANY,
In the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

TO
THE BALD-HEADED,
THAT NOBLE AND SHINING ARMY OF MARTYRS,
I DEDICATE MY BOOK
AND
LOOK FOR PATRONAGE.

For have not all the Big-wigs
of medicine declared that loss of hair is caused by loss of sleep?
To the Bald, then, I come, bringing not poppy nor mandragora,
but a Book of my own composing, for a composing draught.
Surely in my wake shall follow,

TIRED NATURE'S HAIR-RESTORER, BALMY SLEEP!

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CHAPTER I.

WHICH IS MOSTLY PREFATORY AND WHOLLY UNNECESSARY.

SEVERAL causes moved me to make this book. First, I wanted to. Looking back over my checkered career, I discovered that I had written a good deal, and the willingness of the world to let it all die, astonished me. Then, the newspapers containing my articles were getting worn out. The most desultory observer cannot fail to have remarked how soon the newspapers containing his articles do get worn out, if he reads them over pretty frequently, himself, and carries them round in his pockets to show to friends. And I did not feel able to incur the expense of getting new copies printed. It occurred to me at this moment that if I could but inveigle a publisher into printing a book for me, I might thus obtain handsome duplicates of everything I had written, at the personal expenditure of a little mucilage only. And I question if this is not how many books besides mine come to be made, were the truth known.

Again, I had nothing else to do. You may have noticed that when a man has nothing else to do, nine times in ten he goes off and makes a book. With women this is different. Book making, as some poet remarks, though but the pastime of a man's life, is the serious occupation of a woman's. So far back as the day of the Mound-builders it had become a proverb, that when a woman is busy with a book, children may cut up as they please with a blissful certainty of not being spanked until the end of a chapter. This sweet

immunity, I regret to say, was never mine. Neither of my parents, if memory serves me rightly, ever happened at the moments of my malfeasance to be earnestly enough engaged to neglect the serious business of the hour. But Nature's compensations are unfailing. Thus, when the sainted neighbors who lived adjacent and kindly watched over my glowing youth,—reporting occasional misdeeds, and sending in to borrow butter and sugar on the strength of the “friendly interest” they took in me—shook their heads and remarked that I did not take after my father, it was an ecstatic satisfaction to me to reflect how often that worthy gentleman took after me.

My excellent mother, too; to “correct” me pained her more than it did me, I know, for she always said so; but duty urged her on, and she invariably chastised me on the spot—what particular spot it is unnecessary to mention at this writing. Bless her heart! according to all accounts she never slept comfortably after punishing me, and I know that I on my part never sat down with very firm faith in a happy future for about two days subsequently.

The village schoolmistress, too, had a habit of sacrificing her feelings to a stern sense of duty, similarly, and much more frequently. It grieved her to the heart to do it, she explained, but I don't know that she could have been more active about starting in had it pleased her right up to the handle. Indeed, it has always surprised me to see how unflinchingly some conscientious sojourners in this vale of tears will prance along in the thorny path of duty, if only sustained by the blessed consciousness that they are treading on somebody else's toes all the while.

But to go back to my explanation of how this book came to be written—for I really feel that an explanation is due to the world: I had nothing else to do at the time, and a large family stood round helping me to do it. So, like the unjust Butler, I said within myself:—“Whom shall I do? As a digger I am not a success; to lecture I am ashamed. Verily, I will make unto myself a book, for with

that which I myself have written, and peradventure may purloin from others, shall I not have exceeding great material? And the name thereof shall be Back Pay. Thus may I again gain recompense for that for which I have been much overpaid already." So the thing was, in a measure, resolved upon.

Indeed, I may say in a measure, for a measure had much to do with it. Thus it was:—while deliberating what to do, a panic swept over the country, and I stepped in to buy a hat. I always do this in times when a man's financial standing may be called in question, for a hat doesn't cost much, and looks as shiny as a whole suit of clothes. You can skitter along Broadway of an afternoon then, with all the effect of a trolling spoon. People think you've made money by the panic, and your credit is better than ever. Some mistaken souls who dream of the contrary, affect the appearance of poverty, when panics are around, fearful lest any indication of wealth might bring needy borrowers to them.

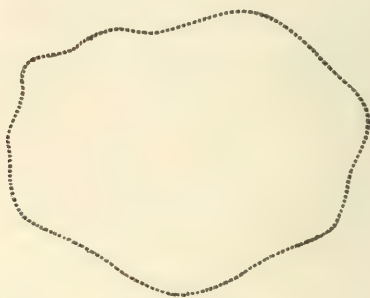
The reverse is true. In a transitory world like this of ours, one into which sin and suffering enter so largely that a man never knows exactly where he stands till he is snatched bald-headed, no weak and erring mortal has any time to fool away trying to borrow money of rich friends or relatives. No; let it be generally understood that you are in affluent, or even fluent circumstances, and a crowd will be at your heels from morning till night, each one anxious to lend you a dollar. But bruit it about that you are poor, and you couldn't borrow a cent to save your sole,—from the blistering that would come of being obliged to walk from the Battery to Central Park, because of having only four cents for car-fare; that's what I meant to say. (I hope that, for the future, instead of dragging in the only part which is immortal in man for a simile, colloquial authors will all do as I have done in the preceding sentence,—let go the upper when they come to it, and take hold lower down.) Even banks—benevolent banks—slam to their doors when a human being admits that he is really distressed for a discount.

Champagne and woodcock are pressed only upon those who have enough to eat at home. Let a man really need a dinner, and he is referred to the nearest soup-kitchen round the corner. Sometimes, I wonder whether or not those who are always willing to "treat" the rich so handsomely, but refuse a penny to the beggar who comes along with out-stretched palm, think that they "lend to the Lord" that way just the same as they would by giving to the poor.

But, as I was saying, I stepped in to be measured for a hat. "Certainly," said the well and widely known hatter, Mr.—no, he is dead since, another name is on the sign, and mention here will benefit neither him nor me,—and slapped a curious contrivance, looking not unlike a broad-brimmed music-box, on top of my head. Notwithstanding that it was constructed of iron, the machine developed all the elasticity of a poultice, and gradually settled down over my eyes.

"What are you doing of?" I asked.

"Only getting the shape of your head. There!" and lifting the lid of the kettle, he pointed to a piece of paper impaled on pins inside, which exhibited the annexed diagram in dots:—



No farmer could have raised a potato of such shape on the remotest corner of his farm, without sprouting a blush of shame all over his honest cheek. Any one who has ever had to do with agriculture knows how an amateur blushes when a potato turns up of unsymmetrical shape. I trust

then that the feeling which impelled me to look around for a double-barreled shot-gun, on being informed that this was the exact shape of my head, will not be misunderstood. Life had suddenly lost all charm for me.

Seeing my distress, the gentlemanly purveyor of last spring's tiles explained to me that the heads of very few men—certainly of no *great* men—were regular in shape. That the head of Daniel Webster, for instance, had a sort of kitchen extension on one side. "Many a man gets on in the world with a worse head than you've got—and does considerable business at that," he added reflectively.

"What might such a head be best adapted to? What line of business as best suited to that peculiar side elevation would you advise me to tie to?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "with *such* a head on your shoulders, you ought to be good at floating loans. Western railroad bonds ought to come sort of natural to you. Or you might canvass for a subscription book. You might even get up a book yourself!" And the last remark was spoken with the enthusiasm generally manifested by one who feels that at last he has struck something that he knows nothing at all about, could not and would not do himself, and is advising some one else to do it.

The die was cast, and I returned home full of a new purpose. On communicating that purpose to the family, the wildest emotion was elicited. My excellent mother dropped her knitting, to declare that she remembered several compositions of mine, written at school, which she always thought—and said—were good enough to print anywhere. My wife remarked, with calm dignity, that she was glad that at last her beloved husband was awaking to "a realizing sense" of what he was capable of, and what the world demanded of him. There were any number of writers without one half of my talents—as she had over and over again assured me—whose wives dressed handsomely on what they made out of their books; writers, too, who had never written half so much as I had. Even the baby gave a wild scream of

delight, and, on picking him up from the floor, to which he had dropped from his mother's arms unnoticed amid the commotion excited by the announcement of my fell purpose, we found that for five minutes or more, that possible president of the United States had been pouring over some MS. of mine that had just been returned to me "with thanks," and a keen editorial lament that it was not found available, etc., by a popular periodical.

So it was finally settled that a book should be made; and as I was known to be constitutionally opposed to labor, though fond of its fruits, the elder Mrs. Paul at once fished a pair of scissors from the recesses of her work-bag, and volunteered to cut out from the piles of newspapers and magazines that lay in the woodshed, all the articles I had written. The younger Mrs. Paul agreed to paste them together in long strips, so that I would have nothing to do but cut these strips up into pages. This, you see, took all trouble off my hands, leaving me simply the cheerful pastime of arranging the miscellaneous collection in symmetrical, if not chronological form; crossing out all ephemeral allusions and references to events of purely local interest; of weaving together the disconnected threads so as to preserve a pleasant though delusive show of continuity, and infusing into the whole mass that highly moral flavor which should stamp it, unmistakably, as the elaborate production of my mature age.

If more work than this had been involved, my book would never have been undertaken. On principle opposed to the expenditure of much candle unless very sure that the game is worth it, I purpose merely to string together the odds and ends of my literary life, commencing with a series of letters of comparatively recent date, which seemed to amuse the public at the time they were written. If these letters do not suffice to make my book—for it must contain a certain number of pages to meet the publishers' requirements—I shall draw on all I have ever done. If the book still falls short, I shall write enough to fill it out, or perish nobly in the attempt. For never shall it be said of me that I put my

hand to the plow and turned back. For that matter never shall it be said of me that I put hand to a plow at all, unless a plow should chase me up stairs and into the privacy of my bed-room, and then I should only put hand to it for the purpose of throwing it out of the window. The beauty of the farmer's life was never very clear to me. As for its boasted "independence," in the part of the country I come from there was never a farm that was not mortgaged for about all it was worth: never a farmer who was not in debt up to his chin at "the store." Contented! when it rains the farmer grumbles because he can't hoe or do something else to his crops, and when it doesn't rain, he grumbles because his crops do not grow. Hens are the only ones on a farm that are not in a perpetual worry and ferment about "crops;" they fill theirs with whatever comes along, whether it be an angle worm, a kernel of corn, or a small cobble stone, and give thanks just the same. But enough of preface and explanations; let me begin my book at once.

CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH WE PROCEED TO BUSINESS AND SARATOGA.

THE road from New York to Saratoga is well enough marked. Indeed, so definitely is it staked out that one could not very well get lost on it, even with the aid of a "Guide Book." The gliding keels of boats have worn a path in mid-river, and cars, that infest the night as well as the day, have left their tracks along the river-side. Indeed, they have a way of leaving their track every now and again, these cars, not specially soothing to tourists who seek quiet and repose.

Between these competing lines the favor of the traveling public is not at all equally divided; the balance turns greatly in favor of the rail. Why this should be puzzles me to determine. How any person, traveling simply for pleasure, can deliberately resign himself to the clutch of a shrieking, devil-like locomotive, and submit to be whirled over dusty roads and through darksome tunnels, when noble, broad-bosomed rivers are all the while flowing in a direction parallel to his route, passes my comprehension. And yet, the one word "hurry" explains it all. If the Englishman who proposed a bomb that should shoot passengers from Dover to Calais, would but establish that peculiar air-line between New York and Albany, he would certainly achieve a brilliant success. The rail would be abandoned, and people would travel wholly by that decidedly "*over-land route.*" What a pity that we do not adopt the old Arabic maxim:—

“Hurry is the Devil’s,” and quietly walk to our graves instead of running!

One of the greatest pleasures of steaming up the North River is that of leaving the red-walled city behind you. It enables you to turn your back on it in a contemptuous way; or if perchance you look back at the retreating houses and fading streets, it is only with a quick glance of dislike, not the lingering look of affection. There is a feeling of unspeakable relief when you get beyond the confines of the city, opposite that blessed part of Mannahatta where no streets are graded, and where the grass has not yet forgotten how to grow. It is the same feeling of relief that comes over one on emerging from a crowded room into the open air. The lungs expand and the muscles of the heart have a broader play.

It has been urged against the river route that the scenery becomes monotonous; that after having been once seen it is “rather a bore than otherwise.” Monotonous, indeed! The man who made that remark must have got sadly wearied of his mother’s face in infancy; possibly he tired of hearing the same step always around his cradle, and considered the old lady “rather a bore than otherwise.” But the scenery of the Hudson is never the same—hourly and daily it changes. Anthony’s Nose is every day growing redder, and you never saw the trees wear the same shade of green two hours in succession. It is true, that going up the river by night you do not see much of the scenery, after all—but then you have the satisfaction of knowing it is there.

It is pleasant, too, to see the moon rise on the water; to watch her fair face when she peers over the hill-tops, blushing at first, as though aware that profane eyes are gazing on her unveiled beauties; and then gliding with quiet grace to her canopied throne, the Zenith. The face of Miss Moon was freckled the last night I went up the river. I suspect that she had been kissing the sun behind the curtains down yonder, and this supposition would also account for her late rising. Although not given to making overtures to strangers,

I could not that night forbear remarking to a rather gruff-looking gentleman—the pilot, I think—that the moonlight was beautiful. His only reply was: “D—the moonlight;” and as the conversation seemed to drag at this point I went down into the cabin. As a general rule pilots are sadly deficient in sentiment—Pontius, the first Pilate of whom we have any official record, was proof in point of this; and the morals and manners of the fraternity have not mended much since his day.

Yet my remark was a truthful one; for it had been a beautiful day and was then a beautiful night. And between the beauties of a June day, and the witcheries of a June night, it is hard to choose. While the one woos you with blonde loveliness, the other comes with brunette beauty, dark-eyed and dark-haired, her tresses woven with diamonds and her brow bound by a tiara of stars. If it is pleasant to see Day look through the windows of the East, and then come tripping over the meadows; it is grand to see Night come down in her simple majesty, muffling the hill-tops beneath her hood, and spreading her robes of velvet over the conscious evergreens. On the whole, I give my heart and hand to the brunette beauty.

By the way, there is one feature of the river that I nearly forgot to mention; it is quite as prominent a feature as Anthony's Nose, yet you look for it in “Hand Books of the Hudson” in vain. The inventors of various hair lotions, liniments, aperients and other abominations, have turned the rocks along the river-side into a medium for advertising their wares; the Highlands declare the glory of some wretched cough syrup, the Palisades are vocal with the praise of pills, and unless some happy deluge washes off the inscriptions they will remain to puzzle the geologists and archæologists of a remote generation. There is no saying when this style of advertising was initiated. It is not improbable that it has existed from a very early day, and that the inscriptions on the pyramids, which have occasioned so many conjectures, are simply the handiwork of an Egyptian



INTERVIEWING THE PILOT.

Barnum, setting forth the attractions of some fossil "fat boy," or calling on every one to come and see a nondescript from the interior of Mesopotamia. Our brick walls will perhaps puzzle posterity in this way quite as much as the pyramidal piles of Cheops and his people have puzzled us.

For my part, *I* never did have much curiosity. Notwithstanding that I run over to Egypt nearly every summer, the mummies have never got me on much of a string. The post-humorous conundrums which you stumble upon if you examine a Sarcophagus curiously, with an eye to purchase, have no particular interest for me. Of course there are many things I would like to know about, but you don't catch me asking many questions—the boys at home have sold me too often for that.

There is one pyramid which it is scarcely possible that you failed to visit when you were over there last, for it stands within easy donkey distance of Cairo. Like most others of the block it has an English basement, but no butler's pantry, back-yard, bells, speaking-tubes, nor other modern conveniences; at the time I was there they had not even introduced gas and water. The only thing to distinguish it from the other pyramids that stand around, is a Mansard roof, which was put on by the second Sesostrius—see Herodotus,—who got an idea that there ought to be a little more room up stairs. Well, there's a mummy sits in one of the hall-chairs (on the right just as you go in), with a hat full of hieroglyphics sprinkled all over him. You can decipher them at once, if ever you've carried on a business correspondence with Sam. Bowles. The English of the inscription is:—

"There are Two of Us sitting Here—the Visible and the Invisible."

Now I wouldn't ask where the Invisible is for a dollar!

Perhaps you didn't see this pyramid when you were last up the Nile! It may have been a bad day for pyramids, you know, and this one didn't happen to be out.

CHAPTER III.

IN WHICH WE REALLY START FOR SARATOGA.

AFTER all that has been said in favor of river travel, the reader will of course conclude that I took that route to Saratoga. If so, the reader simply exhibits a profound ignorance of human nature. We very seldom travel by the same road we advise others to take. And men with skating-rinks on top of their heads have little time to linger along over delicious scenery when traveling with their own wives. So the Paul family took an early train from Riverdale for the Grand Central Depot in New York, which you have to start from to go anywhere.

That trunk had been my inseparable companion for nigh upon forty years. It had to some extent become my sole—perhaps I should say my sole-leather—reliance. Together we had slid down the gigantic glaciers of the far north; copper-nosed and bornoused Bedouins had dragged both it and myself across the scorching sands of the Great Desert; linked in close embrace, we had pounded over the Pyramids, plowed through the mud of the Nile. Not many moons had waxed and waned since we went bumping over the Lava Beds. And in all, over all, and through all, we had preserved our primitive integrity. But we were wrecked at last; the sinewy arm of the mighty baggage-man wrought what the extremes of heat and cold, the agility of the Arab, the malice of the murderous Modoc, failed to accomplish. It got no further than the Grand Central Depot.

Living in the country, I had long been anxious to rest my pale blue eye upon this arch and arched wonder of the metropolis. The ambition of my soul was gratified. It seems very little of an undertaking, this coming in on one train to go out on another from the same depot, but it gives one an excellent opportunity to see a good deal of New-York before he gets well through with it—which cannot but be gratifying to one, like myself, a stranger to the great city. The politeness, too, of the numerous officials is pleasing to the man who, all his life through, has been exposed to the candies and pop-corn of the prize-package vender, the conductor's scorn, the baggage-man's contumely, the train's delay, the insolence of the ticket-officer, and the digs in the ribs that patient merit is exposed to generally when traveling. I attempted to pass through a small gate which led to the other side of the depot, where my ticket-office was located.

"Whither would'st thou go, fair sir?" inquired a Peri in navy blue, with a brass label on him.

"My objective point, kind stranger, it is Saratoga," I made reply. "I would impinge thither by the special train which leaves this edifice at the hour of nine in the morning, and reaches the haven above mentioned at two in the afternoon, unless seized at Albany for non-payment of the Internal Revenue tax—unless the train is distrained upon, so to speak. Since I have said thus much to you in confidence, let me add that I seek the Hudson River Railroad ticket-office. No, do not trouble yourself to go with me," I said, as he made a motion of coming toward me; "I see the sign immediately opposite, and can reach it quite readily, thank you."

"Nay, it is not permitted that thou should'st pass that way," he made answer. "Art from the country, I presume?"

"To a certain extent my response should be in the affirmative, noble sir, or officer. I reside in Westchester County, just beyond Spuyten Duyvil Creek, but the question of annexation has been much discussed of late, and it is quite probable from the tone of feeling on this subject and the identity of the interests involved, that in the course of a cen-

tury or two, long before I get my book out, some definite"—

"Pardon the interruption; I was simply going to remark that, if my supposition be correct, your line of travel in getting your ticket and obtaining checks for your baggage will afford you an opportunity of seeing the city and its environs which could not have fallen to your lot under any other combination of circumstances. Pass out carefully through that far door below there; a good many gentlemen wearing badges like that which now I wear, to show that they belong to the establishment, and are employed expressly to find out where you wish to go and keep you from going there, will stop you, and ask questions. But it is probable you will not meet more than a hundred of them on this occasion, for 'tis still early morn, and few of them are about as yet. Explain everything to them fully and carefully, and you will not be molested. Having reached the street—God send in safety, fair sir, for your countenance pleases me, and I think thou hast a wife and"—

"Six lovely"—

"No, that comes in in the dialogue between Rolla and the old Castilian, in 'Pieces of Oratory Selected for School Use.' I was going to add when you interrupted me at 'and' (flying off, as it were to the Andes), that thou hast seen trouble. (Cause and effect are nearer together generally than the various points of interest in this depot.) As I was remarking, having reached the street, walk briskly around the building, turning to the right as you go, and you'll get to the ticket-office of which you're in quest in a half-hour at the most."

"Thank you, kindly; adieu, sir," I said, raising my hat respectfully as I turned to go.

"Nay, say not adieu, sir. *Au revoir*, rather; we shall meet several times again ere you depart."

How pleasant are the paths of peace. How sweet it is to hold cheerful converse in this wise with the servants of the public, and to be entreated gently by them, rather than to fume and fret and have them be impolite if not profane to

you. Musing upon all this, and resolving to write a series of "Tracts for Travelers," for gratuitous distribution, I proceeded to follow out the directions given me, and by aid of a friendly policeman or two at last found my ticket-place. The usual courtesies ensued, but I carried my point, and the next thing was to get my baggage checked.

"No; you cannot pass here, sir," explained a suave official, when I attempted to pass the depot to where my baggage was, "nor can any one bring it from there to you. 'Tis slightly suggestive of the Dives and Lazurus business, I know, but there is no help for it. You must go outside the building, and around it; 'tis only a dozen blocks or so. Present your checks to the gentleman who has the baggage in charge; if you can take some responsible person, known to the establishment, along with you, to identify you and certify to your good moral character, 'twill facilitate matters somewhat, but 'tis not absolutely necessary. Then, if one of the gentlemanly porters happens to be disengaged, your baggage will be brought around here, and you can get checks for it."

"But I have just arrived around here from around there, and I don't want to go back all around there, if I will have to come back all around here again"—and I tried to get through the door.

"Excuse me, sir; it is not permitted that you pass here. Besides, you are from the country, I presume?"

"Oh, bother your presumption," I made answer, forgetting my role of the Tame Traveler; "I've been all through that over yonder."

The calm official looked reproachfully at me, but betrayed no symptom of either impatience or anger, and, somewhat regretting the hastiness of my speech—a thing I seldom have to apologize for, by the way—I touched my hat apologetically and said, "Adieu."

"Nay, say not 'adieu,' sir; say, rather,"——

But I knew what was coming, and broke away. The rain was pouring in torrents, so I called a hackman, and bargained

with him to drive me around where the baggage was. Ever on the lookout for information, I asked this hackman, as we bowled merrily along, how long it would take to drive clear around that depot? "Well, sometimes more and sometimes less," he said, "if it be a poor day for bodies"—

"A poor day for what?"

"Bodies, sir; we calls 'em bodies; some folks calls 'em stiff, but we calls 'em bodies; sounds less distressful, as 'twere, besides being more 'spectful like to the parties themselves, you know. Now if there hain't been many pussons a movin' about and tryin' to get 'ome across the tracks, you can get along right smartly, but if there's many bodies lyin' about"—

"Thank you, driver, I don't think I care to know any more just now. Call me when we get where the baggage is," and I threw myself back on the satin cushions, wondering if the author of the sweet old song, "If a body meet a body," knew what he was about when he wrote it.

"Said I not we should meet again?" remarked my first friend in navy blue, with a sad smile, as he gave me permission to walk a few blocks down to where the baggage was piled.

My identity being satisfactorily established, five stalwart Greeks took my baggage on their shoulders, and stepped right across the depot with it, while I rushed out to my hack, and, by mad driving, got around almost as soon as they did. Got there just in time to see the favorite trunk, of which mention has been made, dashed down upon an ingenious iron anvil, apparently erected in the baggage-room for the precise purpose, and split open as though it had been an oyster. A peculiar odor floated out upon the air, which I recognized at once — Mustang Liniment—evidently something had broken.

"Very unfortunate, sir; but can't be helped," remarked the baggage-master, in measured tones. "It will go very well if you have a strap around it. Those other trunks of yours will go too if they don't have straps around 'em."

"Very well, put a strap around that one then."



TO BE OR NOT TO BE "STRAPPED" THAT'S THE QUESTION.

"But your other trunks will go, too, if they don't have straps around 'em."

"Then *don't* put any straps around them; I'm not particular about it," I said.

The mental agony of that moment I would not again endure for worlds. There stood that moral megatherium of a baggage-master protesting that one trunk would go if there was a strap on it, and that the others would go if there was n't, and amid all the confusion it took me ten minutes to understand what he really intended — which was simply to sell me five straps. I permitted him that luxury.

"What is the consideration, the compensation, the beggarly *honorarium* for each?" I inquired, as he buckled to his buckling.

"The *what*?"

"The damage;" and I sighed this softly in his ear.

"Only a dollar, sir!"

"Of what material are they fabricated; are they Russian leather?" I asked.

"Rushin' leather on you? Oh, no, sir; we sell a good many of them of course, but hinges will break and locks ain't much 'count, no way. Now if there was any collision between the boys that handle the baggage and us who sell the straps it might look like a game, but there's no profit onto them. We only keep them to oblige the public. Five dollars! All right, thank you, sir."

"The obligation is mutual, my good friend," I replied. "Really I am the one to say 'thank you.' For here have I been traveling up and down and over the world with these same trunks, and never found out that they were deficient in straps. No one has so much as hinted it before, and I am really profoundly grateful to you for mentioning it, the more especially as I see by this advertisement that there is no change of baggage between here and Saratoga. But why do not your assistants handle baggage with more care? What good comes of banging things about so?"

"What good comes of it? Really I am surprised that a

gentleman of your intelligence should ask such a question. What good comes of it? Do you remember that Rozensweig affair? Now, how would that murder ever have been found out if the boys hadn't been a little rough on that baggage? And how would the party ever have been remembered and identified if I hadn't sold that party a strap for the trunk when it got a little shaky? You see the fact is," (here he dropped his voice and whispered in my ear,) "when anybody comes along who looks like a murderer now, the boys always contrive to"—

I looked at my watch here, and saw that it was very near train time, so I said good-bye, cordially.

"Would you not like a strap for that umbrella, sir?" he called after me. "It looks as though it would come open easy."

"No, I thank you; good-bye."

"A strap for your pocket-book perhaps?"

"Thank you, no; it is pretty well strapped already. Good-bye."

And it was good of me to buy so many straps, though after all I did little better in that direction than my fellow travelers, for I noticed that nearly every trunk on the train—even the newest, the strongest, and most vigorous; iron-bound, brass-jointed, hickory-hooped crates and cages, all were supplemented with one of those russet leather surcingles, which I have ascertained can be purchased of any good harness-maker in the land for from four to five dollars the dozen. A few moments more, but not before I had again met the other official who so gently deprecated the word "adieu," and our lightning special was thundering along the track.

How improving conversation is to the mind! Here, after an intelligent interchange of ideas with the various officials of the Grand Central Depot, carried on amicably, notwithstanding some unmistakable differences of opinion, I went away invigorated and refreshed, possessed of much knowledge that had never dawned upon me before. This is why I have introduced so much of the conversation at length. And will

any say that this was not much better than sitting idly about, having others do the work for me, and waiting for train time to come?

A Wagner car — how comfortable it is! Whether or not the Wagner music is that of the future I will not undertake to decide, but certainly the Wagner car is good enough for the present—when you can't get a Pullman. (I slip in this qualification that I may not be accused of bulling the stock of either company.) It is delightful to get away from "'Ere's your pop-corn, fresh sugared *and* salted!" How do these wretches live? I never see any one buy even a popped kernel of the unpopular pests. The fiends, too, who lay "packages of prize candy, every package containing some valuable present" and dirty illustrated papers and books in your lap without asking permission! Railroad accidents are not of infrequent occurrence, but I never read of any of them being killed. *Do they ever die?*

Our lightning special makes few stoppages, but at Poughkeepsie the conductor announces ten minutes for refreshments — and to enable any one who is without a trunk strap to purchase one, I suppose.

The excellent language used along the line of this road really surprises one, and compensates for all manner of minor inconveniences. For instance, I asked a man in the restaurant what kind of ale he had.

"Vassar," he replied.

"Is it made at the Young Ladies' College?" I asked. "Is it of that brewed?"

"I suppose it emanates from a family of that name," he said. Upon my word he did. "Emanates" was the word he used — and I maintain that emanates "is good," under the circumstances. And the young ladies of this restaurant — if they are not graduates of Vassar, they should be. They serve doughnuts with a dainty grace, and you eat more pie than you ought to simply to gratify them. To have a thundering fit of indigestion for a young woman's sake is a much greater compliment than to simply confess to a heart-ache on

her account. And they speak the languages too, these young ladies do. I'm not much in that way, but I experimented a little.

8 “*De quoi fait-il les souliers ?*” I asked.

“You will find the answer in the book of ‘Familiar Conversations in French,’ where you got that quotation from,” she replied.

2 “Awl right ; go ahead !” shouted the conductor, and I fell into a train of thought over the coincidence, which was scarcely broken until we reached Saratoga—though passing the various shops where the Commodore manufactures his locomotives, cars, scrip dividends, etc., I could not forbear wondering where he makes all those trunk straps. But here I am at the end of both the chapter and my journey.

P. S. — I add a postscript to remark that my trunks are all right, but the straps are broken. I shall telegraph for more, for I cannot be happy without them, now that I am accustomed to them, as it were.

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH THE AUTHOR RATHER REGRETS HAVING BEGUN, BUT GOES ON AND LETS OUT WHAT HE KNOWS ABOUT THE SARATOGA HOTELS.

FOR the first time in this attempt at book-making, I really wish that I could back out of the business creditably. I have never had the small-pox; nor has it ever before occurred to me that it would be a good thing to have, but at this moment I would not object to a small pock or two. For I have an idea that in such an event I might break my engagement honorably. I have known very serious engagements to be broken off by varioloid,—by very little loid, for that matter. Indeed, I have known engagements to be broken off when there was none at all, though both parties were subsequently pitied.

My trouble just now is this. The letters which I am trying to compile, had considerable interesting news in them when written, but inasmuch as they are now a year or two old, the news is not of absorbing interest to the present generation. That news got into them in the first place was no fault of mine; but the editor of the *Great Moral Organ*, through whose columns I illuminated the country, wrote me, after the reception of a few letters, which might as well have been dated at Saragossa as Saratoga, that I *must* put a few facts in. I did so. When facts were scarce, I made up a hatful and sent them on. At this distance of time I cannot for the life of me tell my facts from other people's. Permis-

sion was given me to introduce a few jokes by way of variety. I availed myself of that permission. But looking over the letters now, I cannot determine which are the facts and which are the jokes. Not more than a minute ago I ran my pen through what seemed a rather stale item of news. But on coming to look at it more carefully, I discovered that I had, in reality, obliterated a splendid joke — a joke which it took me nearly a half a day to get up and bring in handsomely, and over which I had laughed myself into convulsions quite frequently.

The dates of the letters trouble me, too. A book intended not for one day only, but for all time — for the credit of all concerned, in fact — should not bear on every page the imprint of the present. And I set out with the intention of making these letters read like a book. So I shall slash the dates out, and no confusion can occur in consequence, if the reader will only carry in his mind from first to last the fact that I reached Saratoga about the first of July, and stayed there until a board bill was presented. Now we'll to the breeches once more, dear friends, and see how far we can get our feet into them before another explanation becomes essential.

"I wonder why people don't come to Saratoga in June, when the hotels are less crowded and the thermometer and prices are lower?"

We were sitting on the broad piazza, Mr. Spriggins and I, with our heels comfortably elevated above our heads. It was I that spoke.

"Reason enough why ~~not~~," replied Mr. Spriggins. "In the first place, nobody wants to come when there's nobody here; everybody comes for the sake of seeing somebody. They don't come to drink the waters, and if they did they wouldn't come in June; this filling one's self with salt water is bad enough with the mercury at ninety-nine, but who wants to pickle and repeat with it down in the sixties? Man isn't a mackerel. The De Mulligans and Van Murphys don't come in June because the La Rourkes and Van O'Tooles are not

coming till July, and the La Rourkes and Van O'Tooles don't come in June because it is understood that the De Mulligans and Van Murphys won't be here till July.

"The fact is, no man with a family could get here earlier if he wished to. There's Mrs. Spriggins, for instance, she's been getting ready ever since Lent, and says she isn't fit to be seen now. And I don't think she is, myself—a woman of her age with all those gewgaws on!—a red thingumbob over a yellow what-d'ye-call-it and the rear stuck out—made '*buffanty*,' she calls it—with a steel spring thingamy. We've been married nigh on to thirty year, and I'm bald as a cobble-stone, bald as an asphalt pavement, for that matter, and you don't think she's bald or nothing? Oh, no, I guess not. Why, she's been fixing for Saratoga these three months past, and I've chipped out enough to set up a grocery store, and when we started yesterday morning she said she wasn't half ready yet, and that I was always hurrying her, and that she had nothing to wear that would take people down. I told her just to wear it, then, and I guessed they'd be took down considerably. Come here in June? A man with a wife at his back couldn't get here in June unless she started to get ready in January; and then, with six months at it, the chances are she'd burst him so he couldn't come at all." And, biting his cigar viciously, Mr. Spriggins disappeared in the vicinity of the Hathorn Spring, stopping to kick at a small boy who intercepted him with "'Saratoga-and-How-to-See-It,' for fifty cents."

"The idea of seeing Saratoga for fifty cents!" I heard him mutter, low down in his beard.

Mr. Spriggins has had several serious conversations with me regarding his wife's extravagance—indeed, married men are very apt to come to me for advice in that particular, knowing that I've tamed several female "Cruisers." I tell him to decline to pony, refuse to ante, object to pungle—in short, to put his foot down. He says he has on several occasions, but it has only ended in his being obliged to put his hand down deeper. You see Spriggins dabbles in stocks,

and the spring "stringency" troubled him. But I've an idea that all complaint about any such trouble will cease if he surrounds a gallon or two of that Hathorn water every morning.

If Spriggins but knew it he is in advance of "the season" by several weeks, even now. The hotels have not begun to fill up as yet, nor will they until the latter part of July. Now you can get good rooms without much trouble; then there will be a scramble for even poor ones. Bachelor gentlemen, who now luxuriate in family suits, will then be translated to the sky-parlors, and put on floors where the ugliness of the chambermaids will be something appalling. This is one of the taxes imposed upon the luxury of bachelorhood. It is with a view of evading the penalty, probably, that gentlemen unprovided with wives of their own come here so frequently with other people's; and you'd never know the difference if some one didn't tell you about it. Why some one always tells you I can't see, for in most cases the difference is not worth mentioning.

But, notwithstanding the seeming scarcity of guests, the proprietors of the hotels assure me that they have quite as many as at a corresponding period last year. I could scarcely believe this, had I not looked over the statistics and found it to be true — not that I doubt the veracity of landlords generally; as a race, they are veracious, and may be relied on — though occasionally, at rare intervals, you run across one who will lie. For instance, I have known some of the fraternity to charge only half as much as they agreed to, and give just twice what they promised to; but, as before remarked, these instances are rare, and may be considered the exceptions proving the rule to the contrary. It is well, however, to take the statements of hotel men with some grains of allowance, for they are the most hopeful of mortals, always seeing the future in roseate colors, and the past as it might have been rather than as it was, never despairing until the last gun is fired and the last guest gone off. However, there will probably be a rush for Saratoga when it leaks out

that I am here, and perhaps, notwithstanding that none of the old springs have dried up and several new ones have been discovered, the summer will yet be chronicled as a success in the records.

Saratoga is emphatically the place of hotels. So near together are they that you have a half dozen in one. The streets are but the halls — there is no such thing as out doors, unless you drive out of town. We live on the piazzas rather than in rooms. Ladies meander about in all directions without hats — you might think they had lost them, did it not occur to you how much less likely the dear creatures are to lose their hats than their heads. This freedom on all sides, the general *sans façon*, gives you a delightful home feeling; you feel that you are among friends, the pretty girls seem your sisters, the ugly ones, cousins — how far removed you don't care. The rich old ladies are your aunts; you forgive the crusty millionaires who stump around on gouty toes, grumbling at your cigar smoke, for not being related to you, and would let them consider you as one of the family if they chose — anything to oblige them. Doing the society business becomes less irksome than it could be under any other conditions. Here are all your friends within a stone's throw; but as one doesn't want to throw stones at one's friends, perhaps I had better say that your enemies are within hitting distance if you want to shy rocks at them. Making calls is no trouble at all, and you regret that New-Year's does not come off while you're up here — it would be so nice, too, to go round drinking Congress water instead of wine.

Much is said of the extravagant charges at Saratoga. On the contrary, nothing could be more reasonable, all things considered. People putting up here forget that they really "stop" at half a dozen hotels, and are not expected to pay any more than if they stopped at only two or three. But, seriously, there is something to be said counter to the charge of extravagant charges. The proprietors of the Grand Union, for instance, pay a rental of \$70,000 — and even at that rent the property probably does not pay a fair interest

on its value. The house is only open four months of the year, and of these four months two are a sort of dead open-and-shut on the proprietors, so far as profit is concerned. July and August are really all that the lessees have to get back their money in. They make long reaches for it in those eight weeks, and do pretty well, taking the difficulties of the case into account — but I don't believe any one could get me to take a hand at the game, notwithstanding that I'm not averse to turning an honest penny. I'd rather be a boarder. Very much the same may be said of the other hotels, I fancy, though I have made no "deep scrutiny into their mutiny" — the fact is, I have given up all idea of going into the summer-hotel business. And so far I have not circulated around much, finding it pleasanter to sit in a room and write from imagination, than to be out in the rain without an umbrella gathering facts.

In Congress Hall, however, I remark few changes since the house was re-opened some six years since; the furniture is about as it was. I thought, though, that I detected a new spittoon or two, and a boot-jack that was not there last year. But one never can be certain about spittoons, the "designs" on them change so from day to day — sometimes you think it a new one, and 'tis only the old one washed, and *vice versa* — and the boot-jack I have since learned belongs to a guest, and was left lying around inadvertently. It may be that he set it out to catch a pair of boots that he had lost, for a good deal of leather gets adrift over there. Five years ago, the first year the house was re-opened, I rashly set out a pair of shoes in the hall to be cleaned. In the morning they were gone. Next night I set out a pair of boots, and in the morning the shoes were there and the boots were gone. As I had rather lose the shoes than the boots, I next night set out the shoes, and, as a delicate intimation of my readiness for a trade, also set out a pair of old slippers. Next morning both slippers and shoes were gone. I had nothing left for bait, and the proprietor said he was only responsible for things deposited in the safe at the office. I always put on my old-

est leathers now when I go across the way, apprehensive that the same boot-and-shoe fiend may be about.

The Clarendon is said to have a new parlor-set, but looking into the parlors I see the same old set there as well as on the piazzas. There is a quiet elegance about this house, which commends it to those who wish to be in the world and yet not of the world. The guests are of the serene kind; they don't read newspapers, or bother themselves about what is going on ten rods from them. No noise is ever heard at the Clarendon; attaches and visitors alike glide gently and gracefully around, the floors are carpeted six inches deep, the children as well as the chairs are set on rollers, the doors swing on well-oiled hinges—if the joints of even a guest creak he is at once informed that his room is wanted but his rheumatism is not—everything is in the minor key, except the proprietor, who is a major. He informed me last evening, while buckling on his sword to carve a large turkey, that he had some idea of increasing the accommodations of his house by leasing the adjoining church for sleeping quarters—a purpose to which it is excellently adapted, if one may judge from the exhibition made by the congregation on Sunday. With very little alteration the pews could be turned into comfortable cots; and then the pronunciation of our German friends, who call their church-goings the “worship of Cot,” will be all right.

As for the Grand, I have only an outside acquaintance with that. There is a terrible newness about it which awes me. It never seems to me that a house is finished till it is fifteen or twenty years old. If it be rebuilt, that is another thing. If the Grand had turned up as somebody's water-cure, now, 'twould have had a *raison d'être*—an assured position. An old name carries with it a glamour of aristocratic antiquity, new though the possessor of it be. When the United States Hotel gets well under weigh again it won't seem born of this generation; though beyond the name it will have nothing about it which belongs to the old, save a few traditions.

The Grand Union has undergone some wonderful change

every way. It is now owned by a Mr. A. T. Stewart,—a dry goods merchant of New York I believe—who is rushing madly on to beggary in its decoration. The parlors and dining-rooms have been newly frescoed throughout, gorgeous chandeliers are scattered round promiscuously, there are several new wash stands and bureaus on the second floor, and, unless my eye deceives me, a new match-safe has been put in my room since last year. Over each of the four mantels in the parlor is a frescoed figure. These are intended to represent the four seasons—they look like good seasons, and I hope for the sake of the proprietors that they will prove prophetic. But the room that pleases me best, and where I for this reason spend the most time, is the dining-room. With the shaded street on one side, the leafy hotel grounds on the other, and windows little more than five feet apart, to all intents and purposes you are dining in the open air. There are no frescoed figures lying around, but I never did care much for figures anyway. Let me not forget to mention that besides all he has done in the parlors, Mr. Stewart has also had the clothes-hooks in the bedrooms arranged so high that a step-ladder is necessary to hang anything upon them or get anything down. This is rather inconvenient, but I suppose it is the fashion in hooks and must be followed—to the ceiling, if necessary. If you speak to the proprietors about this they will explain to you that in the fall Mr. Stewart intends to pull down all the old part of the building, and extend a uniform front, with corresponding piazza, the whole length on Broadway. Perhaps this is why he has had the hooks in the bedrooms put so high, though just at present it is difficult to see the connection between the two plans. But this reminds me that my nightgown is hung up there—Mrs. Paul after calling for an ineffectual lad, borrowed a ladder, for the purpose of hanging it up, and as both lad and ladder have since been removed, I had better be climbing if I want to get to bed to-night.

“Chap. V begins on page 46 ; Chap. IV *must* end on page 45. Please write half a page or so more, to have Chap. end on next page.”

There you have the request that comes to me on the margin of this proof-sheet just received from the printers. This is the second time that I have been called on to either cut a few lines off from a chapter or write a few more in, to make it end squarely on this page or that. The other time it was to lap page 26 over on to page 27. Not knowing what else to do, I went at it and wrote something in about mummies. Mummies had nothing to do with the rest of the chapter, but that made no difference—I just seized hold of them by the ears and dragged them in neck and crop, and if you look back you’ll find that they made pretty good filling. As for the printers, they don’t care what you send them in such cases—they’d just as lief dump a chapter of Genesis into this present hole as anything else.

Pretty work this book-making is ! I supposed that when one had compiled his compilation and sent it off there was an end on’t. But here I am, blundering on against space, and with no tape-line at hand to inform me when there’s enough written to fill up with. If this chapter still falls short, I hereby authorize the printer to piece it out with some appropriate line from Dr. Watts.—

“Tis the voice of the sluggard”

will do, in the absence of anything more fitting.

CHAPTER V.

WHICH MAY BE REGARDED MAINLY AS A CONTINUATION OF THE PRECEDING ONE, THOUGH EMBRACING A GREATER VARIETY OF SUBJECTS, AND EMPLOYING A MORE PHILOSOPHIC STYLE IN THE TREATMENT OF THEM.

SCARCELY had I finished writing the name of Mr. A. T. Stewart, when the store-keeper himself arrived. The news that I was at Saratoga leaked out sooner than I thought it could, and wealth always loves to congregate. I suppose the Shah of Persia will come prancing along next. Considerable excitement has already been caused by this probability, and on hearing that he had really got so near as London, the young ladies at once began overhauling their wardrobes with zealous care, and doing up their back-hair in most extraordinary fashions—towers and minarets replace the plain roofs of old. For since he has shipped a thousand or so of his old wives home, there is no telling what new matrimonial freak he may take into his head when he slings his jeweled eyes over the fair ones of this free land—at least, so the fair ones argue. As it is reported that he insists on personally killing all the chickens served at his table, the hotel proprietors have determined that they will allow him to kill *all* the chickens that are used about their establishments, if he will only give them the *coup de grace* down in the kitchen and not interfere with the cook while dinner is on; and they have italicised the clause in their printed “regulations” which

declares that they are not responsible for money and jewels unless deposited at the office for safe keeping. Among the "help," the story that he gives a million or two dollars to be distributed among the servants of every house where he puts up, causes the wildest anticipation, and all are busy with pencils ciphering out on the back of wine-lists how much this sum will give to each ; numerous quarrels have already occurred between the waiters and the bell-boys as to its proper allotment.

"Each waiter is provided with a pencil and lists," says a foot-note at the bottom of the wine page on the bill of fare. How it may be about their being provided with pencils, I do not know, but that each waiter stands as near as he can to the back of your chair and "lists" to what is said at the table, without losing so much as a whisper, I will swear !

Yesterday I spoke of "the long, long Day." "Is he so very tall, then ?" asked one of the ladies, evidently thinking I referred to the Shah. By the way, before he really comes over, I wish he would send a courier ahead of him to instruct the uninitiated public in the proper pronunciation of his title. Some have it "Pshaw ;" while others burst in on your meditations with "Shay," conveying the impression that he is but a "one-horse" potentate. However, whether the Shah comes or not, Mr. Stewart is here, (as he owns the tavern, I suppose they don't charge him much for board,) and I shall ask him at the first opportunity why he put the clothes-hooks so high on our bedroom walls ; whether it was because he is interested in seeing dry-goods well up. I shall also ask him if he considers it good policy to put things so high as to be out of the popular reach altogether.

Notwithstanding the declaration that I have no present intention of keeping tavern, do not infer that I think any the less of Mr. Stewart because he owns one. But if ever sufficient inducements should be offered me to go into partnership in the hotel business by any proprietor who wishes the moral support of my name, I should suggest some radical

innovations. In the first place, the gas fixtures are never rightly arranged in bedrooms. They ought to be placed at the head of the bed, where one could read himself to sleep blissfully. It would be a gorgeous idea so to arrange them that you could shut off the gas when good and sleepy without even having to turn over. I have sometimes got at this, after a fashion, by lashing a lead pencil to the thing-that-turns, then tying a string to each end of the pencil, and leading the strings over to the bed. It is a comparatively simple contrivance, but it works eminently well when the thing-that-turns is not too near the wall; in this case you have to cut the pencil in two, which, besides spoiling the pencil for ordinary use, does not give you sufficient leverage, and the strings keep breaking.

Then, instead of having annunciators or electric bells, or any such fooleries that are always getting out of order, I'd attach the wires directly to the boys whose business it is to answer the bells — say to a ring in the nose, though this part of the invention is a matter for mature elaboration. By this arrangement, I think one could “annunciate” that something was wanted, and bring an attendant to the room with less trouble than is now involved.

I shall use less ice — and use it more gently in dumping it on the sidewalk in the early morning, than to wake all the boarders up. Then I won't let my cook attempt to play a mutton chop with raisin sauce on my guests, for saddle of venison with currant jelly. When an Independent Journalist orders calf's head, I will instruct cook and all hands not to send him a calf's foot. He might feel offended; *les extremes se touchent*, say the French; this substitution suggests an attempt to prove the proverb practically, making meat extremes meet. Then I wouldn't — but why tell what I wouldn't do, when 'tis so much easier to mention what I would. *Allons*. The table expenses I would cut down materially. Instead of the present multifarious bill of fare, meandering through which, in the attempt to find what one wants, you get hopelessly lost, I would just give a good

soup or two, some seasonable fish (salt cod is always in season,) a joint or so, a bit of game (when game is cheap), and a standard dessert for those given to flummeries — *I* never waste my sweetness on the dessert air.

Everything should be exquisitely cooked, served smoking hot — except the ice-cream — and from day to day the bill should be varied. Under the present system the polyphagous personage surrounds himself with dishes up to the chin, some of which he smells, a few of which he tastes, but the majority of which he sends away simply mussed and spoiled — for a man can't eat everything on the bill if he has got a right to. The same man and his wife would order very differently where they serve things *à la carte*; if the traditional idea of one plate of ice-cream with two spoons were not really carried out, an approach to it would be made by ordering "one portion" of each course and making it do for both. Men of moderate stomachs and requirements are put to immense and unfair expense by this lavish regime; some one has to pay for it all, of course.

It might correct the evil somewhat to have the bill of fare graded off in inches, charging so much for eating down. Then one would have to pay only for each inch he ate. And depend on't, a good many wouldn't travel so far or so fast as they do at present. For I have seen the polyphagous person above mentioned amble into the bill of fare and trot straight through without a single break. The thought has occurred to me that were I a waiter and stationed at his table, I'd say :—

"Oh, bother it, just take the bill and cross off the one or two things you don't want, and I'll bring you the rest."

But then I'm afraid the season wouldn't find me much ahead of my regular "wage," and perhaps even the proprietors would not sufficiently appreciate my devotion to their interests to retain me in place. At a moderate estimate you will find that the "meal" which many a man orders would cost him five dollars if he tried to get away with it at a restaurant; here they get three of them for that, and a room

thrown in ; some one else has to pay for it, and they do the grumbling.

On the whole, I've made up my mind that I shall put prices up instead of down when I open the Hotel de Paul. It is true that I am interested slightly in the hotel at which I am staying, but not to the extent that is generally supposed. Any journalist of respectability, or a member of any other profession whether respectable or not, can come in on the same terms ; so I publish the arrangement for the benefit of all. Listen ; of the three proprietors of the house, one makes out the bill, another lends me the money to pay it, and the third stands behind the counter ready to pay it back the very next minute. There's nothing like a connection with the press for helping a fellow along in the world, and occasionally getting him well licked !

Indeed, though, you would think that guests were personally concerned in the success of their respective hotels, did you see the interest they take in them ; each makes his hotel's cause his own and fights its battles, rendering runners unnecessary. Something the same spirit is gotten up when steamboats are racing, and passengers stand by to pass barrels of pitch down to the furnace rooms, willing to be blown up so only their boat gets in ahead. This opposition here is a good thing, and strangles monopolies.

I hate monopolies ; what they can't steal they'll cheat you out of, selling trunk straps, perhaps. And I hate boarding-houses, (whether private or public) more than I do monopolies. It amuses me to hear persons say, when asked where they're "stopping :"—

"Oh, I came here for quiet and retirement ; I'm at a private boarding-house."

Now there is no place in the world where one can be so quiet and retired, if he wishes to, as at a large hotel. You are not obliged to know any one, not even the proprietors,—unless you break the furniture. And no one is obliged to know you, and, unless you are extraordinarily handsome and prepossessing, as is unfortunately the case with me, no one cares



WAYLAID ON THE STAIRS.

to. No one attempts to beguile you into conversation unless you put yourself squarely in the way of being beguiled; to your silent meal you sit you down, and, if you are a clergyman, select your text with your soup, finish the first head of your sermon before you come to the tail of your trout, and slide gently along to the nuts and raisins—I mean to the final benediction—without a solitary interruption. Like a shadow you come, if you like, and so depart—whether you like it or not, for the waters are not fattening.

At a private house, on the contrary, you must be introduced to the landlady in the first instance, and she thinks it her hospitable duty to introduce you to every one else in the house. If you don't say much in the parlor, simply because you have nothing to say, she thinks you are bashful, and sooner than see you suffer in that way wades resolutely in to draw you out. It is idle to attempt to hide your head under monosyllabic replies; she will snake you out from behind the thin shelter of a "no" or "yes," and resolutely expose you to the whole roomful in your naked deformity of thought.

If you evade the parlor and slide surreptitiously up-stairs or out into the wood-shed, she will avail herself of your absence to go whispering round to all the wry-necked maiden boarders who read poetry and the stiff-necked old gentlemen who eat hash and talk theology, that you're a very agreeable and entertaining person if they can only "get at you"—make your acquaintance she means—and then they straightway go to "getting at" you. They waylay you on the stairs, particularly at the crooked sections where banisters are weak and speed is dangerous, to ask if you have read "Sorrows of a Sensitive Soul," by Letitia Lollipop, and what you think of Père Hyacinthe's marrying a widow, and whether that marriage throws any light on the interesting question, Will Salt Peter Explode?—dimly connecting it with St. Peter, perhaps. And by and by they contrive to branch off on Foreign Missions, the Œcumenical Council, or something else which they deem of cheerful and current interest to you, and which you know nothing at all about.

Then at the table you are expected to be pleasant and sociable and make yourself agreeable, and to tell all the other boarders about yourself and your friends and your family; and some invariable old wretch will immediately remember that at some remote period of his life he has met some person from your "part of the country;" and if you cannot instantly recall that person and prove yourself familiar with all his habits and peculiarities, what church he attends, and which eye he has a cast in, you are looked upon as a possible impostor, and the suspicion gets abroad that you do not come from your "part of the country" at all.

If anything goes wrong about the house — of course nothing is ever cooked right, but if anything out of the usual order breaks loose, I mean; if the steel springs of your mattress, for instance, in their constant risings against oppression, finally show their rebellious heads through the upper crust of cotton, and rake your back to the extent that your dreams are harrowing ones, indeed; if your pillows, thin at first, become daily more attenuated until their relative thickness may be expressed by the equation, 2 pillows + your valise = 1 pancake — no matter, in short, what cause of complaint may come upon you, you cannot speak about it mildly and gently without "hurting the feelings" of "the lady of the house," nine times in ten the refined relative of some aristocratic family of princely potentates or potwallopers, who only "takes boarders" to fill up her big house — which she never could a-bear — and to have friends round her. One doesn't like to stand forth glaringly in this microcosm, illuminated by the blue-lights of feminine vituperation, as a brute, when in reality he is only a boarder! Oh, I've been there, you see. I know all about it, and am quite content to stand my hand on a hotel.

In a hotel, if the remotest part of the machinery do not run to suit you, if the whisk of a chambermaid's broom or even the buzz of a fly annoy you, you can agitate things in the abstract, and raise a dust generally. The landlord is not a trembling moss-rose, too tender and sensitive for the rude

winds of heaven to blow upon, or for you of earth to "blow up." It has never occurred to him that he conferred a favor by sticking you up in an attic and giving you a banana on Sundays in addition to the regular weekly dessert; you can "jaw" him without hurting his feelings one bit, for he will immediately turn round and give some one else under him "fits" — thinking it "more blessed to give than to receive" in the matter of fits, perhaps. And the "domestics" are always good, stout darkies, who know that they deserve abuse at all hours of the day, and in this guilty knowledge are only too happy if, in the whirlwind of your wrath, a shower of boot-jacks and things do not descend upon them.

But I'm out of breath with my subject. Enough to say that I have lived, I have boarded, and I have suffered.

CHAPTER VI.

WHICH IS WHOLLY DEVOTED TO A DEFENCE OF THE JEWS,
BECAUSE THEY WERE PITCHED INTO BY A MAN PUTTING UP
AT ONE OF THE OTHER HOTELS.

“YOUV’E got all the ‘Jews’ over with you,” said a gentleman from one of the other hotels to me last evening; “they shut down on them over at our house; won’t have ’em.”

I like that; proscription of all kinds is good. I like to hear one man say that he hates an Englishman, and another that he can’t stand an Irishman. For it shows that they have not yet ceased to grow; each has something further in life to look forward to. If they live long enough they will come to the conclusion arrived at by the great French traveler, who declared that after visiting every part of the known world, he had made up his mind that it was inhabited chiefly by men and women. But religious proscription is especially pleasing to the naked eye. So far as business dealing is concerned, an officer of one of our most prominent banks to whom I repeated the observation, remarked that, of all the men who had dealings with his bank, he found “Jews” the most honest, the most faithful in the performance of the very spirit of their contracts, the most trustworthy in all money transactions. And is it not so? Among the paupers who fill our streets and our asylums, our hospitals and our jails, do you find a “Jew?” They feed their own poor, and they take care of their own sick. Like the best modern engines, they consume their own smoke and rubbish.

But, aside from these material facts, there is a poetry and a grandness about the Jewish character which has always moved me to reverence. A nation without a country, a people without a home, flowing through and penetrating all nations, yet not commingling with a single one; preserving all their individualities, their religion, their language, their customs intact; the same now as when, led by the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night, they went dry-shod through the cloven sea, and encamped in the wilderness beneath the same stars which now stud the heavens. Show me a people like this in all history; a people around whom all the grand poetry of the Bible clusters; a people rich in tradition beyond all precedent, who have yet preserved the minutest of those traditions, while dynasty after dynasty has crumbled around them and nation after nation has faded from off the face of the earth; a people who have clung to the faith of their fathers, to the one God whom their fathers worshipped, asking no change and seeking no change, while creed after creed has had its day, and decay and incessant wars over doctrinal points have desolated empires!

Against their virtues of to-day there may be a little offset in the mistaken election made by the Jewish populace thousands of years ago; but do we in this later day and generation never crucify our Christs?

My sympathies in the play, let me confess, have always been with Shylock. Houseless and homeless, spoiled of his wealth and robbed of his daughter, he is driven out in his old age to childless penury — and for what? Insulted and spat upon, his religion reviled and his house dishonored, he took no revenge in cowardly murder after the Christian pattern; he sought but the fulfillment of a contract the terms of which he had complied with, and would have complied with, probably, had positions been reversed. Would not Shylock, think you, have bared his breast to the knife in fulfillment of his bond without the spiritless fuss that Antonio made about it? Such is Jewish faith; depend upon it, the despised Jew would not have sheltered himself from the fulfillment

of a bargain which he himself sought, under the quibble about a drop of blood.

“Won’t have Jews!” you fool. Talk about “the best society of New York,” you do not know what it is until you have mingled with Jews, gone among the Rabbis, sat at their feet, and, in admiration of manners and learning which pass all your previous experience, of a gracious gentleness which makes the toleration afforded you by any other sect seem boorish rudeness, recognized a “society” to which you can never hope permanently to attain, a courtesy which comes of the scholarship and culture of thousands of years.—“Won’t have Jews,” indeed!

There, perhaps you think fine needlework of that kind is a trouble to me! Not at all; I can do it just as easy as roll off a log. If I don’t do it every day in the week, it is only because one must occasionally stop to get in his family wood and coal. The last sentence was rather rough on me, it strung itself out and rattled so. But after you once get into a scrape of that kind, you’re like an eel in a set of sluice boxes; there’s no backing out, you’ve got to keep digging ahead. And I think I got through creditably. It may be that I can’t write so as to please *all* denominations, but give me room for it and see if I can’t tickle the bulk of them.

CHAPTER VII.

WHICH MUST NOT BE SKIPPED BY ANY ONE WISHING TO HAVE
VERY INDEFINITE IDEAS ABOUT WHAT TO DRINK, WHEN TO
DRINK, AND WHAT THE CONGRESS SPRING GROUNDS CONTAIN.

SARATOGA is a very pretty little village, and thriving, in spite of its springs. It is not compulsory on either visitors or residents to drink the waters, though the hotel men try to force it on them by advancing the price of drinks, both plain and mixed, to about double New York rates — this I state upon hearsay, only — but it is noticeable that most people stand the tariff and do not adopt the alternative or alterative. Do not understand me as designedly casting reproach upon these waters; far be it from me even to attempt to prejudice any one against a beverage which, in addition to being inexpensive, has performed some of the most remarkable cures on record — among which may be mentioned the curing of hams which were found incurable by any other process; perish my pen first, sooner let this page wither and the ink fountain dry up!

But I must honestly confess that I prefer claret with my meals, to these waters, and I have tried them all, faithfully. I have drunk them at all hours and under all conditions; on going to bed at night and on getting up in the morning; I have even got up in the night to drink them, for whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well. I have drunk them before meals, at meals, and after, when people advised me to drink them and when they didn't; in the few days that I've been here I have actually drunk enough of the water to run

a grist mill — at any rate sufficient to afford excellent damming facilities. You could hear the wheels of my vitality within me humming and whirring ominously, like the overwrought works of some busy manufactory.

And what the result? On attempting to retire within myself, as is my custom when surrounded by a light, frivolous crowd, I get nearly drowned. I am but the shadow of myself, save when ballooned out — “got up *bouffante*,” as the women say — by this portentous imbibition, and then I am merely a dropsical delusion. I creep feebly about, and interchange weak jokes with valetudinarians. Do you complain that there is no humor in these letters? There is no humor left in me, not a single humor. I feel myself on the brink of sad poetry, just trembling on the verge of inflated prose. I now understand how “Warwick” was wrought; how “Hotspur” happened. “Beulah,” “Macaria,” “St. Elmo” — all were written while the authoress was sojourning at a mineral spring. And they were published by a publisher who in addition to spending his summers at Saratoga, patronizes an artificial Spa all the winter through. Who else would have done it?

As nearly as I can reckon it is forty years, one month, two weeks, and three days, since I first visited Saratoga. Before I had drunk more than a gallon of the water, the following verses appeared over my signature in one of the illustrated papers. *Over my signature*, understand:—

QUITS.

She is dead! and they say for her fame
It was barely in time that she died:
Better thus—she could never brook shame;
For oh! she had terrible pride.

Sure the path to the grave was soon trod—
She is resting, and so let it be;
But why do the gossips all nod
And point with their fingers at me?

That a sin is not buried, they tell,
Though the sexton dig deep as he can;
Perhaps it was murder; ah! well,
Let God be my judge not man.

For she mocked me at first when I came
To fling a young heart at her feet,
And she spurned me because of a shame
That was done ere my pulses had beat.

Her birth, so she said, had no stain—
She was one of a noble old line,
And the blood that flowed red in her veins
Could not mingle with current like mine.

On the world's brow I wrote me a name,
Fair cheeks flushed with pride at my tread;
Then I wooed her with gold and with fame—
I wooed, but I wooed not to wed.

I remember her speech—it was fine;
That the house of her sire had no stain;
By my faith, of that same noble line
That boast will be made not again!

It was murder? Well, well, let it rest;
I will answer myself for the deed;
All tears are weak brine at the best,
And prayer serves all knaves in their need.

Vex me not shaven priest, stand apart!
Dole thy tedious texts out to fools;
For I swear there is that in my heart
Just now that would puzzle the schools.

Of your Future I reckon not a toss—
Earth has torments that Hell can not give!
There's a grave where the four roads cross—
She is dead, and I—I?—I live!

Now the plain truth of it is, I have never done any of the things darkly hinted at above. And you could not persuade me to make myself ridiculous for any reasonable consideration. In my younger days I never wore my hair long and went around with a dirty shirt-collar rolled down to my heels, cursing Fate and considering myself a misused individual, after the pattern of the young man of the poem. At this writing, a quiet family man, I look back and wonder how I could ever have printed such diabolical verses over the apostolic name given me at baptism. 'Twas these waters did it—nothing else, believe me.

But, as I was remarking, than drenching the stomach after the fashion practiced here, I can imagine no dissipation more

hurtful; it seems to me that it must be akin to the vice of "crib-biting" in the equine race, and analogous in effect. Tupper confesses to have caught the bubble-and-squeak of his inspiration at a German Spa. Certainly, had it been intended in the economy of nature that man should assume the functions of a white-oak barrel he would have been furnished with a funnel in lieu of a mouth; no ingenious stop-valve would have been set in the human throat.

On getting up in the morning there is a general stampede for the springs, where the constellations of the Dippers, "who receive no other pay than the gratuities given by guests;" reign in the ascendant until high noon. These Dippers—Great and Little—are kept actively employed; and little courtesy is shown by one guest in the matter of helping another—none seems inclined to risk the incurrence of a curse by putting a glass to his neighbor's lips; *sum cuique* is plainly the rule—each goes for his own.

Inside of Congress Spring grounds the Empire Spring is located. Both belong to the same company, which gives them a double shot at you; if one barrel doesn't fetch you they're pretty certain to get you with the other. Between the saline horrors of the Congress Spring, and the iron terrors of the Empire, you find yourself sadly puzzled to choose. A tumbler-full of the first, if allowed to stand for a minute or two, precipitates saltpetre and potash in about equal proportions. It is called Congress Water, because drinking it has an unpleasant effect upon the system, similar to that produced by reading Congress speeches,—except that the water has good moral tendencies, and does not unfit one for practicing the social amenities of life. In getting up the Empire Waters, Nature, by some powers known only to herself, dissolved all the old bombshells that lay on the battle ground, and thus produced a semi-sulphurous ferruginous compound, which has passed into great repute as a remedial agent. Think of that! A steady course of drinking would soon deposit the ferruginous element, and delicately line your stomach with sheet-iron. Your body would become an animate foundry; brads, and small tacks

would exude from the pores of your skin, and your nails would elongate and resolve themselves into ten-pennies. Wouldn't this make you liable to indictment as a forger?

Having filled one's self to the top of the throat, it is then the exact Stilton to go staving round the Congress Spring grounds two or three times, like a quarter-horse. And then to breakfast—with what appetite you may!

The main points of interest about the Congress Spring grounds—owned in fee simple by my friend Col. Johnson—are the deer and the statuary. The deer are the most human deer that ever trotted on four feet. It may be that they have picked up human habits from constant association with the race, for they were born and bred where they now are. As instance in point, visitors very frequently bring down cakes and candy to feed them. So tame are they that they will eat from the hand. My little girl, Paulina, had taken a great fancy to one of the younger deer. The proprietor had told her that she could call it hers. She brought it delicacies daily, until the deer gazelle had come to know and love her well, and cheer her—not being able to articulate a human hurrah—with its soft black eye. But one morning it so happened that she had no cakes with her. However, she called the deer, and he came to her as usual.

"Dear Deer, pretty little Dear," she said, fondly caressing his black muzzle. "See, papa, how he loves me!"

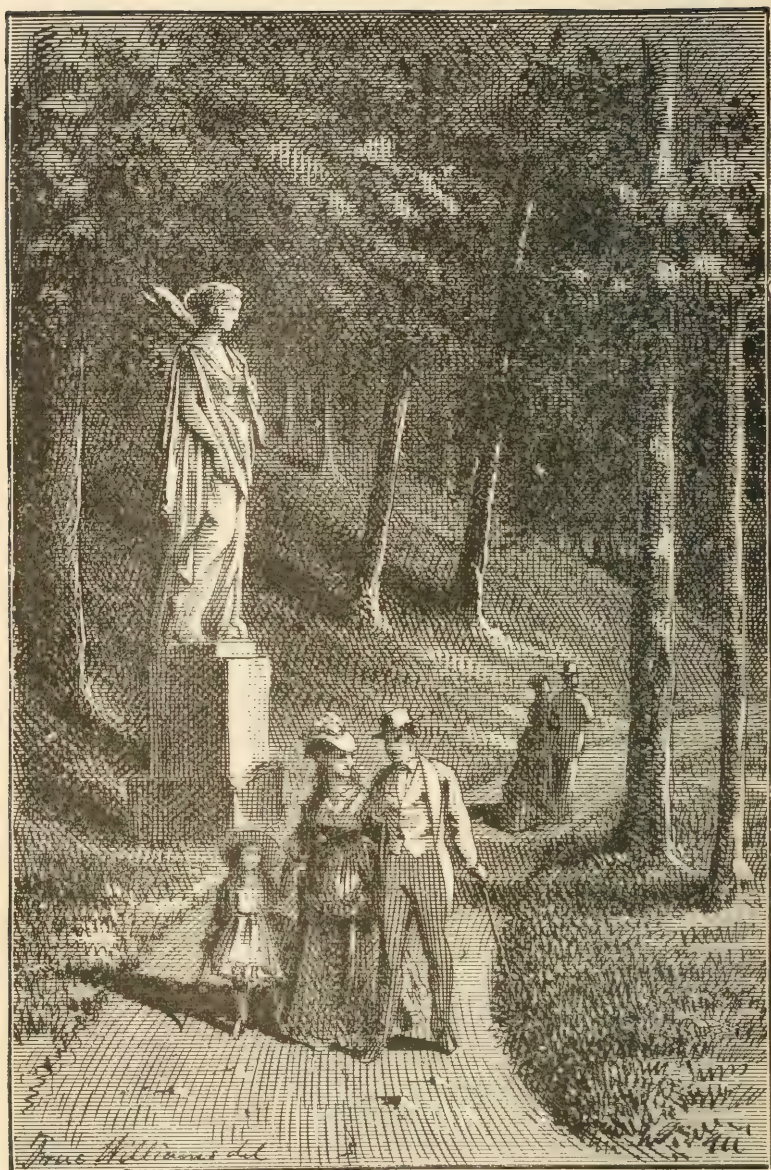
But the gentle creature had by this found out that she had nothing for him to eat, and on the heels of this discovery struck out at her with one of his fore feet as spitefully as—well, as a human creature, a prize-fighter, say, could have done. Now the little girl has a soft black eye, too; blacker by far than the deer's!

Perhaps you think there was no human nature about that demonstration. Listen. Some years ago a wooden-legged cripple stood on a certain corner, where many men were accustomed to pass. 'Twas a good stand for business, and he was a popular cripple, so he soon retired on a competence. Among his patrons was one old gentleman who never passed without giving him a penny—regularly dropped that

penny in the cripple's hat, and gently as 'twere due from Heaven. But one morning it so happened that the old gentleman had no penny; apologizing for the omission, he was passing on, with a kind word and smile. Until this eventful day, understand, the cripple had spoken no word of gratitude; he never told his love, so to speak—but now, mark you, he found a tongue. Flinging enough “bad cesses” after the good old gentleman to fill a cess-pool, he unstrapped his wooden leg, dropped his real one to the ground, and indignantly stalked away. And, to his thinking, he had the right of it; he felt himself cheated and defrauded of his just due, he had come to regard what was bestowed upon him in charity as his right—all because it was given to him unostentatiously and regularly.

Take warning, O givers, and give not as the fool giveth, without parade and show, but rather grind your gift in, as it were; so shall he who receives come to understand that it is charity, and in that understanding never shall his gratitude be lacking. For, after all, the cripple whose story I have narrated, was human in his way of viewing things.

It may be that you doubt the story. Ah, then, let me convince you. I stood on the corner—I was that cripple myself!



RAMBLES IN CONGRESS SPRING GROUNDS.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN WHICH THE READER IS LED TO THE END OF THE CONGRESS
SPRING GROUNDS, THROUGH THE INDIAN ENCAMPMENT, AND
LANDED IN A MARBLE QUARRY.

IT is strenuously enjoined upon the visitor to "the Grounds" that he do not "touch the statuary." Little need there seems to me of the injunction, for there is no visible temptation to touch it. One could be no happier after touching it than before. Nor can I learn that there has ever been any attempt to ravish these works of art from their pedestals for the adornment of any gallery, private or public, in any portion of the country. And if no attempt was made in early days, surely there is little danger of their ravishment now, for the noses are mostly crumbled away, and the champion Venus of the collection is scarred and seamed by the ravening tooth of time as though she stood to represent a case of confluent small-pox. Yet a special policeman mounts guard over them, and to the Colonel's heart they are dear—more than deer, in fact. He spends nearly all his Sundays in admiration of them, walking round them critically, sawing his head from side to side for a better view, as connoisseurs do at Schaus's and Goupil's, shutting out portions of the figures with his hand, and slowly stepping back to mark the effect with half-closed eyes—sometimes tumbling backward down the hill in his art absorption.

The only way to get an agreeable effect in looking at statuary, he says, is by half closing the eyes. But he's only

half right about that; of some statuary one gets a more agreeable effect and carries away a more pleasant impression by closing the eyes altogether. I have tried to prevail upon my friend the Colonel to cart these dilapidated gods and goddesses away, and replace them by subjects more germane to the place. Lot's wife would be in keeping, I tell him: a kit of mackerel; anything suggestive of salineness will do.

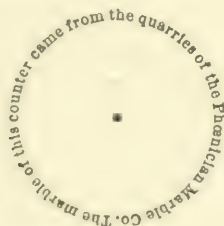
After an hour in the inexpensive pleasure of loafing through the Congress Spring grounds, a walk to and through the Indian village will be productive of profit. The sight will convince you that Cooper never saw an Indian in his life, and the smell will effectively do away with any innocent admiration you may have ever entertained for the simplicity of aboriginal life. Mingled with the red-men, and selling springless bows and crooked arrows, you will see great, lazy white losels, who would look extremely well with the strings of their own bows tied tightly around their own necks in anything but a "bow knot." By paying the small sum of ten cents you will also be enabled to see a calf with two heads, and two distinct mouths, with each of which he eats at the same time. And if you are of a thoughtful, reflective, and grateful turn of mind, the same idea will occur to you that occurred to me, and you will bless Heaven that it did not endow the calf, who sits opposite to you at the dinner-table, with two heads and two distinct mouths, with each of which he could eat at the same time. For in that event you would go hungry, and the proprietors of the hotel would lose a great amount of money.

There is a most melancholy looking squaw in the new encampment, who will sell you baskets and weave for you the story of her life at a very cheap rate. She is a Sioux, and comes from the land of Cloudy Water. In the spring-time of her life she looked upon a young "brave" and loved. He, however, did not know, or knowing did not reciprocate her affection. The poor little squaw scarce knew what to do. For months she never told her love, but let concealment like a worm i' the mud prey upon her cheek. And she pined in

thought. Finally, to let the young man know what was going on within her she took a piece of pine bark and painted thereon an eye, which any savage with half an eye would understand to signify "I pine." This was better and more to the point than going round all day chewing spruce gum. But the ruthless red-man, instead of sending her a "pine knot," merely told her in the rough Indian dialect to "pine on." Disgusted with the world in general, and the vicinity of St. Paul in particular, the poor squaw came to Saratoga, where she spends her unloved days in plaiting baskets and selling glass beads for several times their actual value.

Besides the Indian encampment, there are other cheerful spots one can seek. Here is the cemetery, for instance. It has been stated, in an attempt at wit, I fancy, that the residents of Saratoga do not drink the waters; these well filled grounds prove the contrary. As you read the sad inscriptions on the headstones, you wonder of what particular water the one that lies below died — which is the work of the Washington, for instance; where is illustrated the deadly sway of the Empire; what victim succumbed to the dreadful Geyser; who was crushed by the High Rock. And, marking the great addition of new-made mounds since the discovery of the horrible Hathorn, you draw your own conclusions.

On registering at the Grand Union, one thing arrests the attention of the stranger and puzzles him. Let into the counter, in gilt letters, is a circular inscription which cannot be deciphered without difficulty:—



After nearly twisting your head off in the endeavor to read it, you finally succeed, and discover that it is an annular

advertisement. But the *cui bono* of its display here is less easily seen. Plainly enough it is not the interest of the proprietors of the hotel to wring a guest's neck off immediately he enters the house, and you argue to yourself that even a Phœnician marble company could not suppose the summer tourist likely to buy a marble counter to pack round in his trunk or to carry home with him. But as you stand here in the cemetery, a light dawns upon you; you discover a method in this marble madness. Modistes, milliners, tailors, etc., drive but dull trade at the Springs, for every one brings from the city all that he, she, or it can, will, or shall need in those lines. But no one thinks of bringing a gravestone with him. And this marble company knows that there is a chance of your needing one if you go through the curriculum of waters. And there is their card before you on arrival. Easy enough now to guess that the quarries are located in Vermont.

CHAPTER IX.

BEGINNING WITH A GEOLOGICAL DISQUISITION AND ENDING WITH
A SEARCH FOR A DICTIONARY.

Whene'er I take my walks abroad,
How many springs I see!

IN fact it requires a good deal of topographical knowledge to avoid tumbling into them. You cannot buy a bit of ground without purchasing one. This is probably the reason so few village lots change hands. The mind accustomed to get at a conclusion, as a grasshopper does at a gate, by jumping, might imagine that the prevalence of these springs should cause quite an active movement in real estate, but the contrary seems to be the case. The Hon. Mr. Hathorn, congressman from this district, and proprietor of Congress Hall, purchased a piece of ground and attempted to dig a cellar. In the course of digging he unearthed a great many curious deposits. At a few inches below the surface of the ground he struck a large quantity of broken crockery, tin cans, and fish bones; penetrating still deeper he came upon a layer of shingle nails, shoes, leather, slop-pails, stove-pipe hats, and jews-harps; six feet lower he turned over the skeleton of a jackass. Satisfied now that he was getting near home, he pushed on the work with redoubled vigor, and after boring through a stratum of dairy salt nineteen feet thick, a stream of mineral water spouted three hundred and ninety-nine feet into the air, drowning a number of the miners and flooding the proprietor with joy. The spring has never ceased spout-

ing since — nor has he, the lucky coincidence of an election to Congress which followed soon after, affording him unlimited opportunities for the ample development of the gift.

Investigating the origin of these springs, I find that the granitic rock in this geological section is commingled with, in some cases aiding and abutting upon, a siliciferous deposit, the impermeableness of which can better be imagined than described. (That's the way reporters always put it, I believe.) Next we come upon a synthermal mass of plumbageous blue clay lying in near proximity to an amorphous formation, which presents a ferru-go-gu-go — there, I'm stuck again !

As I remarked to Mrs. Paul when she insisted on putting the baby's cradle in my trunk and leaving out the big dictionary, I never can get along without a dictionary. It is the only book that I can really get ideas out of ; it's chock full of them. I don't say much for it for steady reading, though, for the matter of that, there are many books of greater popularity with the public that can't hold a candle to it so far as good reading is concerned. But for ideas I'll back it against the best book going. And, as I explained to Mrs. Paul, a baby's cradle is no substitute for it ; one can't get ideas out of *that*. At least, I have been able to get no idea from it save the general one that getting up at one o'clock at night to attend to the occupant is one of the pleasing punishments that men are expected to bear.

Any dearth of ideas which may be noticed in this correspondence, just attribute to my having no dictionary along. I have tried to borrow in vain. I applied yesterday at *The Saratogian* office ; they had a rather recent unabridged, they thought, but on coming to brush around for it discovered that it had been used all the winter through for a chopping-block ; there was nothing left of it but the very hardest words, words that were hard enough to turn the edge of the ax, and these they couldn't spare even for a few minutes, as they were engaged in carrying on a spirited controversy with the other village paper. Then I applied at the book-store. It had been a bad season, the man said, a bad season for every-

thing, including dictionaries; probably as many were printed as ever, but somehow they didn't find their way up there; there was Hathorn, now, he was a congressman and might possibly have one lying around—

I stepped over to Congress Hall. "Mr. Hathorn," I said, "really my position is a very unpleasant one; it grinds my proud soul down into the dust at my feet to be obliged to go round confessing it, but there's no help for it. I came up in the hope to earn an honest though humble subsistence by writing elaborate letters for *The Great Moral Organ*, mostly on scientific subjects—science being my strong suit. But unfortunately I came away without a dictionary; and I always depend on a dictionary for ideas. Now, knowing that you are a man without ideas, I have come to you in the hope that you will sympathize with me, and kindly—"

Mr. Hathorn took my arm in his. "It is all right," he said. "Just step over to my spring with me; I'll set you straight in a moment."

We crossed the way, descended a short flight of wooden steps, and soon stood in what Mr. Hathorn calls "The Laboratory of Nature." I should have called it a small and rather damp shed. In the center of the floor a wooden stove-pipe protruded, inside of which water boiled and bubbled continually.

He stooped down and filled a tumbler. "Drink this," he said. I drank it.

"How's that?" he asked.

"Deeded salt," I replied.

"That's because it's the first one; try another," and he filled the tumbler again. I swallowed that. "How do you feel now?"

"Pretty full, thank you," answered I.

"Just the way it ought to work. Here," and he extended another tumblerful.

After wrestling with it a moment I set the glass down.

"Have you got an idea?" he shouted, seizing me by the coat collar.

"Yes—an idea that I don't want any more of it," I said. "I came over to get—"

"An idea," he broke in, "and that's just what you will get if you drink a gallon or two. Talk of ideas—there's more ideas in a pint of that water than in all the other springs put together. Just look at me! Johnson over there calls his water 'Congress,' and makes a fuss about the 'trade mark.' Why, I hadn't sucked away at this spring twenty-four hours before it made me a congressman. And it keeps me so. See here—" and he filled a glass enthusiastically; "for curing sick folks there is nothing like it. See there—" I turned my head in the direction indicated, and he availed himself of the opportunity to throw the water over his shoulder; "that man sitting down just outside this Laboratory of Nature came here as full of humors as a grindstone is of grit; he had more humors into him than you could shake a stick at; now he's as smooth as though he'd been rubbed down with sand-paper every ten minutes for a week. You see the buttons all over his clothes; well, them's the humors he had—they came out in brass buttons."

"See here—" and he filled his glass again; "you see that man with the long legs over there, one leg a little longer than the other?" I turned my head an instant, and heard the water splash over his shoulder. "Well, he hadn't long legs at all when he came here; one was shorter than the other; that's what he came for; the spring worked well enough on him, but the trouble was it made both legs grow together, as it ought to, being fair water; I told him he must sort o' cant himself over on the short side all day, and sleep on the short side at night, and then the water'd only take hold where it run to; well, he got along first rate all day, but at night he *would* turn over, you see; we tried to strap him down, but it wan't no manner of use; that water's almighty powerful; it just took him up and slung him about the bed as though he'd been a dandelion-seed—and he weighing nigh onto two hundred pounds."

"Is this water helpful in the way of reducing superfluous

flesh?" I asked; "he doesn't look to be more than half that weight now."

"Helpful in reducing superfluous flesh? Well, I guess so; it just whittles a fellow down like a jack-plane, if he's too fat. Look at me! I was as big round the waist as Johnson, over there at the Congress, before I found this spring; now I'm thin enough, ain't I?" Compared with Hathorn's proportions a lath might be called round and corpulent.

"Yes," I remarked; "but I should think there was danger of the other extreme. If you go on drinking this water as you don't, or throwing it over your shoulder as you do, there won't be enough left of you, by-and-by, to cast a vote; perhaps not even enough to cast a shadow."

"Oh, it works both ways," he said: "I'm a drinking it now to get flesh on; there's nothing this water can't do, if you give it a fair show; no matter how sick you feel at night, just drink a gallon or two before going to bed, and you'll get up in the morning feeling like a bird."

"An early bird," I suggested. "But really, Mr. Hathorn, interesting as this conversation is, I came over merely to borrow a dictionary, and if you'll kindly say whether you've got a dictionary or not, I will not longer trespass upon your—"

"Oh, bother dictionaries; I hain't had one in five years, and don't want one so long as I've got this spring handy. Now if you'll just use it as I do—drink it freely like this—"

And as he stooped to fill up again I stole away unperceived to the book-store, catching a little spray in my back as he emptied his glass in the usual direction. Looking back from the shelter of a door I saw the perpendicular congressman still going on about his spring, bailing out water by the tumblorful and throwing it over his shoulder like mad in blissful unconsciousness of my absence.

My man at the bookstore looked rather dumfounded when I told him that Mr. Hathorn had no dictionary. "Set out to represent this district," he said, with an approach to anger, "and not have a dictionary; that won't do—they'll beat him

on the big words, sure ! But," he added, his face brightening up like a full moon emerging from behind a haystack, "there's Johnson's dictionary, now."

I explained that Johnson's dictionary would not answer my purpose, that it was old and comparatively obsolete, besides having no pictures in it.

"Oh, I don't mean *that* old buzwig," he said, "I mean our Johnson, *Col.* Johnson, you know, who runs Congress Spring ; he's got a regular buster, bran-new ; he won't like to lend it, maybe not, for he takes a dip at it pretty often himself ; he's mighty particular about his language the Colonel is. Howsomever, you go and tackle him."

So I just trundled myself down to Congress Spring. I found Col. Johnson pouring Congress water on the back of a yellow dog that seemed to have been pretty badly scalded, and muttering to himself :—

"Chloride of Sodium.....44 grains.

"Chloride of Potassium.....8.049 "

"Bicarbonate of Magnesia... .121.757 "

"Bicarbonate of Lime.....143.399 "

"Bicarbonate of Lithia.....4.761 "

"Bicarbonate of Soda.....10.755 "

"Brom-Brom—a trace, a trace,—just-as-strong-and-just-as-good-as-40-years-ago,—Prof.-Chandler-says-Bicarbo-br-r-r—"

"Beg pardon for interrupting you, Col. Johnson," I said, removing my hat and sitting down in a bucket of Congress water which happened to be convenient, "but I came away without any books of reference, and I just came over to ask if—"

"These springs have been losing strength for a few years back?" he broke in ; "that's what everybody's running in for ever since Hathorn discovered that salt mackerel mine of his ; no ! no !! confound it, no !!! Prof. Chandler says—" and he bent his head to his task again, and went on muttering about bicarbonates and bromides and iodides and sulphates and phosphates and biborates and fluorides and suicides and the cubic inches of gas that he or a given quantity of his water contained—I couldn't distinctly make out which.



"WHAT AILS THE DOG?"

"What ails that dog?" I asked, by way of showing my friendly interest and approaching the real business gently and dexterously.

"Well, some folks say he's scalded, and some say he ain't; some think some one threw hot water on him and some don't. I think Hathorn flung some of that confounded water of his on him; that's what I think about it. But here's what'll bring him round again all right," and he went on rubbing the yellow dog's back with Congress water, and the yellow dog howling and yelling all the while as though he were being skinned alive.

"Then it *is* good for burns?" I asked.

"Good for burns?" he exclaimed, turning round on me and dropping the dog, "I should say so; why, one thimbleful of it will put out more fire than a hogshead of common water will. What do you think saved Saratoga from being clean burned down last summer? They tried that Hathorn water on the fire, and it just set it going like kerosene would; there's nothing so cooling as Congress water; a chap from your city, where they don't get much good milk, drove out to a farm the other day and drank so much cow-juice that he felt uncomfortable, so he just walked down to our spring and took a glass or two of water; well, they held a post mortem next day, and I'm blest if there wasn't nigh upon a gallon and a half of ice-cream found in his potato cellar; no man could stand that, you know; you see the milk wouldn't have hurt him by itself, though it *is* uncommon rich, the milk we raise round here, and the water wouldn't have hurt him either if he hadn't packed it square on top of the milk; if he'd just slipped a griddle-cake or something between he'd be cavorting around now as gay as a speckled steer."

"But isn't there a good deal of Hathorn water drunk?" I asked.

"Of course there is; every one that stops at his hotel *has* to drink it; you see it's mighty profitable to him, that spring; if a man goes down and takes a glass of it before breakfast he don't want breakfast much, and when dinner time comes

round he ain't amazing hungry either, and a little toast and tea is about his best gait all the while. Why, that spring saves Hathorn a million spring chickens a year; he won't let his folks drink our water; a man is stopping there now from out West; got the gravel; doctors sent him here to drink Congress water; Hathorn won't let him; keeps him pumping away at that spring of his; what's the consequence? The poor fellow's getting more gravelly every day; he'll be over here to get us to roll him down with the garden-roller one of these fine mornings; Hathorn's guests don't get no flesh on them: look at Hathorn, himself; you can see clean through him of a clear day; why, when I came here first I was just as thin as Hathorn is, and now—" The Colonel cast a satisfied eye over his rotund proportions.

"But is there not danger of the water's making one too plethoric?" I asked.

"Oh, I shut off on it twenty years ago. Jerry, over there at the Grand Union, fixes up something for me once in a while instead; I don't like it so well as I do Congress water, but a man doesn't want to get too fat, you know."

"Is there really much difference in the substances contained in these various springs?" I asked. "Setting prejudice wholly aside, are not the mineral salts and the proportions in which they exist nearly identical?"

"Identical? Well, I never!" shouted the Colonel, rushing into a back room and dragging in a huge glass jar. "Here is the sediment from a gallon of the Hathorn water, which I evaporated myself; no one else had access to it; just hear this!" and he rattled and shook the jar. "I've had the result of the evaporation analyzed carefully, by the best chemist in Ballston, and here is what he says about it."

I took the scrap of paper and read:—

	Parts.
Common Salt.....	99.999
Carpet tacks.....	22.222
Pair of boots.....	100.000
Old slippers.....	A trace.
Old Tom Gin.....	None.

Pair of shoes.....	100.000
Pair of traces.....	A trace.
Stirrup leathers	Some.
Nitro glycerine	99.999

Total solid contents.....

(Here was a foot-note saying that they had not been able to foot them up, as the only "Webb Adding Machine" in the village was kept in such constant use they couldn't get a chance at it. But it was comforting to me to find out where the boots, shoes and slippers lost at Congress Hall, all went. In the cause of science I am willing to sacrifice any amount of wearing apparel.)

"And the substances contained in your spring, do they differ materially from those above enumerated, Colonel?"

"Well I should say so;" and he began again;

"Bromide of Sodium.....8.559

Iodide of Sodium0.138

Flu—"

"*What* did Io die of?" I asked.

"Drinking Hathorn water, I guess," and he began again, "Fluoride of—"

"What did fluo ride on?" I shouted in his ear.

"Oh, bother, don't interrupt me at my morning devotions; take down the dictionary there and look it up," and he went on:—

"Hydriodate of—"

The opportunity was too tempting to be resisted. I quietly slid off with the dictionary, and was safe at my hotel before the Colonel got fairly to the final "trace of organic matter."

CHAPTER X.

WHICH IF ANYBODY THINKS IT WAS WRITTEN ON SUNDAY BECAUSE IT IS DEVOTED TO CHURCHES AND CLERGYMEN, THAT BODY IS WRONG.

I NEVER write letters on Sunday but whenever I do I always date them next day.

The churches were very well filled yesterday. I didn't get out; it being impossible to attend them all, it seemed rather my duty to stay at home and hear reports from each. Dr. Cuyler preached at the Congregational. I understand that he caromed on Prof. Tyndall, and pocketed several other scientists. He took his cue probably from the prayer-test proposed by the Professor some time since. This leads me to believe that he used a spare sermon, prepared perhaps a year before, and kept on hand for an emergency. City clergymen do this more or less, and never go off on a summer cruise without taking a barrel full of extra exordiums along—somewhat as ships carry a supply of spare spars in case of sudden want. Sermons not quite good enough for city use are perhaps found excellent timber for the country.

The clergymen as a body "stop" at Temple Grove, and Prof. South tells me, have a capital time there—prayers before breakfast and backgammon after. If this sounds wicked in me, just remember that I am only quoting a good, pious Professor who "stops" at Temple Grove—how odd that Americanism hedged in with inverted commas sounds when you come to consider it in cool blood! You will notice that

all through my book I put it in quotation marks to show that I know what I am about.

As I was remarking when "stopped" by this digressive disquisition, if I seem wicked, it is only because I attempted to quote Temple Grove. You may have noticed that what would be wicked in a man is only witty when said by a minister. Do you not remember that at the Tyndall dinner at Delmonico's all the solemn speaking was done by the high-toned infidels—beg pardon—I mean by the scientific gentlemen present? The only one who really kicked up his heels and stood on his head and dared be scientifically jolly and slightly irreverent was Henry Ward Beecher. I do not mean to condemn that excellent divine; but merely mention the incident to illustrate the advantage of having a well established reputation for sobriety and piety; one can say or do most anything then. Something so with religious newspapers. I have seen things in some of them that my *Great Moral Organ* wouldn't print for any consideration whatever, even to oblige a committee of deacons.

As I was saying, all the clergymen who put in their summer vacation here put up at Temple Grove, a pleasant house, coolly situated on a Zionie hill and surrounded by noble old trees. Hence the name, probably, for the familiar quotation, "One of God's first temples, not made with hands," recurs to the mind involuntarily as you enter the beautiful grove. After evening service, however, many of the clergymen come down to enjoy the music and a cigar on the pleasant piazzas of the secular hotels. I love to see a clergyman smoking; in the first place, he always seems to get more enjoyment out of it than any one else, and, in the second, it is a proof to me that I am not wholly depraved in my tastes. In translating "Charles Douze" at school, I remember to have read that the Russian orthodox claim that it is less sinful to drink brandy than to smoke, inasmuch as it is written that it is not that which goeth into a man's mouth that defileth, but that which cometh out. Our clergymen are of a different opinion, and it is worthy of remark that

they always smoke an excellent brand of cigars—long nines are not their strong soot. I may be mistaken, but I fancy that I have remarked a peculiarity about the Calvinistic clergyman when he “blows a cloud.” It always occurs to me that he bites and rolls his cigar about in his mouth somewhat spitefully, as though he had got hold of a sinner, and that he sees it approach its burning end with glowing satisfaction.

The Rev. Dr. Budington of Brooklyn came up here last week, to confer with me on a little matter of church discipline. I met him in one of the halls, and no bystander remarked much ill feeling in my manner. When a man walks squarely up to the clergyman who married him three years before, takes him by the hand cordially, and, without a word of reproach, inquires after his health, it is useless for any to maintain that Christian forgiveness is a thing of the past, and does not enter largely into that man’s character, or that the heroic virtues have all disappeared from earth!

Commodore Vanderbilt, with his usual following, has put in an appearance. He comes up here every season—no wonder that with his “watering” proclivities he is fond of watering places. He takes up his quarters—and also picks up what stray halves and wholes he can, at whist—at Congress Hall. Those who have got rich by following his “points” also stop there; those who have not, as a general thing, patronize the hotel directly opposite—you can now guess which hotel has the more guests, and where I am staying. It pleases me to have the Commodore so near, for if eminent at whist it may be that he also prides himself on his “7-up,” and I have been longing for some one to happen along who thinks he understands the intricate beauties of that fascinating game. One must make one’s expenses some way, you know, and as well out of the Commodore as any one else. I think I could get back the cost of those trunk-straps if I got one fair dig at him. The noble old gentleman has made some wonderfully queer and quick “turns” in his time, but I imagine that I could turn a jack from the bottom in a way

that would make his venerable hair stand on end. He has always beaten me in stock operations, but unless he can "stock" the cards on a fellow pretty deftly, I've an idea that a good deal of New York Central and Harlem Railroad stock would be transferred over into my name before the season ended. If he'll only agree to deal above the table, and—

Now, really, I intended to devote this chapter to churches and clergymen, and here I've got a mile away from everyone and everything connected with them. But how can one help backsliding when he gets on such slippery ground as a "full-deck?" You couldn't expect a fellow to "stand" under such circumstances, unless he had a pat hand, for a sure foot wouldn't help him a bit; the worst "pair" in the world would beat him blind if he had nothing better at his back.

CHAPTER XI.

▲ SLIGHT CORRECTION OF FOREGOING CHAPTERS BECOMING NECESSARY, THE AUTHOR TRANSPLANTS THE MATERIAL OF THE PRESENT CHAPTER FROM THE PAGES OF A GUIDE-BOOK, IN THE HOPE THAT THUS HE MAY PLEASE THE LEAST FASTIDIOUS.

IT is hard to please everybody. One half of the world doesn't know what it wants, and the half that does can't get it. Those who don't know what they want grumble because no one comes along and brings it to them. If some one does, instead of being thankful for the accident they grumble just the same. Here for nigh upon a month have I been working industriously for the public good, sitting up late into the night and consuming an unlimited amount of burning fluid in an attempt to shed a pleasant radiance around upon my fellow men. And now comes the complaint that the news which I manufacture myself, to ensure its freshness, is no news; that my facts are fabrications, that there is no truth in my statements generally; that I am unfair in my mention of the waters, "bulling" some and "bearing" others. Now the plain truth of it is that I can bear none of them; so far as the waters are concerned I take no part in any movements connected with them, and am in no way an interested party. Sometimes I blunder into an error of fact, but my grief on such occasions is poignant and would move the most unyielding hart, as well as the most plastic doe. And my eagerness to correct is only equaled by my willingness to offend.

As regards the facts given in the foregoing chapter very

little correction is necessary. In the "Temple Grove" mention I hit it exactly, except that Temple Grove does not stand on a hill, is not surrounded by trees, and what trees there are are not "old ones;" its name was not suggested by the "One of God's first temples" line, but comes from the circumstance that a late family by the name of Temple built and occupied it as a private residence. Clergymen do not "stop" there as a rule, but at Dr. Strong's, directly opposite—Dr. S. S. Strong's—which statement may be relied upon as the very triple s-ence of truth. Prof. South is not a "pious professor" at all, and lastly, there is no Temple Grove house here, and if there was it would be located at Ballston, "only twenty miles away"—like Sheridan from the battle—and wouldn't be called Temple Grove, probably.

If any one can take anything back more completely than I do up there, I would like to see the man do it and be there when he does it. No one can accuse me of unwillingness to correct little errors of fact.

As to favoring one mineral water more than another, I have endeavored not to; I have no particular choice—any one of them is bad enough for me—and as to not doing them and the village justice, I will start in at once, with the "Hand-book of Saratoga," for which I have just paid seventy-five cents so as to be sure of my facts this time, before me for reference. Wherever quotation marks are used, hold the "Hand book" (between which and the various commentaries on Shakespeare you will detect remarkable resemblances,) responsible. Wherever quotation marks are not used, it is I in proper person, and you may rely upon these latter liquid statements as being the high-proof high-wine of unadulterated truth. To begin:—

"Saratoga is an Indian word of the Iroquois language, derived from *Saragh-aga* or *ogo*." This is not Indian for Aged-Sarah, as the rash reader might hastily conclude, but, "according to Sir William Johnson, means 'The Place of Herrings.'" Saratoga is now more a place of sardines, and the present Col. Johnson of Congress Spring is not the Sir

William above mentioned who discovered it, though his age might lead you to suppose so. The Baronet died in the year 1776, and it was in this year that the Colonel and the American Union were born. "In the battle of Lake George, on the 8th of September, 1755, Sir William Johnson received a severe bullet wound in one of his thighs." He knew there had been a battle by the bullet-in after the battle. The Indians, whom we may imagine to have entertained feelings of peculiar friendship towards their white brethren who were then overrunning their country and trading a string of glass beads with them for a dozen or so of beaver skins, "decided to reveal to their beloved brother the 'medicine spring' of the Great Spirit," and piloted him to the High Rock. "Pausing a few rods from the spring, the Baronet leaves the litter, and for a moment his manly form, wrapped in his scarlet blanket bordered with gold lace, stands towering and erect above the waving plumes of his Mohawk braves."

The Hand-book does not go on to say how the braves liked his standing on their heads in that way, but the end, they knew, was near, and we may suppose them to have borne it with resignation. "Then, approaching the spring, he kneels with uncovered head, and reverently places upon the rock a roll of fragrant tobacco;" this was giving *quid pro quo*, and accounts in some degree for the smell and taste that the waters have ever since had. "After a sojourn of four days at the High Rock, the Baronet was summoned home,"—which is a rather neat way of saying that he passed in his checks. Nothing could be more euphemistic than the way in which this natural conclusion of the story is told. Of course, neither of his thighs troubled him subsequently, nor did he trouble them much with carrying him around; and a monument was built by general subscription of the gentle savages, on which the inscription was engraved in terse but guttural Iroquois:—"Saratoga cured me; here I lie!" And I guess he did, when he said it!

Passing over much interesting information regarding the early settlement of the country, and the exact number of tin

tomahawks and pewter-bladed knives of the period which the Indians got in exchange for it, and the geological description—upon which, indeed, I touched quite fully in a previous letter—I come to the agricultural products. “Beans grow well; and it is to be regretted that they are not more cultivated, and eaten by the laboring classes almost universal.” I indorse the sentiment. Any one who would not get up in the middle of the night and sit out on his front stoop, in a snow storm if necessary, to regret that beans are not more cultivated and eaten by the laboring classes almost universally, is simply a prize-package-candy-vender in human form, a wretch whom ’twere base flattery to call a coward.

“Oats are much cultivated, and may be said to be one of the staple crops. They are mainly used as feed for horses.” This marks at once the difference between Saratoga and Scotland. In the latter country, according to Johnson’s Dictionary, they are used mainly as feed for Scotchmen. “The potato enters largely into the daily food of all classes of the people, and is one of the most important crops.” This is interesting to know, insomuch as various classes of people elsewhere are accustomed to enter largely into the potato for their daily food, not always respecting the “patches” which appertain to their neighbors.

Dipping into geology again for a moment, I will only pause to trundle in the information that “Silicious Soil, or that composed principally of silex, is very widely spread over the earth’s crust. It is found in quartz”—though there is no reason to suppose that it would not be put up in pints also, like Congress water, if people made a point of it. “Aluminous is a variety of soil next in abundance, the base of which is alumina.” This is necessary for any one to know who is particular about family prayer, or he might otherwise kneel down under a false impression. Something so about bathing. “Bathing means the immersion of the body, or a part of it, for medicinal purpose, in a medium different from that which commonly surrounds it.” Thus, when one takes a drink with medicinal intent, we would say that the poor invalid

bathed his stomach, whereas under any other circumstances it would be proper, if not polite, to say that an old snoozer was only putting himself outside of a snifter for the fun of it. As well be out of the world as not acquainted with the technicalities of science!

As to the fossils that are found roundabout here, they are numerous and instructive. Let me instance the *Buthotrephix flexuosa* (a flexible fossil occasionally turning up in the Lancers), the *Bellerophon bibolatus* (a drinking fossil), the *Schizocrinus nodosus* (a schismatic fossil, who knowed from the first that the world was on the wrong track theologically), the *Stictopora acuta* (a fossil who sticks to you acutely), the *Atrypa modesta* (a female fossil, fond of tripe but modest—very rare), the—but why run over the whole catalogue? Many of these fossils have been unearthed and resurrected, and you will see them skipping around the parlors in round dances as lively as though they never had been buried and ought not to be under the earth now. Some of them take out their false teeth at the public dinner table.

Come we now to the springs, and my pulse madly throbs with exquisite pleasure as we arrive. First—"When water, percolating through the surface of the earth, meets some impervious stratum, it is accumulated upon it, until it rises to such a level as to find an outlet. This outlet is called a spring." Well, to drop pleasure and attend to business,—as Appleton's dog remarked when he left off trying to fish a mutton chop out of the frying-pan in our kitchen and started off to keep an engagement that he had down at Yonkers with another dog, not stopping to pick up the few inches of tail that the cook chopped off, to carry along with him—now for it:—

"The High Rock Spring, or, as it was called up to 1800, 'The Round Rock,' is justly considered one of the greatest natural curiosities in the world." When you consider that this rock is harder than Pharaoh's heart or the sofa in a boarding-house parlor, and was brought from Puget Sound by a family of Mormon emigrants, and that it took a gang

of laborers from the Hoosac Tunnel, aided by a pneumatic drill, and all the proprietors of the other springs standing round and talking about the virtues of their respective waters, nigh upon a week to bore the hole through which the water now bubbles up so beautifully, then you know why the Indians do not devote themselves to getting up such natural curiosities, and why none of them are to be found for sale at their encampment. I hope, at no distant day, to be able to devote more time to the medicinal properties of this spring than I am now able to give, but I will only pause to say that many persons drink it and live for years after.

The celebrated "Putnam Spring" you ought to be familiar with. It is frequently mentioned in all child's histories of the United States. There they call it "Putnam's Leap," and say it was accomplished by horse power; but any other difference is not worth mentioning. No use in fooling much time away over this.

The "Star Spring" is a powerful stream of water, and is capable of unlimited application to manufacturing purposes. At present, however, it is only used to run the "Star Mills."

The "Geyser," or Spouting Spring, is so called to distinguish it from wine, which sometimes acts as a dis-guiser. This remarkable spring shows what nature can do when she has a hydraulic ram at her back. It spouts a column of water into the air through a flexible rubber hose (rubber had to be used, as all the leather in the country is being manufactured into trunk straps) 2,099 feet above the level of the sea. As Saratoga itself only stands 2,096 feet above the sea level, a very slight acquaintance with mathematics will enable a child of the tenderest years and most sensitive feelings to ascertain exactly how high that water contrives to get up in the world.

The "Empire" is probably so called because "westward the course of empire takes its way." A good deal goes to the back settlements.

The "Reed Spring"—I don't know why this is so called,

unless to give one writing of the "Red Spring" a chance to say that one is the past participle of the other, which I shall immediately proceed to do.

The "Red Spring" is the past participle of the one just before mentioned. This spring has the most singular taste of any spring about here. A hen of bad reputation took a jolt at it one day, and immediately remarked that she'd been caught that way before; that it wasn't the first time she had dipped into a stale egg by mistake. We stopped at the Red Spring the other day while driving past it, the cashier, myself, and our families; the driver urged us to. My friend took a turn at it, and at once offered the boy ten cents if he wouldn't bring him any more. The hackman seemed to think this was a reflection on the spring, and launched at once into praise of its virtues. He informed us that a family from Savannah came here, all badly afflicted cutaneously, and that after drinking the waters and bathing in them for a week or two, their skins were as soft and smooth as anybody's. "*Bathed* in them did they? that accounts for it," said Meeker; and he hurried that hackman away before the boy found out where his ten cents was coming from or why we left so suddenly.

The "Washington Spring" is so called because it never tells a lie. You can rely upon it with the same certainty that you may on a visit from the tax commissioner or a call from the committee when a new school-house is to be built. And it possesses several valuable business qualities, to say nothing of its medicinal ones, among which I may mention promptness and dispatch.

The "Columbian Spring" is an iron one; there is a good deal of spring about it, considering that its principal element is iron instead of steel. I'm not in the foundry line myself, but if the iron must enter one's soul, I can conceive of no pleasanter way of letting it enter.

But enough of these springs. Who can give one back the spring of his youth? The liver of his adolescence? The lights of other days, in brief? Give me back but that one spring, and you are welcome to all others.

In response to the request that I write something to fill out this chapter nicely, I have thrown off the following verses—at least we'll make believe so—at Ballston, but I call them

AT THE BALL!

Is the ball very stupid, *ma mignonne*?
Pauvre petite, you look ennuied to death—
 There is *Bête—n' est-ce pas?* in your eye,
 And a *souppçon* of yawn in your breath.

Of a truth it is stupid, *ma mignonne*;
 The giver is wrinkled and gray!
 The dances are older than Rome,
 And the dancers as well are *passé*.

The wine that they give us, *ma mignonne*,
 Is but *vin ordinaire* thin and poor,—
 It comes from a shop in *Rue Jacques*,
 And it cost but ten *sous*, I am sure.

There's a ghost stirring somewhere, *ma mignonne*;
 The lamps all burn dimly and low,
 And the music would do for *La Morgue*—
Allons! . . . not quite yet. . . I won't go.

Come sit on this *fauteuil*, *ma mignonne*,
 And show me the make of that glove.
 It is *Jouvin*, I think. . . now you're wicked!
Reste tranquille un moment, that's a love.

Who called the ball stupid, *ma mignonne*?
 'Tis the best we have had for a week;
 The dances are lively enough,
 And for music—*j'attends*, please to speak!

One glass *à ta santé*, *ma mignonne*;
 On the rim of my cup print a kiss—
 Never tell me again of Bordeaux;
 There's no red wine in life like to this!

Who said lamps burned dimly, *ma mignonne*?
 Look, the *salon* is lighter than day—
 It was queer, to find fault with the light!
 Not enough! there's too much, *vérité*.

At what time did *ta maman*, *ma mignonne*,
 Suggest that the carriage should call?
Sainte Vierge! it is striking the hour—
 Do you wish to go home from the ball?

CHAPTER XII.

IN WHICH WE SLIDE FROM AN INQUIRY ABOUT OLD TOM TO THE DISCOMFORT OF LIVING IN A WORLD WHERE THEY HAVE ICE.

“WHO is ‘Old Tom?’” asked Mrs. Spriggins. I replied that I did not know, and asked why she asked.

“Because,” she said, “when Mr. Spriggins and I are sitting on the piazza, every little while some of his friends come up and say that ‘Old Tom’ wants to see him, and he gets up and goes off looking pleased, and comes back with his face shinier than ever and smelling of peppermint.”

Several of the young ladies have asked me if there is a spring away off on the far piazza, for they see the gentlemen wiping their mouths when they come back from a promenade there.

This morning the Sprigginses were down to breakfast later than usual, and there was a difference in the order of their arrival. Usually Mr. Spriggins frisks in first, in a sort of I-pay-for-this style, and Mrs. Spriggins, leading the little Spriggins by the hand, follows with the grace and dignity of a Christian mother conscious of trying to do her duty and satisfied with the way her back hair’s done up. But this morning Mrs. Spriggins led the van, with the injured air of a person who pays taxes and is not allowed to vote, and Mr. Spriggins followed after with his head down on the floor, as though hunting for something he’d lost; and his hair was thinner than usual—looked as though the moths had got in it during the night. And he didn’t seem to want anything

for breakfast but pickles; and when Mrs. Spriggins got through she didn't wait for him as usual, but just clawed hold of the little Spriggins and sailed out of the room like a seraph sliding down a Riverdale hill on a shingle—you'd have thought she was getting away from something catching.

"The fact of it is, my boy," (this is what Mr. Spriggins said to me after breakfast, confidentially) "there's no manner of use in those newspapers agoing on and discussing whether or not Old Tom Gin will intoxicate, for I've tried it. I never could drink over a gallon of anything without feeling it, and you needn't tell me that Old Tom won't set a fellow up if he takes enough of it, even if it does mix better with Congress water than some other drinks. You see a good many of the boys got around yesterday and kept looking towards me, and of course I had to look towards them, too, and what with turning my head round so much I got so confused after awhile that one of them went home with me, and when we got about where I thought the room was, he put his head in to ask if Mrs. Spriggins lived there, and the rest of him disappeared kind o' suddent, as though something took hold of it.

"When he came out he said he thought there must be a mistake somewhere, that he'd accidentally stirred up the nest of a female threshing-machine, disturbed the old bird while she was busy hatching, or something. She's little but she's amazing powerful, Mrs. Spriggins is, and she thought it was me she was yanking. I didn't sleep much last night, for she'd a good deal to say that she thought'd be interesting to me; and you mayn't have noticed it much, but she's got a way of fixing a fellow's attention when she sets out that's surprising, and she gives you nothing but facts, either. She's aitch and repeat on facts, Mrs. Spriggins is."

Passing the barber's shop just now I saw Spriggins in there having his head shampooed; it's the third time he has gone through that to-day, and I guess he'll feel better by

and by. You see the trouble with Spriggins is that he can't hold much anyway and doesn't know when he's full. Most men are muzzle-loaders, and very like guns; some can burn a good deal of powder comfortably, and others can't; some take five drams without winking, and others kick up a thundering fuss with one in them.

If a man doesn't know when he's got enough and will drink, the better way is to carry a "charger" in his pocket and load by that; guessing by "fingers-full" won't do. Even then one wouldn't be safe unless he evened the measure off every time with a straight edge. The better plan, after all, is to do as I do—stick to Congress water, the beverage which neither cheers nor inebriates. Failing this, putting up at a Holly-tree coffee-house strikes me as sensible. I notice that they are establishing these beneficent institutions in all parts of the country. Saratoga is irrigated by Holly water works, but the ladies of the village have not moved in the matter of coffee-houses yet. Of course they'll lend a hand to the good work in time, and

"When lovely woman stoops to"—Holly

in this vicinity, I shall become a patron of the institution—a permanent boarder, notwithstanding my previously expressed prejudices against all boarding houses.

You see a man of my age must sleep occasionally, and ever since the rheumatism struck my other knee, and extra flannel became necessary, I've made it my practice to retire early; not that I'm bashful about showing my prehensile features in the parlors, but I don't exactly thirst to exhibit my "liniments" miscellaneously. Well, by the time I've got soaked and swathed and packed comfortably away like a croton bug in fresh country butter, the band begins to play right under me. It's a good band, a nice band, but an elderly gentleman, with his interest powerfully excited about sleep, and able to travel, would get up and hire a pair of horses and drive off a hundred miles or so on the Ballston road to get away from even Gideon's Band. However, you know that Heaven will bless if mortals will be kind, and that



AN IMPENDING TRAGEDY.

at some period of his natural life the breath of the best bassoon must give out. So you lie awake and trust to Providence and apoplexy. By and by the trombone lets down a bit and the fellow on the flute weakens, and you begin to think that school's about out. Then the band across the way begins; my good friend Gilmore comes in with his anvil-chorus and fires off a few columbiads on the sidewalk; but you call to mind how lightning struck the Boston Coliseum, and fall back on the recollection that it looked black in the west when you came up to bed.

By and by you get softly up, steal quietly to your trunk, unpack your Ballard rifle from its case, rapidly but careful not to break anything, and slide the muzzle out of the window without any attempt at ostentation. Just as you've got the bald spot on the top of Gilmore's head well covered, and are wondering whether or not he will be able to get himself roofed over again without going on to Boston for it, his baton falls for the last time, like a benediction, and you go back to bed, happy in the thought of having saved a cartridge. Then the young lady in the next room, who has a piano, comes skipping up the stairs with the wild grace and gentle footsteps of a Texas steer; one of the airs the band played struck her fair and fragile fancy, and she wishes to play it. She plays it on you, so to speak. Until two o'clock in the morning she just claws that ivory and howls like a lunatic under a full moon. But at last even she stops. By the shower of hair-pins on the floor it is evident that she's taking down her hair for the night, and you return to its sheath the scalping-knife which you had drawn with a dim idea of going in to assist her 'in undressing.

Now it's three o'clock, and you think it won't be absolutely necessary to kill anybody before daybreak. But just as you get asleep, there's a smash and crash on the sidewalk under your window, and you jump up and look out to see which chimney has fallen down. It's only the iceman, who has dumped a load, ten tons or so of congelation, and you retire, satisfied that patient prayer is a powerful purchase. But

hark! the heavy sound breaks in once more, and nearer, clearer, deadlier than before. Did you not hear it? no; 'twas not the wind nor the horse-car rattling o'er the stony street, because they have no horse-cars in Saratoga; this noise can be nothing short of an earthquake; you are positive on this point, but feel it your duty to jump up and look out and see if anybody's left alive. It's another iceman who has just dumped a bigger load under your window.

From now until breakfast time more icemen than you thought could be found in the whole known world seem to have forsaken their wives and children, neglected their religious duties, abandoned their morning devotions and drinks, for the sole purpose of doing nothing but dump ice under your window. What wonder that you now give up all thought of sleep, lose your interest in earthly things, and, with the resigned expression of a blue-fish when he discovers that he has no longer any business in the water and becomes madly bent on getting into the boat, turn with eager longing to a contemplation of that world where the provisions of the day are not gotten in quite so early in the morning, and the weary are not at all disturbed by the rattling of ice—not much!

How they can use so much ice in such weather it is hard to conceive, for the oldest inhabitant declares that he can remember no such weather as we've had for some days past. I had determined that when those excellent but slightly bibulous gentlemen, the proprietors of this hotel, informed me that a change of room was inevitable, I would suggest to them that the wine room would suit me about as well as any; but of late the engine room has been my fondest aspiration. And there is not the wide difference between these rooms that you'd think at the first jolt, for a pretty full head of steam can be got up in either, and one is quite as instrumental in "elevating" guests as the other.

CHAPTER XIII.

ONE REASON OTHER THAN THE COOLNESS OF THE SEASON FOR SO FEW BEING IN SARATOGA IN THE SUMMER OF '73.

THE hotels do not fill up with that rapidity which would be gratifying to the proprietorial eye. There is a disposition to blame the backwardness of the season for it all, and it is prophesied that if this July is typical of Julys to come, tourists will go South to spend their summers. It has certainly been very cool, and the Yonkers people, after shivering around in their overcoats for a week or two, left for home some time ago. At no time since I have been here have I found an overcoat necessary. But you must understand that the Yonkers people are so accustomed to broiling on their side-hills, that they become as disconsolate when they get away from them as we may imagine St. Lawrence to have been without his gridiron, after he got used to it.

There is a story told of a Yonkers man who died and went—well, where any one deserves to go who takes up his earthly dwelling at Yonkers when he could just as well reside at Riverdale, as the Master of Ceremonies very justly remarked on looking over the register. The warmest corner, in the sunny angle of the Pit, was assigned to this Yonkers man, but he very soon began to complain of the cold, and asked permission to send for his overcoat. Permission was granted, for they knew he must be miserable. So it is little to be wondered at that the Yonkers delegation didn't like

the cool, bracing weather that we had through the greater part of last month.

But to the weather alone should not be ascribed all the blame and shame of the scarcity of visitors this season. One reason, perhaps, of there not being a greater rush is the feeling the villagers have in the Walworth matter. Easy enough to imagine the objection which the head of a family naturally has to bringing his children where it might become impressed upon them that under any possible combination of circumstances they would be doing a meritorious action in killing him. Let me premise that I like the residents of Saratoga very much ; in the main I find them a law-abiding, water-drinking, church-going, *Great Moral Organ*-buying people. They have not given as many parties in my honor, perhaps, as they should have given ; it may be that they have not come forward to offer me the use of their horses and carriages for drives to the lake quite so freely as would have been gratifying to one so constitutionally opposed to walking and so morally set against hiring teams as I am. Still, they have my esteem and respect.

When I can make a living nowhere else, I am determined to come here and settle—possibly start a newspaper. Judson and Ritchie both tell me that this is what they came to, and I may have to come to it yet. I'd not be afraid to trust myself among the Saratogians.

But in the matter of this Walworth affair I scarcely think the Saratogian head is level. On talking with very many villagers I find the prevailing sentiment to be that Frank Walworth has been too severely punished for a comparatively trivial offense—a mere boyish folly, as it were. Understand, I start in with no sentimental prejudices on the subject. There is a deal of cant about what one owes to “the author of his being,” and all that, which won't hold water. It has never been clear to my mind that simply to have been the author of one's being gives an exaggerated claim upon that being's love and reverence, unless there are other conditions. Bringing the thing down to a point not microscopically fine,

it would probably turn out that the elder Mr. Wiggins had the younger Mr. Wiggins very little in contemplation until the younger Mr. Wiggins became an established fact.

Starting with the orthodox proposition alone that existence entails upon one innumerable chances of damnation, I do not know that existence in itself may be considered a boon for the bestowal of which any claim for gratitude could be made to lie. True, the Orientals have a superstitious reverence for parents, simply because they are parents, and there is no reason to suppose that a celebrated city in the East took its name from the off-hand reply of a young man who, starting off with a gun on his shoulder, and being asked where he was going, replied:—"Oh, only to bag Dad," as though it were common thus to make game of one's begetter. The Orientals seldom murder their parents, which is not the only respect in which they differ from us of the West, but they are heathen, remember. For my part, unless love and care be bestowed upon the child, unless there be more motherhood and fatherhood displayed than the simple bringing into the world involves, I do not think that much filial feeling can be looked for. So you see I do not start in with overwhelming sentimental bias.

But dismissing the relation of father and son altogether, throwing it out of consideration as having no connection with the case at issue, it seems to me to have been pretty clearly demonstrated that it would not be judicious to have a young man so excitable in temper, so swift to plan, so prompt to execute, so handy with a pistol, so remarkably set in his way as the younger Mr. Walworth proved himself, circulating around. Beyond writing an incalculable quantity of unmitigated trash, I do not see that the elder Mr. Walworth did anything that deserved the death penalty.

What seems to have aggravated Mr. Warwick Walworth's offense was being the father of the offended party. Now the fact of fathership should not be permitted as a plea in mitigation of a son's righteous rage, perhaps, but I question whether it should be thrown plump into the opposite scale and permitted to weigh too heavily against one.

I base my opposition to the Saratoga sentiment on this proposition mainly :—If every man set out to kill the man or men whom he thought deserved killing, the population of this world would be so materially lessened as to be scarcely worth speaking about. I can count on the one hand very many men who, I really think, in the best interests of society, should be killed ; I could count, on the other hand—and if it had twice as many fingers could probably occupy them all—quite as many men who perhaps think, conscientiously, that my existence is a blot upon humanity, and that I were better “wiped out.” Remove the fear of punishment and it would become on both sides simply a question of who could start in first. The victims of my virtuous wrath would have been piled mountain high long ere this, had I given the rein to the impulse of the moment—I mean, had I yielded to all the attacks of “emotional insanity” I’ve had. But the gallows looming darkly in the background has always exercised a sort of repressing influence on me—kept me sane, as it were.

And I am glad of it, for, in consequence, scores of men whom I otherwise would have killed without any discussion of their desert—discussion with them, I mean—have been permitted to live and prove to me that they did not need killing after all. Had I blazed away in the first white heats of my wrath, I would have had to pass the balance of my life (had I got off with solitary confinement, that is) in writing eulogistic obituaries of my victims, in the light of subsequent events which cleared their characters. Not the least disadvantage of killing people you are angry with is the impossibility of correcting the mistake if you afterward find out you have made one. Apologies, remorse, grief, wails, and a pension to the family bereaved, fall very unmindfully on the “dull, cold ear of death.”

Because I did not think it worth while to take the fact of the murdered man being the father of the murderer into account in my review of this case, do not think that I hold fathers in disesteem as a class. True, they are guilty of strange neglects of our interests at times. I find it necessary

to summon all my Christian charity to enable me to forgive my father for not having purchased a few hundred acres of land in the environs of New York City forty-odd years ago, instead of buying an incalculable quantity of equally sterile soil in the far north of the State, where the wolves were howling and still howl, and probably ever will howl, for anything save a howling wilderness never can it be. And while property about the city has advanced right briskly, that to which I refer has retrograded, is worth actually less than it was when originally purchased, for then a good many persons in quest of homes knew no better than to go and live there; but now, what with free-schooling, and railroads, and telegraphs, and Parker Guns, and breech-loading inventions generally, to say nothing of the advice sown broadcast, they know enough to "go West and buy a farm," choosing a chance of being scalped rather than the dead certainty of starvation.

But we should forgive our fathers for all their failings, remembering that they were not born so late in the age as we, and had not the advantages which we enjoy. I don't believe your father cut his teeth on a rubber ring, for instance; he probably had the hook from an ox-chain, a hoe-handle, or something of that kind.

One thing has always seemed strange to me, by the way—that all the sentiment of song should treacle for mamma, and not one bit of sugar for the other party. I don't object to a good deal being done in a praiseful way for "Mother," but I agree with the impartial critic who remarked that the old gentleman ought to have a show occasionally. Be mine the task to put in a lyric word for "the old man." I contribute these verses to literature not to show that I can do one thing as well as another, turn off a poem as easily as an agricultural essay; not with any intention to snatch the wreaths from Bryant's brow or rob Longfellow of his laurels (though if critics will draw comparisons, hold me not to blame if they turn in my favor); but I simply sling these verses at your head, good reader, in a feeble endeavor to do justice to a much neglected body of our fellow-citizens:—

MY FATHER.

Who hailed me first with rapturous joy,
And did not fret and feel annoy
When the nurse said: Why! *she's* a boy!

My Father.

Who gave that nurse a half-a-crown,
To let him hold me—awkward clown,
Of course he held me upside down?

My Father.

Who ne'er to cut my hair did try—
Jabbing the scissors in my eye,
And cutting every hair awry?

My Father.

Who set me in the barber's chair
Instead, and had him cut my hair
Like my big brother's, good and square?

My Father.

Who when I had a little fight
Because Tom tore my paper kite
And bit me, said I did just right?

My Father.

Who when Tom licked me black and blue
Did not turn in and lick me, too—
Saying "'Tis my duty so to do?"

My Father.

Who told me pluck and luck must win,
And taught me to "put up a fin,"
Till I could trounce that Tom like sin?

My Father.

Who pennies ne'er refused to plank,
Nor dropped them in that mimic "Bank"
Where I could only hear them clank?

My Father.

Who when I wished to buy a toy
Ne'er thought 'twould give me much more joy
To send tracts to some heathen boy?

My Father.

Who bought me ponies, guns, and sich,
And gave me leave to fork and pitch,
While he raked up to make me rich?

My Father.

And who at last, when all was done,
Passed in his checks, and, noble one,
Left all he had to me, his son?

My Father.

CHAPTER XIV.

MOSTLY ABOUT A CHILD GENIUS, BUT MIXED WITH A MENTION OF
OTHER GENIUSES.

WHILE we were sitting in the parlor, this forenoon, a table was brought in "all of a sudden," and a cloth spread on it. The impression on all sides was that we were going to have something good to eat between meals; but this was soon dissipated by the introduction of a "Child Genius, only eight years old." Had I had the least idea of what was coming, there'd have been one more seat for some aged lady who doesn't like standing up; but they were too quick for me. The idea of lunch beguiled me into inactivity, and the foe was on me ere I could fly. Our "Child Genius" leaped upon the table as actively and appropriately as a shrimp, and was tearing away at a mad rate through a scene from "Julius Cæsar" before anybody could stop him.

His father stood near, and I at first thought of stepping up and telling him I knew what would cure his little boy, if he'd try it in time, but on discovering that he was an aider and abetter of the performance I refrained. His side remarks of "Louder," "Look this way," "Stick your left foot forward more," showed who was to blame for it all.

"Remarkable in a boy only eight years old," said a lady near me.

"Not only remarkable, madam, but very much to be regretted," I felt like answering. And the parent went on to explain that the child had had no dramatic teaching or training. This may be so; but that any child could so per-

fectly succeed in catching the worst intonations of all the bad actors I remember to have heard, the most stagy manner of the stage, without having it drummed into him, I can scarcely believe. If a human creature can rant so at eight years of age, what in the name of half the gods of all the galleries will he not do at twenty-five? Well may one stand aghast at the thought.

Several readings from Shakespeare, "Betsy and I are Out"—and the performance was ended? No; the parent announced that the Child Genius would now go round with a hat. And when the Child Genius returned with a hat full of stamps, after making a tour of the room, his parent and proprietor pointed out two or three little girls in a corner who had escaped not the visitation but the hat. Thus is the soul of a Child Genius attuned to business as well as art. And the announcement was made by the begetter of the Child Genius that it would have a testimonial next evening at a neighboring hotel—tickets one dollar each.

"Well, I saw four men, yesterday, living on two poor little birds," said a lady who had called my attention the day before to a canary exhibition, "but this beats that."

The influence on children, let me remark, is not what one would wish. "Do you know, papa, I think I could get up on the table and speak a piece," said Paulina to me when the Child Genius got down.

"If you think you could, Paulina, just try it," I remarked, with the gesture of one who takes a child upon his knee—but not to pat its head. And the young lady didn't think she could then, but just went off to her dolls, balloons, broken pieces of glass, and other playthings, quite contented and happy.

At school or out at play the Child Genius ought to be, and not wasting his young life the country over in giving unnatural recitations of readings beyond his comprehension in the manner of the worst dramatic school. The begetter of Child Geniuses most of all, ought to be in better business, too. And that's the truth of it. Now I'm not sure that what I've

written will be reproduced among the other "Good Words for 'Little Ollie,'" but if that young gentleman only knew it, I've proved myself within the last five minutes his best friend.

Perhaps you would like to know who is at Saratoga. Well, the fat dowager with a red turban is here;—she always is. She is accompanied by her two daughters—relative ages thirty and thirty-five—whom she calls "girls." The "girls" would like to hunt in couples, but the dowager never trusts them far from her side. She has a holy horror of young men. She has no idea, she says, of trusting those innocent lambs of hers among wolves. And yet I think such tough mutton as that might stray most any distance from the fold, without coming to material harm. However, when a breeze of broadcloth ripples the piazza, the "girls" square away to get within its bracing influence, but the dowager brings them to with a round "Come here, my dears," and the poor "girls" have straightway to back their topsails and anchor under her ponderous lee.

And Laura Matilda is here. You remember her, of course, for we've met her everywhere. She was at the Mulligan ball, and I have a distinct recollection of seeing her on some fishing excursion. Her dress and conversation are the same as ever. She still wears her hair in ringlets, nor has she yet dispensed with that "side curl," so suggestive of mouth-moistened fingers. I asked her last night how she liked Saratoga, and she said "It is nice,"—the same reply that she made, if memory serves me rightly, when you asked her opinion of the Evangelical Alliance.

I think that Laura Matilda has a matrimonial haven in view, just now. She is certainly heading very steadily that way, and unless an adverse wind comes up I guess she'll make it. You remember that clerk in a retail dry-goods store down town; he wears a brilliant buzzum-pin and has an off-hand way in dealing with ladies that proves him to be accustomed to good society. Well, I suspect him as the man.

While talking to the young lady last evening I noticed that her eyes quivered about the room like the needle of a disturbed compass, and then pointed as steadily in one direction as that needle, when at rest, does to the North. Following the direction of her eyes, I saw the young man referred to leaning in the doorway and picking his teeth. Laura Matilda beckoned to him, and upon his joining us she introduced me to him, with the remark that I was a special friend of hers and that she wanted him to like me. He talked to me in a patronizing kind of a way for a few minutes, inquired if I intended to stay long at the Springs; and on my replying in the affirmative, remarked that a great many stupid people were here now, and walked off with his hands in his pockets. Laura Matilda asked me if I did not think he had very easy manners. I replied I thought they were remarkably easy, and she seemed pleased. The match comes off either after the fall trade opens, or just before the spring trade shuts—I forget which.

Isabelle is here, with the large dark eyes, that seem half the time uncertain whether to melt with love or flash in anger. It has always been my opinion that the strange fascination which surrounds her lurks in those eyes alone; they keep one on the *qui vive* to know whether he is on terms of peace or of war with the fair owner. She is a very different type of woman from her Cousin Mary. Mary is a quiet, gentle girl; rather retired in her manners, and wears pearls, while Belle wears diamonds; she is engaged to a young clergyman; he seems a very gentlemanly fellow, and if the short cough that troubles him proves, as many are confident it is, simply a passing irritation of the throat, and not, as I fear that permanent irritation of the lungs, commonly called consumption, they will probably live very happily in that quiet little country parsonage up in Vermont.

Young Fitzfoodle has just registered for a room. He is in fearfully bad form, and his side whiskers never before had so desponding a droop. For the hundreth time he is suffering from the pangs of disappointed affection. That young

man can stand a great deal of that sort of anguish and still live. At present he seems to meditate vengeance on the sex, and I rather imagine his immediate diabolical designs are upon the peace of a pretty milliner who came in on the same train. She will fool him in turn and then he will be done for. No refuge for him after that but the Custom House.

Think you I am speaking of disappointed affection and lacerated bosoms and such things too lightly? Ah, good friends, I know how it is myself; I've been there. But I never died quite as much as I thought I should at the time of it.

Down in an inner pocket of that valise lies a perfumed little glove; years have fled since it was worn, yet the scent of the rose-leaves it once pressed clings to it still; you might turn each of its fingers wrong side out and discover nothing therein—yet that little glove contains the history of a life—a two-volume romance set in nonpareil solid. It is a memento of a watering-place; it tells where I met her whom nature seemed to have cut for me, in the great primal shuffle; and a postscript in the thumb-lining tells how I came to make up my mind that somehow there was a misdeal about it. She was passionately fond of music, and your correspondent—though he hadn't thought of it before—suddenly discovered that he “had an ear but no voice.” Subsequently he traveled on that ear—slid off on it, so to speak, with remarkable velocity.

Well, from long metre and short metre the transition to meet her by moonlight was quite natural. In the course of one of these moonlight meetings—it was in June; I remember the month perfectly, and could tell you the day were it necessary—I offered her my young heart's affections, and a ruby ring and a red rose, and she—she gave me that glove you see there, and said she'd always be my friend. She married a small lawyer in the southern part of Illinois, and has nine small children and the fever and ague—all of which is quite as bad as it would have been to have had me. So I forgive her.

Old Indigobags with his wife and daughters occupies rooms *au première*—the best in the house. If the young women sewed for a living their hair would be called red ; as it is people allude to it as auburn. The hen-pecked husband, who occupies a brown-stone up town and is glad to regale himself on a shilling lunch down town, has just arrived. And Gustavus Adolphus, twirling his incipient mustache and looking, if possible, more like a fool than he did last summer has been here for a week.

Now you know who our standing guests are. You met the same ones here last year, and you'll meet them here next. To say that Nature never repeats herself is to say what is not so. She issues duplicates, always, and in the matter of watering-place guests casts thousands in the same mold. At the present moment there are from ten to twenty thousand transient visitors in Saratoga, but the individuals I have indicated are the types of all. Perhaps it was wrong to call them publicly by name—they may not like it. But the Dowager knows that she is fat ; that she wears a turban in confounded bad taste ; and that she calls her daughters "girls" when they were both women twenty years ago. Laura Matilda may dislike to be thus individualized, but she knows that her ideas of bliss are bounded by a ball-room, and that she is destined to marry that young counter-jumper. In short, each person I have mentioned knows in his or her own heart, that I have said nothing of him or her which is not strictly the truth.

Amid all the mentionings, I have as yet omitted to record the presence in Saratoga of a distinguished author and financier. Modesty forbids any nearer allusion, but those who know my weight can give a pretty good guess at the man's size. How persons of note and distinction do flock in now that race-week is at hand. Besides myself, Fernando Wood and Ben are here. Never saw I brothers more different in personnel than these two. Fernando glides about with the easy grace of an eel, while Ben thrashes about like a big whale, his starboard and larboard fins all working, and his

broad-brimmed Panama hat set back on his head like a buggy-top half up. The leviathan hull of Commodore Garrison looms up in the corridors, cleaving the billows of men with that noticeable cutwater of his; his boilers hold out remarkably well. John Brougham and George McLean, both in dock for repairs (to follow up the steamship simile) work their engines under slow pressure, strolling around arm in arm (as steamships very frequently do) and looking anxiously at their watches to see if the hours have arrived at which their physicians allow them one milk punch. And I am here.

Russell Sage is here—on business, I believe. The “Circular Railway” in the Indian Encampment is said to be a branch of the Milwaukee and St. Paul, and he is attending to it, trying to get up a corner and get somebody to go in with him, they say. The only reasons that I can see for thinking it a branch of the Milwaukee and St. Paul are that it starts from most everywhere, runs all around itself, terminates wherever any one chooses to get out, and never pays any dividends when its earnings are largest, and one man runs it as uninterruptedly and unsuccessfully as though he owned it all. Then, again, some think it is a branch because it is, and this, perhaps, is a better reason for the supposition than any that I’ve heretofore given. Its paying dividends, say its friends, is only a question of Thyme. Without being herbivorous exactly, I incline to think that it is more a question of Sage—that’s nearer the botanical name of it, at least.

Am I down on Sage, you ask. Do I treasure up bitterness against St. Paul? Nay. But speaking of Colley Cibber, that light comedian of other days may have been a good stock actor, possibly he was a tolerable judge of stock companies, but I regret to say that as regards railway corporations and stock speculations his head was far from level. Opening his inspired pages one day, I read:—

“Now, by St. Paul, the work goes bravely on!”

Here’s wisdom, said I, to myself; I did it. From that day

on the stock went steadily down. It may be said that I am suffering from a decline. How much below the centre of gravity it will eventually go is known only to him who runs the machine.

Sage directeth and St. Paul watereth. To water stock is necessary on a stock farm, but I question if it be wise in running a railroad to water anything but the engine and perhaps the track. Ay de mi Alhama. The apostles were cautioned against taking scrip with them when they set out on a journey, and beyond doubt St. Paul scrip would have been a hindrance rather than a help, but the meekest of them could scarce have refrained from using a staff had he been a stockholder. A sage man has brought St. Paul into its troubles; I fear a *sage femme* will be necessary for its delivery. And Tows and Dows are here, of the Rock Island road; they live well, these railroad fellows do, all of them.

On the whole I guess they're rich, and it sometimes occurs to me that I have helped to make them so. It may be a coincidence simply, but I have noticed that whenever it becomes generally understood that the Rock Island Railroad is going to divide up its surplus, and I buy a little stock on the strength of it, Tows and Dows immediately come out in new clothes, and President Tracy rolls about the street with fresh varnish all over him, looking more like a dissipated billiard-ball than ever. No trace of Tracy does my fond eye detect in the teeming corridors of this hotel, but

I, waking, view with grief the towering Tows,
And fondly mourn the dear delusion, Dows.

And my soul saddens within me as I turn mournfully away for a moment's honest, earnest conversation with Daniel Drew, singing in a subdued voice

On old Rock Island's sea-girt shore,
How many an hour I've whiled away
A listening to the brokers' roar,
Who wash the sales from day to day.

Yes, many an hour I've whiled away, to say nothing of the currency of the realm that has been wiled away from me

all along by fooling with that Delilah of the street. But that peculiarly sea-girt shore, *I* hug no more. Selah.

Then John Paul is here (but perhaps this fact has been already mentioned). The "Learned Pig" is "stopping" opposite the Clarendon; we have no other opera this season. It was not my intention to place an Intelligent Correspondent of a *Great Moral Organ* alongside of a Learned Pig, but it will be observed that precedence is given to the correspondent, though both are born slaves of the pen.

Beside myself and family, Commodore Vanderbilt and his are here; the Commodore is laying in a lot of "water" for Lake Shore, of which road he says he assumed the presidency because he didn't want to see it become a mere Schell; he says he'd assume anything that he thought could be "doubled up." I wish he'd set out and try to "double up" John Morrissey. To tell the truth about it, there are more railroad men here than would patch Heligoland a mile, if a double track, with sidings for freight, were extended to that terminus. I don't see what they all come up here for every summer, unless it is to enable themselves to pass dividends with more ease.

Have I mentioned that I am spending the summer at Saratoga with my family? I believe I have, but this writing up other people without getting your own name in once and awhile I don't believe in; and though I have never swindled anybody, and have never tried to—without getting the worst of it—and evidently was never cut out by nature for a great and successful railroad-man, I intend on all possible occasions to exalt my horns and cut as wide a swath as possible.

CHAPTER XV.

IN WHICH THE FIRST DAY OF THE RACES IS CHRONICLED, AND
THE NON-RACE LOVING READER IS WARNED OFF THE TRACK.

INSOMUCH as this chapter and several to come will be all about horses and racing, I warn the reader now, that if he is opposed on moral grounds to such amusements and has never won money on a horse-race, he had better make a clean jump and not light till he gets well beyond the turf.

It may be, however, that these chapters will not appear in the book at all. Whether they do or not depends wholly on how the material holds out. If there is enough to make a book without them, these will be left out; not that I think there is anything vitiating in them, or degrading to me as a man and author; on the contrary, if Darwin devoted years of his life to a consideration of the origin of Races, may not I, unreprievedly, chronicle their progress? And to leave out race week in writing about Saratoga, would be like leaving out woman in attempting to discourse upon man. But it is the difficulty of compilation that bothers me. And a lingering suspicion, as well, that a record of last year's races may not prove of absorbing interest to the popular mind even when carefully compiled.

However, I shall respond to the stirring trump of duty so far as wading in to my work is concerned, and if any feelings are hurt it cannot but be conceded that I have warned everybody off the track. To tell the truth, I care less for the feelings of others in this instance than for my own reputation; but here goes for it.

'Twas a beautiful day on a beautiful track,*
And they charged but a dollar to go there and back
In a heavy-swell way, in a beautiful hack.

Strange how the human soul wells up with gratitude, and almost unconsciously bubbles over into poetry, when one has won five dollars of one's most intimate friend on a horse race.

There was a round "O" for the full mile, a sort of a kite cut out of it for a three-quarters demonstration, and an irregular kind of a course left of the rest of it, on which, however, it was quite as easy to lose money as on the more symmetrical curves and angles. Blue sky and hazy, lazy mountains filled up the background, and green grass and trees lit up the fore, while stone fences, cedar hedges, and deep ditches, ingeniously arranged for breaking necks in the most artistic manner, left nothing for the most fastidious hurdle-rider to wish. The nose of Mr. Morrissey, somewhat set back and rather "spread," so to speak, over his classic countenance, filled up the picture, somewhat aided perhaps by four or five thousand people of different sizes and sexes, who variously and respectively paid a dollar each for getting into the field, a dollar and a half for standing in "stand No. 2," two dollars for squatting *leurmîmes là* in the Grand Stand, and three dollars for going down on the quarter-stretch, among prize-fighters, jockeys, and other gentlemen—none of whom offer to lend you an umbrella notwithstanding that the sun is blistering your bald head in a way calculated to attract the attention of the most careless observer.

You will notice that of late ladies have taken to the turf, on the principle perhaps of lending themselves to that of which they know least, and giving themselves to those of whom they know nothing at all. Out they roll in carriage, phaeton, top-carriage or open buggy, to the place of meeting. Of their judgment in laying wagers upon the contesting horses it is impossible to speak very enthusiastically. A pretty color, a flowing mane, or a switching tail, influences

*Original poetry.

Japonica in betting her gloves and small stamps upon the result, much more than do the more important points of a horse. Indeed, I have known Japonica to bet upon a horse that sold lowest in the pool and came in at the end of every race, simply because it had a tail in color and general make-up approximating to her own back-hair. I scarcely know what to say about the stand—the Grand Stand, one might say—that the ladies have taken in this matter. But it is pleasant to see their bright parasols and coquettish hats cocking up in the Grand Stand, inasmuch as it relieves the picture of that dull sameness which an unmixed masculine gathering always presents, to say nothing of the aid they give to the cause of morality by shutting off all view of the races from small men and boys on the back seats.

This, understand, is the first day of the first meeting, and the first race is for the Travers Stakes. For the benefit of posterity—to whom these letters are principally addressed, though I much doubt their ever reaching their destination—I will state that Mr. Travers is a celebrated turfman and President of the Association—not the Young Men's Christian, but the Saratoga Racing Association. There are few men whom I enjoy conversation with so much as I do with Mr. Travers, and one reason of this is that he can't talk any faster than I can. Is it not much less distressing to meet a man who has an impediment which hinders him from talking, than to encounter one who has that dreadful impediment which prevents him from stopping when once he begins?

Some years back a friend, a most inveterate talker, remarked of me that I was a good fellow and rather a clever fellow, and that it was a great pity that I had an impediment of speech. To which kindly expression of feeling on his part, I sent word back that it was a pity that he hadn't, for in all other respects he was as good and clever as anybody. Well, here's an instance of the harm that comes of "fluidity" in anything—were it not easier for me to write than to talk, never would I have digressed in this fashion. Let us get back on the track again.

Glancing at the programme it seems a parcel of profanity; your wandering eye at the first slap runs against a string of "dams" longer than the chronicles of the various begettings in the book of Genesis, to say nothing of other queer styles of swearing. Thus, "By Kentucky! Dam Lady Blessington." This is credited to "Count D'Orsay," which seems natural enough as, if I remember rightly, Lady Blessington was that nobleman's mother-in-law—manifestly there could be little filly-al feeling in such relation.

Besides Count D'Orsay, you find Springbok—a Saratoga Spring Bok on this occasion—and Tom Bowling—evidently "the darling of his crew"—besides several horses of less note, entered for the race. Price McGrath owns Tom Bowling; McDaniel, Springbok; Belmont, Count D'Orsay—there you have the favorites for the "Travers Stakes."

Well, the Judges take their places in their stand, surrounded by some very conspicuous bottles of brandy and champagne, at which no one else gets a bite, and the horses are brought up. But they do not get off well; they hitch and hesitate, move forward a few feet, and then gig back and start again, and altogether make as many false starts and are as slow about getting fairly agoing as the noble turfman after whom the stakes are christened is when he enters for a talking match—play or pay, and time against the world. But at last they are off fairly, with a rush—all but "Count D'Orsay," who won't stir a peg.

Now up go cries of "Springbok's ahead!" "He isn't!" "Tom Bowling's past him." Br-r-r-r. A lady correspondent, noted for her attachment to the wicked, wicked world, all her heart set on "Tom Bowling," but forbidden to hurrah for him in the definite article she's writing, clamps herself down to her seat in an endeavor to be impartial and only betrays her sympathies by stabbing "Springbok" through the very vitals instead of dotting his eye when she writes his name. And I, all the while, in the confused blending of colors in the distance fail to distinguish the blue jockey with red sash and cap, who rides for McDaniel, from the green

jockey with orange sash, who straddles in the interest of McGrath. Br-r-r-r. What's that? A horse down. "A sheer hulk, lies 'Tom Bowling!'" No; it's "Springbok" struggling there in the dust and his rider lying senseless, while "Thomas Bowling" gallops in winner. But not a winner yet, for "Springbok" is brought in with his left fore-foot badly gashed, and a "foul" is claimed on the score that "Tom Bowling" crowded in and cut him.

"Oh, the weary, weary waiting" while the Judges are deciding, and they give ample time to it. My \$5 trembles in the balance. But at last up goes the "board" proclaiming that "No. 49" is first; "68" second; "1" third; and I discover that the lady correspondent has availed herself of the excitement and my suspense to cabbage my programme, leaving me in depressing uncertainty as to which horses those numbers represent till some one rushes to my relief with a programme, and enables me to read their titles clear—the winners are—Tom Bowling, Waverly, Merodac. And now Price McGrath saunters up to receive the congratulations of the Kentucky ladies in the Grand Stand.

"You have one of the finest horses in the world, Mr. McGrath," remarked one of the ladies.

"*One* of the finest horses in the world! That reminds me of a story, madam, and if you have no objections I'll tell it you;" and Mr. McGrath removed his hat, polished the skating-rink on top of his head with a silk handkerchief, slued himself round so as to present a full face view of his delicately chiseled features to the ladies' benches, and began intoning as follows:—

"Up our way, madam, in the Blue-grass region, there lived a minister—a Methodist minister—one of the kind as knows a horse when he sees him; and if a charrot come down for him he'd look to see what sort of a team was hitched to it afore he'd start. His name was Spencer, it was. Well, he had a horse, a good horse it was allowed to be all through the Blue-grass region, and natural like he thought a good deal on it.

"There was another man in the county, and *he* had a horse that he thought a good deal on, and he was a good horse, too, for they don't have nothing *but* good horses in the Blue-grass region; but Parson Spencer never would allow that he was any sort of a horse, no how. Well, he came up to Parson Spencer one day and he says, says he, 'Parson, you and I's got the two best horses in the world.' 'My friend,' says Parson Spencer, and he wheeled round sort of impatient like, 'the Lord'"—

Ting! ting!! ting!!! At this moment the bell rang to bring up the horses, and not stopping even to put his hat on, Mr. McGrath scuttled out of the Grand Stand, leaving every one for ten benches round in wretched ignorance of what his Parson Spencer did say, anyhow.

The second race came off and was won by Travers' black colt, Strachino. As Strachino was sired by "Parmesan," it is not much to be wondered at that he turns out "the cheese." And now we wait for Mr. McGrath to come back and finish his story. But he cometh not, she said, and rather than have you disappointed in a story, I'll tell you one myself.

Some years ago it seems that Mr. McGrath got quite interested in spiritualism. There wasn't much racing going on, so he could give the subject his undivided attention. He invited a friend of mine to go with him and see Foster—or some other circulating medium; and my friend went. But he told me that it surprised him very much to see Mr. McGrath slip a full deck of cards in his coat pocket before starting. It scarcely seemed possible to him that Mr. McGrath intended to propose a game of spiritual seven-up, or to attempt to beat some unhappy ghost out of every rap he had, at draw-poker—which is supposed to be an emphatically Blue-grass game; but no other hypothesis seemed admissible.

Well, away they sailed and found Foster in. (I found him out once, immediately after finding him in.) Foster gave them his usual circus, and Mr. McGrath sat it through in solemn awe and silence. Sometimes a shade of impatience was visible, but his face looked radiant at the conclusion.

"Mr. Foster," he said, as he laid the usual *honorarium* down on the table, "this is wonderful, and you deal a square game, you do, I do believe. But there's just one thing more I want you to try, and if you do it and I don't give you just the best farm in Kentucky, my name ain't Price McGrath;" and down went his hands into his coat pocket and out he fished the pack of cards. "There," giving them a scientific Blue-grass shuffle, and slapping them down on the table backs up, "you just tell me what that first card is without turning it over," and his breath came slow in expectation, Price McGrath's did. Foster couldn't, and Mr. McGrath turned sadly away, and fumbled at the side-board as though too much overcome for speech; not finding what he wanted, euchred in both suits, he started for home, leaving the cards behind him in his bitter disappointment.

"If Foster could just a-told me what that card was," he said to my friend as they slowly walked up Broadway, "I'd a-just made our everlasting fortunes. I'd a-taken him with me and we'd a-busted every faro-bank in this country. And then if I wouldn't a-made their hair curl at Baden-Baden and Monaco, I'll be Dee Deed." Mr. McGrath always says that he'll be Dee Deed when he feels solemn and wants to round a sentence handsomely.

And now the third race, the last of the day, the half-mile for two-year-olds, is on. But this is an aggravation. They act like a parcel of school-girls when a young and handsome teacher comes into the district. Each one goes to figuring on her own hook, and—

"Never *made* but two horses in this world; one I've got and the other he kept himself!"

What are these strange accents droning in my ear? Upon my word, it's Price McGrath come back to finish his story. I've forgotten the beginning of it, and do not remember the connection exactly, but the reader can go back a page or two and put it together for himself, if disposed.

As I was remarking when interrupted by Mr. McGrath, the two-year-olds prove an aggravation, and act like a parcel

of school-girls when the new teacher happens to be young and handsome. Each goes to figuring on her own hook, and you couldn't get them to all start in fairly together if you died for it; and getting tired of such foolishness, most of the heavy capitalists try to get a start for home, and I, for one, get it the first time.

Now I have a suggestion to make. Instead of all this nonsense about starting, why not bring all the horses up and have them toe a line, as men do when they run? When the flag drops let them go, and if a horse won't go let him stay—the race will go on without him. This would be fair for every one, and no grumbling could come in. There's always more grumbling about "unfair starts" than over anything else in a race. It may be urged that some horses wouldn't start. Then keep the stubborn brutes off the track; if a horse won't go when he's wanted to, I see no particular need of perpetuating the breed. That particular strain of blood which prompts a horse to stand still when you want him to go and go when you want him to stand still, can be dispensed with. I have had several such horses in my time, and their hides invariably brought three dollars apiece, quite as much as any other horses' hides. They were said to make excellent trunk straps.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SECOND DAY OF THE RACES AND INTERVIEWS WITH HORSEMEN AND HORSES.

“**I**N the first place, if you knew anything at all about a horse you wouldn’t ask such a question.” This is what Mr. Milton Sandorf said when I asked him why they didn’t start horses from a line at the tap of a drum, as dimly suggested in a morsel of wisdom which closes the preceding chapter.

I measured my man in a moment, applied my mental callipers to his muscle, saw at a glance that he beat me so far as biceps went, took into consideration the fact that he was much older than myself as well, and concluded to forgive him. I am glad that I did; it is always Christian-like to pass little remarks of this kind over without notice unless you are morally sure that you can whip your man.

Nor do I know exactly that I would care to tap the claret, smash the sneller, upset the snuff-tray, damage the optics, close the peepers, devastate the oglers, smite the conk, counter on the kisser, spoil the potato trap, mash the mug, and generally macerate the mouth of Milton, to say nothing of demolishing his bread-basket and laying waste and capsizing his apple-cart; for, though capable of reaching out with my right bower and putting in my Left Duke—my terrible Left—in an appalling style, I have nothing in particular against Mr. Sandorf. That he knows nothing at all about horses is more his misfortune than his fault, and to never win a bet is punishment enough. To his credit be it spoken,

however, he generally bets on the field—and if she needed backing I've an idea he'd back his niece, bright, brave Miss Kate.

Now let me explain that in the sporting terms used in the preceding paragraph, I have endeavored to make myself understood by horsemen, who have a language of their own. In these pages I am not writing for the general reader, and if he is really anxious to know what oglers and kissers, potato traps and snuff-trays are, he must go to the dictionary for it. In a mistaken idea of what I was driving at, my *Great Moral Organ* crossed out all the delicate little technicalities of the prize ring used above, which I had collected with zealous care; and they also slashed out the story which Mr. McGrath tells in the other chapter, leaving a sort of a hole in the narrative and to some extent destroying the point to which I led up through a whole column. And to my mild remonstrance, an assurance came that, "Not more than a stick full was cut out," and that "the only point of the story was a little profanity."

The only balm that my wounded feelings have since found, is in printing the story right here as originally written, and "appealing to a jury of my countrymen," as Mr. Reade says. For if that story's profane, I'm a Dutchman! And I would like to take the moral sense of the community on this question. One of the chief consolations of making a book, indeed, is that it permits you to get before the public in your own fashion, and be profane in the mild way above whenever you fain would be so, sharing the responsibility with no conscience other than your own.

To resume:—My idea of starting horses, Mr. Sandorf went on to say, when his mind recovered from its first shock, is a good one for trotting matches, as trotting horses could be educated to it, but a racer's spirit would be spoiled in the attempt to teach him the trick, and no good start could be got unless the horses were in motion. Now there may be something in this, but if memory serves me rightly I have known horses to start off on a pretty lively run when they

had been standing still for an hour or so, and not leave much of the buggy to sit in when they got through. To my thinking, and experience bears me out in it, a horse can get the start of you much better if he has been standing quietly and bringing you to the belief that he wouldn't run if he got a good chance to, than he could if he were running when he began to run away.

It is all very well for Mr. Sandorf to set himself up for authority on racing matters and intimate that I know less about that noble but somewhat uncertain animal, the horse, than he does; but I happen to have the personal acquaintance of several excellent "starters" in the employment of the Third Avenue Railroad Company—men who have never defrauded their employers of a cent yet, but hope to be conductors some day—; and I never knew one of them to "start" according to Mr. Sandorf's plan. My starter just taps his bell or blows his silver whistle, if the munificence of the company provide him with that luxury, and if the car doesn't get off he curses the driver up hill and down, and doesn't allow a lick or two with a carhook to interfere with him in the performance of his duty if he can get hold of a cart rung or something of that kind. It's all very well for Mr. Sandorf to put on airs up here, but he'd have a nice show for it with his ideas about starting if he applied for a situation as "starter" on any well regulated line of city horse cars, and I rather guess these companies contrive generally to select men who know their business.

About the time that every one got well out to the ground on the second race day the rain began to fall in torrents, and it was remarked that the prospect looked better for a regatta than a race—the track being soon flooded. The water was certainly shallow enough, and the lines crooked enough to offer excellent inducements to any committee looking out for a regatta-course. But the thirsty ground soon lapped up the water, and at the tap of the bell up came the horses, with their tails done up *en chignon*. The first race of the day—for fillies foaled in 1870, one mile and an eighth—was won by

a filly christened Minnie W., and had her name been Minnow the performance would have justified it. It was of course claimed that a different condition of track would have brought about a different result, insomuch as it was not understood when the horses were put in "pools" the night before, that they were to run in such pools next day. But this is all wrong; "ifs and ands," excuses and hypotheses, have no place in a race-course. After a race has been run and judgment has been given, complaint should cease. *Post mortems*, however, are played to an amazing extent; some are still claiming, for instance, that if Count D'Orsay had got a start for the Travers Stakes on the first day, he would have carried off the plate.

So it always is; the baby we lose is the one for whom all the after honors of life were waiting, the horse that doesn't get a start is the one that would have won the race. Thus in the second race to-day, it was asserted that Bassett—on whom the odds in the pools were about two to one on the others, would have won had not Crockford got the advantage in the start, and there is no end of wrangling. Why do men waste words when an event has been decided. As King Richard II. remarked when his race was run:—

"This chin music mads me; let it sound no more."

The third race, the steeple-chase, was the race of this day. "I'd not have missed it for \$100," was the verdict of all who stayed to the finish. "About three miles, welter weights, \$800 to the winner, \$200 to the second, and \$100 to the third horse; total purse, \$1,100." That's the way the programme read. The "welter weights" seemed ominous to those unversed in equine technicalities. A broken neck in a steeple-chase is a "finish" always looming up before horse and rider,—a probability for one, a possibility for both; and this day one could well imagine that the turf must be slippery as glass. What could the phrase mean? That those who waited for this last race would see some one weltering in blood; that weltering waited for those who rode? There was room for unpleasant speculation here, but the horses—

Duffy, Viley, Buck, and Lanty Lawler selling in pool the night before for \$300, \$95, \$36, and \$35, respectively—were sent away before Dr. M'Cosh arrived at a conclusion.

Duffy led, and after him leaped Lanty Lawler. Buck bucked at the first hurdle, but finally contrived to climb over after repeated urging; Viley also behaved vilely; scarcely a jump would these rascals make, and I suppose they are still on the ground pegging away at the third hurdle. Duffy went round in splendid style, and after him, five or six lengths, but neither increasing nor diminishing his distance, sailed Lanty. But after the last hurdle was taken, and a universal shout had gone up that Duffy had it, Lanty's rider, to show that some things could be done as well as others, and that there's no certainty even about a horse race, plied the whip, and, responsive to it, Lanty collared Duffy and rushed under the string a head ahead. It was a wonderful piece of diplomacy, which in this instance is long for riding, on the part of Lanty's rider. His patient faith and watching won the race. And, as you have seen, the odds were about nine to one against the actual winner. I feel encouraged over my chances in life from this result, and shall always hereafter keep on running to the end, no matter what odds are against me.

And now they tell me gray Lanty was so much injured in the race—by the breaking of a tendon or something—that he can never run again, may possibly have to be killed. This is to be regretted, for he proved himself a noble horse. The burst of speed he showed after jumping the last hurdle, having run a jumping race then of nearly three miles, was remarkable. Tom Bowling is a fast horse, but in the mile and three-quarter race of the first day, it seemed to me that he did not come in at the end with the speed that Lanty showed, and poor Lanty had a very heavy track for it. It is hard to be broken down when one has won such a fight.

Coming home we drove over to McGrath's stables, and I put my hand on Tom Bowling's coat—the first time that ever I touched a racer; soft and smooth as satin, I had no idea that such polish could be put on horse-flesh.



UNCLE ANCEL AND HIS CHARGE.

"Is he cross?" asked one of our party.

"A cross, sah? a *cross*? Lord bless you, no, sah," answered Ancel Williamson, the trainer; "no cross 'bout him; why, he's out of—" and in a second's time his pedigree was unrolled from Noah's ark down. It was a natural enough mistake to make, and old Ancel was of course swift to vindicate the blood of Bowling. It seems that about the stables the horse is as kind as a kitten; the temper he shows on the track coming from a kick he received on his *début* here at Saratoga, two years ago, if I remember rightly. His leg was nearly broken on that occasion, and ever since he becomes disturbed and angry when the other horses are brought up.

Ancel Williamson, the colored trainer, is a picture to see, gray and grizzled, but with a world of fidelity and sense—"horse sense" it might be called, perhaps—stamped on his countenance. Before the war he belonged to Kean Richards; during the war he went to train for Alexander, with Richards' permission. When the war was ended he put in an appearance with, "Well, Massa Richards, here I is agin."

"But you're free; you don't belong to me now; you're your own master."

"No, Massa Richards; you can't git rid of me that way, sah. Here I is."

"But I have nothing for you to do; no horses to train, Ancel; I can't take you."

Ancel went away and pondered it over. By and by he came back. "Well, if I's free, Massa Richards, and you doesn't want me no mo' for nothing, give me my papers, sah."

Mr. Richards tried to explain to him that he needed none; but no, his papers he must have; the new style of manumission was above his comprehension; so Richards gave them to him. Then he went with Buford, and two or three years ago he came with McGrath.

"You understand all about training horses, I suppose, uncle?" I asked.

"Ought to, sah; been doing it near sixty year now, been with 'em ever since I was borned."

"Do you give them as much as they want to eat or restrict them?"

"No, sah, I's strict with 'em, mighty strict; don't give 'em no mo' to eat and no mo' exercise 'n 's good for 'em."

"But how can you tell just how much to give them to eat and just how much exercise they should have?"

"Why, same's you tell how much you want to eat and exercise, sah, by your feelings, sure."

"Yes, but I tell by my feelings; now you won't let the horse tell by his; and your feelings are not the horse's feelings."

"Same thing, sah, all the same thing, sah, no difference, sure."

"What are those copper muzzles tied over the horse's noses for?"

"To keep 'em from eating what they hadn't oughter eat, sah, so's they can't eat their bedding and no other pison, you see."

"I suppose that sometimes large sums are offered a trainer if he will permit a race-horse to be tampered with?"

"It aint no use, sah, old man like me doesn't want no more'n he has. Rather see my horse win; that's money 'nough for me."

And now Uncle Ancel began to look at me suspiciously; it was evident that he thought I was there for an object; never before did any one mistrust that I was prowling round with twenty or thirty thousand dollars in my pocket, eager to bribe somebody. I felt flattered rather than otherwise and the conversation went on.

"Does it not cost a good deal to take care of such a gentleman horse as Tom Bowling?" I asked.

"Well, he pays for it hissef, sah. He's made nigh upon \$10,000 for us this year, he has. 'Sides it only takes a man and a boy to take care of him, and it don't cost no mo' to feed him than the commonest horse agoing; he eats the same sorter stuff."

"How came Harry Bassett to get beaten in that three-quarter mile race?"

"No business to start for no such foolishness as that, sah. Done 'nough for his massa; worn out now: oughter let him stay still."

"What did you think of that steeple-chase race?"

"Clean steal, sah, clean steal; the boy jus' stole that race, he did; jus' lay back till other fellow didn't think he was comin', and then come; mighty smart nigger, that boy, sure."

Then, as a sort of finish to my conversation with the old gentleman, I let my idea about starting horses for a race bulge upon him, and feeling that he was my friend, confided to him what Mr. Sandorf said when I let my flood of light in upon his benighted mind, sure that Uncle Ance would take my part.

"'Scuse me, sah, but 'pears to me in my humpticity, Massa Sandorf's 'bout right."

There is no gratitude in human nature; even this faithful follower of fickle fortunes, whom I had interviewed, and for whom I had composed an appropriate epitaph—poetry—ere the interview had scarcely begun, went back on me and sided with the proud oppressor. And driving sadly and slowly in, what wonder that I rushed to Johnson's dictionary for love and sympathy—the only quarter in which you may look for them, never in vain.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHICH BRINGS THE FIRST MEETING TO AN END AND OPENS
THE WAY TO A STERN DISCOURAGEMENT OF RACING.

IN early youth it was the height of my ambition to be a stage-driver. Later in life, when troubles multiplied upon me and my consistent and edifying life made me many enemies, the omnibus-driver became the object of my special envy. He perches so serenely on his elevated box—

As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm;
Though round his feet the rolling reins are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on his head.

On summer days, when the sunshine is a little too severe to be pleasant, he can obtain an enormous umbrella of some manufacturer anxious to advertise his goods, by simply depositing a dollar, which dollar is returned to him when he brings back the umbrella. I have never been able to borrow an umbrella on these terms. And then if he sees an enemy attempting to cross the street he can pick him up on his pole and carry him a block or two; if he impales him it doesn't matter much—omnibus drivers are never hanged, neither do they marry. Nor is it necessary that he wait for his enemy to attempt to cross the street; he can go for him on the sidewalk, spear him on a balcony, lift him from a third-story window, if he so choose. His horses aid him willingly. When you see an omnibus horse fix his eye on you, beware; you are a gone man. There is no escape from his diabolical intentions, and if you are particular about little things and

want your name spelled right on the coffin-plate, see the engraver at once. Talk of black-horse cavalry! I would sooner face a whole brigade of them than stand the charge of a single omnibus horse of any color whatever. Think what the Six Hundred would have done at Balaklava had they been mounted on six hundred omnibuses drawn by twelve hundred wall-eyed horses! If ever a charge of this kind occurs, let me be its Tennyson. But just now my ambition is to be the jockey of the winning horse; to ride past the Grand Stand in streaked and speckled raiment, with my head over between the horse's ears, and everybody applauding—ladies and all. Negotiations are going on with a purpose, and I hope soon to be a jockey and with the jockeys stand. At present my weight is rather heavy, but I'm drinking Hathorn water, and shall either be a losing ghost or a winning jockey in the end.

I had a few words with Travers yesterday. Very little was said on either side, but we were a good while about it. The fact of it is, I can never talk with Mr. Travers without stuttering. He leads off, and of course I must either trump or follow suit. And it never occurs to me to trump. This makes him think that I can't talk any better than he can; and he probably thought he was getting a good joke on me when he suggested that when the "Travers Stakes" were run for again, to have John Paul start the horses would make it all right and even. But, if they make me "starter" and I don't get all the horses off sooner than they are now sent, it will only be because two or three of them stay at the post. Instructed not to go unless they get the best of the start, the jockeys hold back and jockey in a way that deserves signal punishment—that is, the signal should be given to go, leaving them the privilege of starting at their leisure.

The third day's races came off as advertised, notwithstanding that the rain poured down in torrents, putting the track in a condition better adapted for a swimming match than a running race. Under the old rule, a race once entered for could not be postponed under any circumstances; but now it

is at the discretion of the Executive Committee, and it turns out that these gentlemen do not object to a little water with their's occasionally. Considerable disappointment was caused by the rumor that Harry Bassett would be withdrawn on account of the condition of the track—and indeed it seemed only in accordance with the eternal fitness of things that Bassett should be excused and a good lively fresh-water Bass entered for the cup; certainly the latter could have come in better on the “finnish”—but the rumor was not substantiated by fact. Four horses were entered for the first race—for the Saratoga cup—Bassett, Joe Daniels, Wanderer, and True Blue.

Wanderer being the favorite, and any number of private points having been publicly given out that the race would be that horse's beyond a peradventure, he got beaten and came in last of course; while Bassett, after running the first part of the race, passed it over to his stable-mate, Joe Daniels, who took it up very cleverly and came into camp with it. True Blue did very well; he truly blew some in vindication of his name of course—as what horse except a sea-horse would not, running up to his neck in water? But he came in unblown at the end of the race and got a third place. The most truly blue, however, were those who bet on Wanderer, and it is little wonder that when the horses were brought up for the next race, and frequent mention was made of the mare, Sue Ryder, several shouted, evidently under a mistaken impression that the wondering was still in order and the other race was being talked about:—“Yes, sue his rider, he threw the race.”

But mistakes will occur in the best regulated households. When the second race was being run, a gentleman from Williamsburg, Mass., insisted that Wanderer was Artist—the latter being a horse entered for the third race—and would not be convinced to the contrary, pointing to the programme in proof of his assertion. “There, can't you read, I say! ‘Artist, br. c. ;’ the only bright chestnut in the bill!” And you could not have persuaded him that the abbreviation

stood for "brown colt" with anything short of a handspike.

Then it occurred to Mr. Milton Sandorf that he'd like to have his over-shoes brought over from the stables, and he asked Ancel Williamson if he would not kindly let one of the boys step over and tell them to send him his "rubbers." Uncle Ancel said "sartin, sah!" and shuffled off. A few minutes afterward, word was brought up to the Judge's stand that the mischief's own crowd was below and insisted on seeing Mr. Sandorf at once. Going down he found all his stable boys, with their rubbing-cloths in their hands, vociferating that they were his "rubbers" and anxious to know what he wanted. Rubbers are a necessity of all well regulated stables, you must know. Hamlet, in his famous soliloquy, admonishes the public of Denmark that it is a mistake to suppose that after his morning exercise the horse is taken back to his stall

"To sleep, perchance to dream. No, there's the rub."

He is not permitted to turn in until rubbed down and polished like a brass fire-dog.

Minnie W., who won a race day before yesterday, to-day made one think that the rest of her name should be "ont." Notwithstanding that she was the favorite, from having accidentally floundered in first through the mud and water of the other day, and was so heavily backed in consequence that no demonstration on her part was necessary, she kept backing herself about as though nature had forgotten to inform her which end of a horse—or a "filly," these horse sharps up here, like Sandorf, point the finger of scorn at you if you call a mare a horse or a filly a mare—which end of a quadruped nature intended should go foremost. And it really seemed that "Sunrise" would have to have her name changed to *Sunset* before she got through with it, hanging back until no one doubted that she descended from Ultima, as set forth by the programme. However, she got the race. And a piece of information dawned upon me then in my investigations which never so much as beamed on me before,

and I'll let it bulge upon you. Both "Sunrise" and "Minnie W." were down on the programme "By Planet," but out of different dams. And I happened to speak of them as "sisters."

"No," said one of your experts in supercilious tones.

"I mean half-sisters," I went on, meekly but firmly.

"Not a bit of it," with the air of one who had owned more horses than I ever saw; "horses out of the same dam by the same sire are brother or sister; horses out of the same dam by different sires are half-brother or half-sister; horses out of different dams by the same sire are no relation at all." That this way of reckoning is sheer nonsense is the severest thing I will say about it. According to such a style of keeping books the best horse in the world is deprived of the proud privilege, not to say the hilarious happiness, of having a first cousin, leaving a mother-in-law entirely out in the cold. What American citizen would submit to this without a struggle for it?

Now to go on with the races—and to get away from them as soon as possible, for facts are stubborn things, and I hate facts, and if horses too stubborn to start are not facts, I don't know what are. In the next race, for which there were seven entries, "Boss Tweed" reared and pirouetted and chassèd about the track as though he (I guess he's a he) imagined Providence, to say nothing of the balance of Rhode Island, intended that a horse should walk on two legs instead of on four—leaving his fore legs entirely out of consideration, in fact, and giving some individual with aspirations toward puns but a very bad idea of pronunciation, opportunity to congratulate "Boss Tweed's" owner upon having a "rare horse." But nobody bet on the "Boss"—perhaps because of an apprehension that the Committee of Seventy would arrest him before he got half way round the track. And True Blue ran the race in 3:32½, the best two-mile time on record, by two seconds, 3:34½ having stood in the front formerly, made by Lyttleton, at Lexington, Ky., on the 23d of May, 1871. True Blue being by Lexington makes it all in the family this time.

On the last day of the First Meeting the first race of the day was won by Crow's Meat—which was meat and proper. There were but two horses—no, I beg pardon, there was no horse at all entered for the purse, one animal being a “ch. c.” (Saratoga for chestnut colt), the other a “b. f.” (botanical for bay filly). The other name of the b. f. was Persimmons, and she proved her blood and justified her baptism by puckering up the mouths of her backers, notwithstanding that she was the favorite at starting by about three to two. She got the best of the send off, but Travers' Crow's Meat very soon got a huckleberry or two ahead of Crouse's Persimmons and came in winner by nearly four lengths. So Crow's Meat did not turn out Crouse's meat exactly; for the matter of meat, however, there was little to choose between the colt and filly (I shall carefully avoid saying “horse” again, however much I talk it, for the remainder of my natural life), a filly de re-buff in this instance. The second race did not interest me much, but the third one did.

Now, understand, I am no advocate of betting. It is a great crime to bet, especially when you bet on the wrong horse. When I make up my mind deliberately to do anything morally wrong, I endeavor to be as near right about it as possible. This time I bet on a sure thing, the other name of which was “Wanderer.” Only two other horses (not a colt nor a filly nor a mare nor a gelding among them, mark) started, these two, Harry Bassett and Hubbard, representing McDaniel's den.

A great deal of sympathy was felt in the outset for poor Mr. McDaniel, for it leaked out some way that Hubbard was sick; suspicions were abroad that he had been tampered with, and the general indignation was quite equal to that of the pugilist who, on tasting olives for the first time, at a dinner given by his patron, expressed a desire to put a head on the snoozer who had been playing unsavory tricks “on them plums.” Everybody felt exceedingly sorry for Mr. McDaniel, and went and bet on Wanderer. Wanderer had it all his own way for a while, and beat the other horses on the first

and second mile elegantly ; but, unfortunately, it happened to be a three-mile race, and at the last of it Hubbard began to pick up, and, on coming into the home-stretch, just laid his ears back and came along to the string, three lengths the winner, which was doing pretty well for a sick horse. Less sympathy is felt for Mr. McDaniel than there was ; it is surmised that he will withdraw all his well colts, horses, fillies, mares, and geldings from the turf, and run nothing but sick horses for the future. For my part, when Hubbard passed the string I arrived at the conclusion that I and a number of others had been on a string, and the process of reasoning was a rapid one.

It struck me very forcibly all at once that Wall Street had been moved up here ; yea, in the name of the owner of the winner I spelled out " McDaniel Drew," and it seemed to me that again a number of prominent dealers had " gone back on the pool." Looking around I missed very few faces ; Tracy, Sage and Gould were absent, but the rest were lying around. Ah, well, this thing is over now for awhile, and the sick horses will have a resting spell of three days before the Second Meeting begins.

My teeth are still on edge over a steeple chase two days back. Steeple chase ! why this misnomer ? So far from chasing up a steeple, these racing men will take a cross-road and go through the woods a hundred miles out of their way to avoid even passing by a church any day of the week, let alone Sunday !

In conclusion I wish to remark that I only chronicle the races at all in the interests of history. The sporting reporters give facts simply, and never drop into poetry at all. I give poetry as much as possible, and am never guilty of facts if they can be avoided without dishonor. This does not at all vitiate my work, for facts enter into history to a very small extent. Poetry survives almost everything ! And when Macaulay's New Zealander sits on a broken arch of the bridge which connects Congress Hall with the ball and billiard room, and gazes upon the ruined " Grecian Dome "

over the Columbian Spring (which will only necessitate his being able to see through two or three brick walls and a block of buildings), I want him to read a fossilized copy of my book and know just how the races went. He will better digest his ragout of young farina-fed babies, served up at the United States Hotel—which will be in full blast about that time—if he knows that Blind Tom, second in the pools, won that steeple chase, and that Village Blacksmith, first favorite, was nowhere. And if he doesn't conclude as he picks his teeth after a dessert of Boston crackers, that this has always been the way of it with favorites since the world began, why it is simply because he is big enough fool to bet on the Village Blacksmith of his remote day. If these remarks seem severe, just take into consideration the fact that I have very little money to lose and that that went on Village Blacksmith.

So endeth the First Meeting.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A NIGHT AFFRAY AND MRS. PAUL AS ONE OF A COMMITTEE.

BY way of celebrating the close of the first week's races, I suppose, a crowd of brazen jackasses who occupied a cottage in the hotel grounds filled the air with their brays night before last about 2 o'clock in the morning. As we are all invalids up here—a thousand of us or so—a remonstrance was made by a disturbed octogenarian in a second story. No attention being paid to this, another protest was put in by some one in the third story—and that story would have been continued—something like a casual remark and a piece of crockery or two were dropped, I believe. The heathen China was played upon them, so to speak. But there was no disposition on their part to have peace, it seems, and the lively bombardment with champagne bottles, glasses, and things that went on for a while between that wing of the hotel and the "C" cottage was a sight to see, and well calculated to astonish the aborigines.

The deep feeling of indignation on the part of guests next morning I will not attempt to picture, but the injustice done to the proprietors of the hotel, who of course were blamed by the unwary, to say nothing of opposition landlords, by such a picnic, you must imagine. As I passed the exasperated Mr. Blinser this morning I heard him declare:—"Out he goes; I don't care if he is worth a million dollars!" Considerable uneasiness was caused in my mind by this remark, but I afterwards found out that he didn't mean me.

Guests no more drive out to visit "The Saratoga Battle-



RELIQS OF A NIGHT AFFRAY.

ground." They just walk over to the scene of last night's fray and pick up relics—the bottoms of bottles and tumblers (too frequent glimpses of these bottoms, probably, lie at the bottom of the disturbance), boot-jacks, cakes of hotel soap (one went through the brick wall of the church), false teeth, slop-jars, hair-pins, curling tongs, things that women friz with, cans of preserved fruit, faro checks and other curiosities from Niagara Falls, big dictionaries, slate pencils, tickets in French pools that didn't win, white pine wardrobes painted in imitation of black walnut that won't hold any clothes but answer just as well as anything else to fling at a fellow's head, books that no gentleman's library should be without, one grand piano; three accordeons, nineteen flutes and a French horn that were not used on this occasion by their owners; Boston crackers, green peas with which the house is supplied by its Gardner, papers of Moon's fried potatoes, euchre packs and hop tickets, empty pill boxes, chignons and other deadly missiles—but I have not time to enumerate all the projectiles that can be picked up; if any one will tell me what cannot be found on the ground, I'll mention it.

Just at present the prevailing inquiry is:—"Who raised the row?" None seem anxious to wear the blushing honors of it, but we all know the parties, and were they not heartily ashamed of the performance themselves, I'd exhibit their names. One thing is determined upon in my mind, never again will I travel without taking my double-barreled shot gun along. A pint or two of pigeon-shot would have made a deal of difference in the boys' feelings, and I should have slept much better after expressing myself.

Then we were kept up again last night, but this time the suffering was in a better cause. A Promenade Concert and *Soirée Dansante* (which latter is French for shin-dig) was given at the Grand Union for the benefit of the Home of the Good Shepherd. Of course such an affair was bound to go off well by Crook if not by hook, but this was a remarkable success.

If I am ever caught speaking in any terms save those of enthusiastic praise of anything on which my wife is put as one of the Committee of Arrangements, let me no longer be correspondent of a *Great Moral Organ*. This was the first time that Mrs. Paul ever appeared in similar characters—printed in pink letters on a cream-colored card—and she has been too proud to speak to me ever since. She can now reach down her clothes from the highest hooks without the aid of either lad or ladder. I didn't see that she did any more than any one else; that she bought no tickets I am morally certain, for we both sailed in as members of the press, the most independent of journalists; indeed, she was not aware that she was a committeeman till the thing was over and some one informed her that her name was on the programme; but now she considers that the success of the affair is due wholly to her.

"Didn't the concert go off well?" she remarks to every lady she meets whose name was not on the committee, graciously adding: "I seldom take part in such things, but on this occasion I consented to act, the object being such a laudable one. You know a few prominent names are necessary to give the public confidence that their money won't be ill spent. I suppose now that you went because you saw my name there."

This pleases the other lady, of course, and she at once kisses my wife on both cheeks and beseeches her to come over to her room and bring her sewing and spend every morning for a week, and then goes down to the spring and confides to every friend she meets that she suspects that that little Mrs. Paul is no better than she should be; she may be married to the red-headed, knock-kneed chap with big feet that goes round with her, but she'd be a good deal more respectable if she hadn't any husband at all, rather than such a looking one as that; and that for her part she wouldn't have such a husband for the world.

Then she playfully alludes to my wife's back hair, perhaps, and says if she can't do it up more becomingly herself

she had better employ a hairdresser, and if she can't employ a hairdresser she has no business to be here at Saratoga, swelling around in a corn-colored barege, cut in the neck way down to her heels, and maneuvering to get some one to stick her on the Committee of Arrangements because that loaferish-looking husband of hers writes for the *G. M. O.* The lady to whom all this is confided, immediately comes to my wife and tells her all that has been said, and this makes it interesting and pleasant all around. There's nothing like having everybody feel cheerful and comfortable, and these little social events add much to the charms of human life.

This has been rather a long parenthesis and I've wandered away from the Home of the Good Shepherd. Return we now to our mutton :—Aside from the fact of my wife's being one of the Committee of Arrangements, the concert was chiefly remarkable for the *début* of a young lady who intends soon to make her appearance on a broader lyric stage. So far as my judgment goes, the young woman had a good voice enough; but one of that sort who are nothing if not hypercritical remarked that her voice was "a little reedy in the upper register." I don't know how it is, but when persons can think of nothing else to say about singers they always talk about their being "reedy in the upper registers." What the phrase means, puzzles me, unless it be intended as a dig at those nuisances who are always monopolizing the hotel registers, and give no one else a chance to read them.

It is very certain that with being up two nights in succession *I* am excessively seedy in my upper register, and if ever my wife is to be a Committee of Arrangements again, I want to know it in time to "go West, young man."

CHAPTER XIX.

IN WHICH A LONG FAREWELL IS BIDDEN TO THE TURF, AND
ALL FURTHER ASSOCIATION WITH HORSEMEN AND HORSES
FORESWORN.

IMPRESSED with the idea that human life is too brief to be spent in waiting for two-year-olds to get a start, I have retired from the turf, my temper acidulated and my teeth on edge with their false tarts. "Two-year-olds," indeed! They may be that age when brought on the ground, but they're past it and well on to three before they get a send-off. Besides, having lost every bet I made and every pool I bought (but two), I've come to the conclusion that racing exerts a bad moral influence on the community, and should be sternly discountenanced by all who lead society.

When I came here I hadn't a bad habit to my back. And I kept along in that way till the races began. How association with the most noble animal in creation can so demoralize man I do not know, but it is a sad fact that men cannot fraternize with horses without becoming fearfully demoralized. What the subtle spell of evil is, how the horse is enabled to work this diabolical influence on his human companions, I cannot explain; but the fact is patent. Contact with the noble animal—training him, feeding him, grooming him, familiarity with his society in any way and under any circumstances—will inevitably bring a man to smoke, spit, swear, chew tobacco, lie, and steal. Yet the horse does none of these things himself; on the contrary, he is generally well behaved, and, with the exception of a few vicious biting and

kicking brutes, is rather an ornament to society than otherwise.

Look at the Arab, who eats and sleeps with his horse, and whose affection for the beast is so remarkable that when, half famished, he is solicited by rich merchants to sell the "steed," he weighs the matter in his mind, and the purse in his hand, until with a "No! no! it can never be!" he jumps on the back of his horse, and vanishes from sight like the wind—with the purse in his pocket, having forgotten to restore it when he refused the offer. These Arabs are not commonly regarded as model of the manly virtues, and their roguery and wickedness is but the natural result of sleeping with their horses. So conscious was I of this sad influence, that after my one interview with Tom Bowling, I did not enter a stable for fear that the temptation to steal a saddle, or a double harness, or a bag of oats, or something else of no value to me, and not easy of disposal to others might come upon me too strongly to be resisted, and my career, so bright in its beginning, and so brilliant in prospective, have a dark and ignominious ending. But I've done with it all now. Pools trouble me no more, nor would I trouble even the Pool of Bethesda if it lay before me ever so invitingly; I take no little dips for the future.

It is joy to feel that I am escaped from under the fatal fascination of Underwood. I still see that most unreverend Doctor—for memory will occasionally run riot in the past—leaning forward in his stand, with the face of a clean shaven saint and the air and voice of an Elder. I still hear, in dreams:—

"*Four hundred for Bassett, gentlemen, and a thousand in the p-o-o-o-o-l—a thousand in the po-o-o—in the p-o-o-o, gentlemen; and how much for Boss Tweed, how much for the Boss—for the Boss, gentlemen; seventy-five for the Boss-s, for the Boss-s-s, the BOSS-S-S-S; and how much for the f-i-e-l-d—for the f-e-e-l, gentlemen—how much for the fe-e-e!*"

Oh, the skilful art with which he always placed the accent on the most unimportant monosyllable, the sibilance with which

he dwelt on the Boss! It never seemed to me that I was doing a wrong on these occasions; there was a soft persuasion in the man's accents, a holy hush in his tones, as though he were urging sinners to come forward and be saved, and yielding to his verbal dandling I almost fancied myself at camp-meeting, and that the purchase of "the Boss" was essential to my salvation. True, the Boss had won nothing at the meeting, but he might; he was accustomed to "big rings," and the one in which he was to run is a mile round. If he couldn't "steal the race," even with so many eyes looking on, what business had they to baptize him "Boss?"

Some persons account for the Boss' bad time by imagining that the evil-disposed O'Brien, who was seen figuring about on the quarter-stretch, sprinkled a few vouchers in the Boss' way, but my private impression is that he'd have made better running if he had depended less on "picking up" at the last; perhaps, too, he was not over anxious to come "under the string," having a consciousness that if he waited, and each got his own, the string would find him. There was no reason for my buying the Boss that I know of, beyond the fact that the pool-seller fixed his eye on me and made me think that I had to.

And I wonder how many have come under Underwood's fatal spell and got away unscathed? Not one, I venture to say. Yield yourself once to the sway of that sirenical voice and it's all day with you. With the announcement of so much "*in* the po-o-o-l, gentlemen, *in the* po-o-o-o" you begin to wriggle, and as the cooing goes on you edge up, and at "*how* much for the f-i-c-l-d, gentlemen, for *the* f-e-e-e?" you find yourself close under the stand, your pocket-book out, and yourself a lost man. Avoid Underwood, my friends, or if you will go down on the quarter-stretch, stuff cotton in your ears, and look to it that no one pulls wool over your eyes.

Strange how "Heaven sends almonds to those who have no teeth." Immediately that it got out that I was going no more to the races, several offered me seats in their carriages

to ride out every race day. Before, I had either to walk the half mile out and in like a man, or pay one dollar for being driven like a darned fool. And no sooner did it become bruited about that I didn't drink, than along came Col. Johnson, slapping me on the back with :—

“My dear boy, that brandy and sherry I promised you so often and so long, I'm going to send to you now.”

Oh, the wine that friends promise to send us in their moments of generous exuberance, how little space it occupies in our cellars, how safe it is to drink if one confines himself to that alone ! It seems but yesterday that Thompson remarked at my dinner-table :—

“This Ike Cook champagne of yours is good, John, but it's not so good as some that Jay Gould sent me—a dozen cases—from his island vineyard ; I'll send you three of them to-morrow.”

Every empty bin in my cellar was then full of the “grapy” wines my various friends had given me ; but I went resolutely to work at that late hour of the night and cleared out a place for it in my imagination, packed it nicely away, and it stands on the same shelves still.

To resume—which is more than the many friends who fail in these promises do—my adieu has fallen gently on the turf. The culmination of my career occurred day before yesterday. Stepping up to a sporting gentleman with whom I had happened to become acquainted, to ask him how old a “filly” is when it ceases to be a “horse” and becomes a “mare,” or some other abstruse problem in equine equations which puzzled me, he introduced me to the gentleman with whom he was talking and walked away, leaving me with his friend.

Concluding, from the general get-up of my new acquaintance, that he was a member of one of the learned professions, perhaps one of the new judges, I began cudgeling my brain how best to address him, and had just concluded to introduce international law and find out how little he knew of the subject before I went on with it at length, when he took me confidentially by the arm and informed me that he formerly

ran a bank in New Orleans and thought of opening one here. I felt glad to hear it, and told him so frankly, for it was a gratification to know that I had made so respectable an acquaintance, and stood talking familiarly with him in a public place, where everybody saw me.

Yes, he said, seemingly gratified by my ready sympathy, it would be a square game, of course, but he intended to make it pay, and he was looking round for some one to go in with him, if not as partner, as "dealer," say, or possibly to lie around loose and rope the boys in; he thought from my looks I'd suit him exactly, and we'd better cut in together.

That was good on the only living son of a mother who sent out three sons as missionaries to be eaten by South Sea Islanders, and whose only regret now is that a strong flavor of snuff about me, (contracted early in life from the Scotch nurse at whose breast I drank in lacteal sustenance and a fondness for oat-meal and scratching, which continues to this day,) rendered me ineligible to the position. So you see it is little to be wondered at that I have determined to abandon the turf and permit all connected with it to go to grass.

I shall talk no more with Travers; segregate no more with Sandorf; for the future all my associations shall be reputable. Farewell, a long farewell, to all your fillies and follies, colts, geldings, mares and horses. After having sat at the feet of these evil Gamaliels for a week or two, and having a steady stream of it poured into me, I am proud to say that at this moment I am not sufficiently unregenerate to know one from the other; if my life depended on it, I could not tell a suckling from a stallion, a weanling from a yearling, a barn-door from a hay-rick. It is no use to tell me that this kind of knowledge may be useful to me in my profession. For more than a fortnight now these creatures in their various technical disguises have been racing through my distracted brain, kicking their infernal heels up and down in the stable of my imagination; my days have been sighs over sires, my nights dreams about dams—nightmares, so to speak. I have been

as near the insane asylum as I care to get. And if Mr. Sandorf fulfills his threat of sending me a "Book on Horses" or a copy of the "Rules of the Racing Association," I'll make him think that I'm a horse-pistol bred "out of Revolver" by a Queen Ann's musket, for I'll shoot him so full of bullets that they'll have to hoist him up into the judges' stand with a derrick. For "there are cords in the human breast," as Mr. Guppy remarks, "which must not be trifled with."

So I here bid farewell to Jocks and Jockeys, "weights up," weights down, and waits for two-year-olds to get started.

And I think there is hope for me in the future. My connection with the turf has not been so bad as it might have been. It is true that I have bet, but I have the sweet satisfaction of knowing that in no instance, even when the chances seemed wholly in my favor and every one had assured me in advance that we had a sure thing of it, never have I in a single instance, I say—barring two in which I didn't get quite as much out of the mutual pools as I put in—never have I taken a fellow-creature's money.

If any one else can say the same, and will say the same, also adding, as these fellows always do, that he had no desire to win when he bet, but simply went in for the sake of feeling a little interest in the race, not caring whether he lost or not—I will say nothing disagreeable at the time (unless he happen to be a very much smaller man than myself and wears a plug-hat that can be knocked over his eyes the first lick), but when I lay my head down on my pillow at night I shall say to myself, "That man lied."

CHAPTER XX.

MRS. PAUL GOES OVER TO HEAR THE BAND PLAY, AND THERE IS MUCH TROUBLE AND TURMOIL IN CONSEQUENCE.

PERHAPS you think it is all smooth sailing up here, when a man has abandoned horses and such, and devotes himself to ladies and music? Wait a minute before you arrive at any rash conclusion which might lead you on to a rasher—i. e., if you followed the inductive process of Bacon.

“DEAR MR. GILMORE:—Won’t you kindly play ‘Robin Adair’ to please a lady friend of mine who is in ecstasies over the way that your band churns it out. I don’t know that I can reciprocate in kind, for I don’t play much now-a-days; but if you’ll come over to my rooms this evening I’ll scare up a poker-deck and endeavor to instruct and amuse you. Yours,
JOHN PAUL.”

That is a note which I wrote for Georgina, who doats on Gilmore and is an intimate friend of my wife. They both doat, in fact,—and go over to the ground every day to hear him play, but I have not yet known either of them to go when the band had a benefit and it cost something to stand around. On such occasions they never feel well enough to go out and regret it exceedingly, but contrive just the same to stagger into the supper-room before it shuts up and get away with a chicken apiece or a plate of Peruvian wood-cock (botanical for pork and beans), or something else equally light and substantial.

Well, as I was saying, I wrote the note for the ladies, but they didn’t go over to the Grand that night; if I remember rightly, a remark at the door about a dollar discouraged them,

and it flashed across Mrs. P's mind that she had put the baby to bed lying east and west, when it is a notorious fact that the little chap can't sleep unless he points square north and south, and they came back to rectify the mistake. But yesterday afternoon it was all right, a good fair, square, free deal; the band was playing on the piazza, and, it being her turn to stand treat, Mrs. Paul invited a dozen friends to go along, and they all went.

When the first piece was played out, Georgina fished around in her pocket and rattled keys for a while, finally bringing out the fateful document, a piece of folded note-paper bearing the crest of the Paul family—a lame duck (*vert*) with its head stuck in the mud (*regardant*)—and this she gave to a young man who is sweet on her to carry up to the Raphael-faced leader. Mr. Gilmore opened it and read:—

“DEAR G.—If you want a wash-woman let me recommend ours. She comes twice a week, and does it for a dollar a dozen, and seems to be pious. Ruffled skirts she does up beautiful, and she flutes lovely; and for collars and handkerchiefs she only charges half. I'll send her to you if you'll give me the number of your room. Affectionately, K. P.”

Now that was a note from my wife to Georgina, who had hinted at dissatisfaction with the laundress, and Mrs. P. simply meant to recommend our *blanchisseuse*, for whom, as mistress of the mysteries of suds and such, she has such esteem that I presume she imagines she could “do up” Abraham's bosom to Sarah's satisfaction, and would have no scruple in putting her forward to “clear starch” for the saints; and this diabolical note, it seems, was written on the family paper, being exactly similar in exterior to mine, but of rather different tenor.

It was amusing to watch Gilmore's face as he read. First a puzzled look came over it. At “ruffled skirts” he blushed from foot to crown. The bald spot on the top of his head became crimson, and the ladies across the way thought they saw a sunset in the west; for Gilmore is a modest man, although an excellent artist,—rather a rare conjunction,

by the way. At the revelation that she "fluted lovely," a gleam of intelligence, an expression of relief stole over the great musician's fine countenance, and he was just puckering his mouth to say that there was no vacancy in his band for a flutist, however lovely, at present, and that if there was he could admit no ladies, as it was not a seraphic band, when he struck hard on the collars and handkerchiefs, for which only half was charged, and was lost again, of course. All this while the devoted band had sat silent and wondering.

Now, on seeing a flame of righteous indignation kindle on their leader's cheek, as though a "fire-bug" had lit there, the Snare-drum set himself up and gave the Trombone a tap, the Trombone slapped himself together in a hurry, with less regard than usual to his toot *en semble*, and leaned over and brayed in the left auricle of the Violoncello; the Violoncello growled deep down in his belly once or twice and then straightened up his back and went waddling off vociferating "Police!" For Mr. Gilmore had taken off one of his kid gloves and was raising his baton in a threatening way above the head of the young man who brought him the note. And the young man, who at first felt rather pleased at a chance to fling his best foot forward and be seen, if not in converse with the great Gilmore, at least attentively regarded by him, began to feel rather uncomfortable and remarked that he had left some ladies and guessed he'd hurry back to them—and he kept one eye on the baton above his head, lest it might fall when he didn't happen to be looking at it.

"Ladies!" thundered the great and good Gilmore, "a thing of this kind, sir, never occurred once during the Boston Jubilee. Had it occurred, sir, the Coliseum would have fallen. Explain the meaning of this appalling outrage."

Mr. Travers, who was near, seeing that there was some mistake, and that trouble was imminent, kindly stepped up to explain, but this didn't help matters much. While he was scoring for a good start, I came forward, and this made things worse. More fat was in the fire now than ever. Gilmore thought we were making faces at him, and began to



THE INFURIATED MUSICIAN.

clash his teeth together like cymbals. Good sooth, it was a very pretty picture. There stood the young man both blushing and hesitating; there stood Travers and I, not blushing much, but hesitating consumedly; and there stood awful Gilmore with baton uplifted, murder in one eye, and his gold bugle in the other, evidently fearful lest Major Leland might pocket it in the excitement of the moment.

But woman's wit came to the rescue, and direful consequences were averted. While the young man was trying to tell who sent him forward, and getting no further than "It's Miss—," and Travers and I, in our efforts to reinforce him, were sticking a little further back in the sentence, the young woman herself rose on the impulse of the moment and a convenient chair, and cut in and finished the deal by shouting "Take!" Gilmore took, put the two things together, and, gravely bowing, said:—

"I see; it's a mistake!"

Then we three two-year-olds got away together and yelled "Mistake" at the top of our voices. And a smile came over the parchment cheek of the Snare-drum, the Trombone stretched his mouth out a yard or two and kissed the Bassoon's reedy lips, the Violoncello strung himself up for the occasion and said in a rotund voice that this was his beau-ideal of the way a quarrel should end; all, as well as himself, he thought, had resin for self-congratulation. And before any one knew what was going on all dashed off with "Robin Adair," and Gilmore led, flourishing his stick as gayly as though it were a shillaleh and he at Donnybrook Fair. And when the piece was done, seemingly aware that peace had been made, even strangers came up and congratulated the great and good Gilmore, and we all returned delighted to the Grand Union—more than delighted, in fact, because, as Mrs. P. remarked:—

"Nobody was killed, and the whole thing didn't cost a cent."

CHAPTER XXI.

WHICH IS ALL SPENT IN DEFENCE OF THE SPENDTHRIFT.

“WELL, I rather guess I’ll just flop my lip over a chicken.” This is what a gentleman from Placerville, Cal., said this morning when the waiter asked him what he’d have for breakfast. There was a mild poetry about the language, an extravagance of imagery embodied in the idea itself, that struck my fancy, and I put the phrase on record, happy in being able to furnish the pedicle for a dialectic epic.

The word “extravagance” touches the keystone of a text upon which I have long been anxious to play, if one may imitate the metaphor of the orator who declared that he smelt a rat, saw it brooding in the air, and would nip it in the bud. So many sermons are preached about extravagance, especially that form developed at watering-places, that I cannot resist the temptation of prancing into the pulpit by the back stairs, and taking a shy at it myself.

First, what are we to understand by the word? Going beyond bounds is perhaps its most natural definition. Beyond the bounds of what? In the matter of personal expense I can think of no bounds to be violated other than one’s ability to afford. Yet, if a hundred dollar dress is put upon a child, or three or four thousand dollars of dry goods upon the mamma, if a carriage with six horses be kept up or a retinue of ten servants maintained, a moral is pointed therefrom, and a sermon on the sin of extravagance read. To my thinking, if a man can do all this, that, and the other, and

yet fail to spend all his superfluous income, he ought to do so some more till he does, or else give away his balance in charity, out and out.

The making of that child's hundred dollar dress and the mother's more expensive attire, remember, gave employment to many poor operatives; and, as clothes must be renewed when old or worn out, here is further employment in the future. The six horses that draw the luxuriously lined carriage make a market for the farmer's hay and oats, and the keeping of ten servants supplies with situations several men who otherwise might be standing at street corners, with one leg strapped up to the waist, or two good well eyes covered with unsightly black patches, to stimulate charity. So far from encouraging the accumulation of money in the hands of a few, I believe in its distribution; let it find its level, if possible, like water; down with the dams, they must burst sooner or later. The "extravagance" so much complained of in fact takes money from those who have it to spare and places it where it is needed, and is really charity in its most unobjectionable and unobtrusive shape.

It sounds very well to talk about "giving" to the poor, but my observation goes to encourage the belief that the names of those who declaim loudest against "extravagance" are more frequently to be met with in bids for some profitable investment security than on subscription lists. You "give to the poor" whenever you consume anything produced by labor. The motive in the one case may not be so worthy as in the other; but if the same end be reached all the same, why not let the thing go on? If rain comes opportunely to turn mill-wheels standing still from drouth, we do not the less count it a blessing because it was not sent specifically for that very purpose, and may cause a freshet in some place where water is not needed. Money showered around is nearly as refreshing to growing crops as rain, and both have drawbacks to their usefulness at times. There was a deluge once, and men have drowned while in swimming. But still, let it rain. Some may suffer from the

shower, but all must take their chances. It may be that the prompting to "extravagance," the inspiration to buy all these costly dresses and things, comes from the same source that loosens the rain-clouds and distributes the drops, and we cannot say exactly where they are needed. The unjust get a benefit as well as the just.

I remember hearing Mr. Beecher, in a sermon upon extravagance, once tell how he, when first married, heard a man crying "Sweet cider" in the street, and went down with ten cents in one hand and a pitcher in the other, to buy a quart of the beverage, to refresh himself after the labors of the day. But economy came to his aid, and he returned to his room dry, but ten cents richer. As he inculcated this lesson of economy the reverse of the picture showed itself in my mind's eye. I saw a poor man who relied on the profit from that barrel of cider to buy a supper for his hungry wife and children, going home to his garret with empty hands and drowning them in the full barrel of unsold apple-juice, because this sudden spasm of economy had set in all around, and the refusal of all to buy a wholesome drink left his family nothing to eat. But all of this sad story you'll find set forth in full in another part of my book.

It is all very well to say that money spent by those who can afford it tempts others who cannot into dishonesty and bankruptcy; but carry out this reasoning, and see where you'll land. Longfellow should not write poetry, then, because all young men and maidens of a certain sympathetic age may be tempted into twaddle. A surgeon should not cut for the stone, lest every fool the country through should be encouraged to try his hand at it. Well men shouldn't dance, lest cripples break their legs. Ducks shouldn't take to the water, lest all the old hens scratching round should be seized with an ambition to swim. Climax: I should not write these agglomerations of intellect, in which fact and fancy trip gracefully hand in hand, like the drum-major of a regiment leading the vivandiere down the middle, and at which two hemispheres stand aghast, lost between admiration and won-

der, and not exactly decided whether to drive me West or club me to death—must not send these agglomerations to the *Great Moral Organ*, forsooth, lest every other idiot who can raise a bottle of violet-colored ink should go to slinging letters from Saratoga! Perish the thought. The absurdity of such an idea is evident to “the meanest capacity,” and I will not now mention his name.

In conclusion, I merely wish to say, give me liberty, give me dates (fresh Barbary ones, and not those of my youthful follies), anything but avarice. Laying up for one’s children is very well theoretically, but my children never laid up anything for me that I know of—why should I for them? Nor is it clear to my mind that this laying for posterity in any way is the high Christian duty that some seem to think it. That every human being should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow is a destiny which none can evade without penalty. I’ve sweat a good deal more in trying to get away from work than ever I did in working, and have always had to come down to work at last. If you try to fix it so that your children can live without work, depend upon it they’ll probably do something else twice as bad. And if, after this fragrant exposition of my views, my children or anybody else’s expect me to leave them anything, I have only to remark that they will be disappointed.

CHAPTER XXII.

DETERMINING TO PLUNGE RECKLESSLY INTO PERSONALITIES, I
PROVIDE MYSELF WITH AN IRON PAN.

IT is complained that these letters of mine are too vague, that I do not individualize sufficiently, that I deal over much in glittering generalities, that I do not tell who is here. For the future I have determined to be "personal." As the first preliminary I have purchased an iron pan and had it sewed into the seat of my pantaloons. It is not ornamental, nor can I say that it is comfortable exactly; but it fits tolerably, and promises to wear well. I shall begin my "personal" career by writing about valetudinarians who wear light summer shoes, with the intention of working up by degrees till I think I can stand heavy soles, and perhaps after a while I'll get sufficiently used to it to make paragraphs about well people who wear real boots. To begin:—

"Isn't your hair of a rather Scarborough color?" asked Col. Sandorf of me, yesterday morning, as we walked slowly home from church. Now this Sandorf is not the one I've been writing about for some time past, but I may remark incidentally that he knows no more about horses than his brother does, nor can he play euchre any better than William Tenk; indeed, I have my doubts whether he could even beat Dooby. The Colonel is usually kept in pretty close confinement at a private retreat known as the Krooblyn Club, but he sometimes makes his escape from there, and meeting him casually, you would think him perfectly sane were it not for the strange delusion in which he persists that he

knows how to play euchre. To do him justice, however, I must say that I have found him much more harmless as a partner than William Burntull. Since a little argument with him the other day over the proper method of leading where one has both bowers, ace, and two other trumps, which resulted in my becoming the proud possessor of several hundred shares of telegraph stock, he has shown no symptom of mental aberration; so you may judge of my surprise and terror when he suddenly broke out as above.

"Why should my hair be a Scarborough color?" I asked, fixing my eye on his kindly but firmly, after the way of experienced keepers when dealing with dangerous subjects.

"Because it is near Sing Sing, ha-ha!" and he rushed round the corner with a maniacal laugh.

Slowly and sadly I walked on, looking up at the stores and wondering whether a strait-jacket could be procured on Sunday. Suddenly the Colonel stepped from behind one of the Corinthian columns of the Grand Union, calm and composed:—

"Some one said that your hair was a Skaneateles color because it was near Auburn," he explained, "and I thought I'd just change the joke a little, bring it nearer home, make it fresher, as it were. There's a State's Prison at Sing Sing, too, you know, and Scarborough is the next station."

There's very little truth in the above anecdote, but it will do to try the pan with just as well as if there were more.

"Have at you again," as the First Grave Digger says in Hamlet.

I never go near the bar-room unless I have business there; but thinking I smelt something burning on the rear piazza last Friday afternoon, I walked out in that direction to see about it; also to see if any one was thirsty who objected to drinking alone. Looking in I saw what seemed to be the full moon, apparently just rising from a tumbler with a straw in its mouth. Stepping up for a nearer inspection of the phenomenon, I recognized the genial, glowing face of Joe Praher, who was performing the very unusual feat of putting

himself outside a catawba cobbler without the least assistance, no collusion on the part of any of the audience. The waiter immediately brought another straw, and we very soon saw the last of that cobbler. It seems that he—Joseph, not the cobbler—was on his way home from Lake Luzerne. At the depot he thought he smelt something burning, just as I did, and, as the train stopped over a few minutes, ran down to the Grand Union to see what it was. And if it were important to history at all, I would correct a misstatement above made, and frankly own that he had to pay for two instead of one, in consequence.

The above personal was born of the preceding one. Mention of a Skaneateles color brought up a vision of the flame-colored whiskers which burst upon me last Friday—whiskers so near auburn that they're almost Singe Singe. There's more truth about this item than the other one, but for the life of me I can't guess whether it will result in a permanent addition to my library, or only the erection of a temporary mansard upon me. Time alone can determine and heal, if necessary.

As my life is insured for a great deal more than it is worth in the "Equitable," I can afford to ask, and with some assurance of immunity, if you have noticed a kindly-faced old gentleman, sitting on one of the parlor sofas, with a dozen children round him? That is Col. Anderlexa, otherwise known as "The Children's Friend." His pockets are always stuffed full of doll's pocketbooks, rubber balls, china mugs, tiny bottles of perfume, and all sorts of things in which children delight, which he distributes to their great gratification. He is a perpetual Santa Claus, and look him up in what part of the house you may, you will always find children in clusters, wreathing round and climbing over him like morning-glories covering and glorifying a hale old apple-tree. And I am told that his figure is familiar in Central Park, ever followed and surrounded by children, in whose happiness he finds his own. Little girls are his special pets. So they are mine, for boys, however little, are noisy.

Looking back at the past now, I wish I had confined all my attentions to little girls, leaving the older ones severely alone. Col. Anderlexa's little lady friends play with him, but they won't break his heart as mine was broken long, long ago. I remember the occasion well. It was in what poets call the "heyday of youth," which should be the "summer of life," as hay-days are more apt to fall in summer-time than in winter. Her name was "Sarah," and she left me and took up with another boy simply because he wore a standing collar. But why summon up these pale ghosts from the past? Deep buried let them lie. Or would you like to hear a heart history? Shall I tell you how

I kiss the child that should be mine,
But kiss it for its mother's sake?

Ah, gentle reader, light and frivolous you may deem me now; but deep down in the secret recess of a drawer to which not even my wife has access, a treasure lies hid. Often in these still soft evenings, when the moon, sifting through the arching elms, draws thought by silver chains to the past, and none are near, I unlock this drawer and take out my treasure, the only one I have dared to preserve, and press it to my lips. Mrs. Paul quietly sleeps the while, and dreams neither of what is passing in my heart nor going on in the room. Would she care if she did? Who can say, for the female heart is a mystery? But did she know all, I scarce think she would deny me the sweet communion of this lonely hour, nor throw things about even if she did catch me kissing all that is left to remind me of the Past. (A big "p" there, if you please, Mr. Printer.)

No, it isn't "only a woman's hair," nor any other nonsense of that kind. Some of Mrs. Paul's hangs on a gas-bracket, and more of it is tangled up in my brush and comb, and altogether there is quite enough of the capillary around to be comfortable without my storing up supplies from any other woman's wig. The treasure to which I refer is simply a ten-dollar bill, which I am keeping out of Mrs. P.'s way

lest it should get to Madam Grosdot's where all the rest of my money has gone. A man must buy something for himself once and a while, and I've not had a new thing since I came to Saratoga. I presume I shall need a new pan in a day or two.

The name "Sarah" gives me another personal—about "the beautiful Indian girl" of the old encampment. Her name is Sarah, and some have imagined that it was from her that this village got its original, or aboriginal, name, Saraghaga. Why the parents of this sweet maiden should have christened her "Sarah," unless to prevent me from writing a poem about her, I cannot imagine. The name is not euphonious, and cannot be made to rhyme with the usual terminations. One might churn out one stanza, say :—

*The bitter waters of Marah
Would be sweet if shared with Sarah,
And I knew that she didn't care a
Cent for any other fellow.

But I don't see how one could get much further. Her age is sixteen, her hair is black, long, and luxuriant, her eyes are like a fawn's, and her teeth—well, if a man had such teeth as hers, he could not be blamed for taking them out at the dinner-table occasionally, and passing them around among his friends. Pretty enough to eat, even one who objected to Johnny-cake would not refuse an Indian-meal in such guise. She stands behind a counter selling the bows who stand around paying her silly compliments and 'arrowing up the feelings of all. Wishing to say something striking and original to her, I remarked that she was pretty. From the fact that she took it composedly, I infer that she knew it before, and that perhaps something of that kind had been said to her previously by others of the male-persuasion. Withal she is very well educated, and reads and writes with graceful fluidity. She has traveled. New York is not unknown to her, and she has visited Washington. While in Washington she saw Mrs. Grant, and dined with her by special invitation and wasn't expected to make the General a present either.

*Original poetry.

It is strange how anxious all are to learn Indian. Young men gather around to that extent that Sarah's levees are longer and more packed than any along the Mississippi. Even the ladies are in love with her, and quarrel as to who shall adopt her. Lest there be any disturbance over the matter, I have concluded to do that myself. Elderkin, while here, spent half his time at the encampment trying to make her believe that he was her younger kin—an own cousin. But I can go to the encampment no more; this personal will undoubtedly shut me out. For I am not sure that my pan is proof against hickory bows and steel-headed arrows, and Sarah shoots remarkably well.

Gen. Reckinbridge is here, and I never see him without thinking how lucky he is to be here. And I met another General of our army, at a picnic last Saturday. It was on the banks of "Lonely Lake," and there were waterfalls, and fountains, mosses and ferns, cold chicken and cold champagne, to the heart's content. It grieved me that the General did not remember how we traveled in company once, but the circumstances were not very favorable for photography perhaps. We were traveling out of the Shenandoah Valley, and maneuvering very successfully to draw Stonewall Jackson along in our rear. Not a man of us but swore that the Rebel General should not get to Massachusetts before we did; that the foul invader should not set foot on the frontier of our native state, without finding us sternly confronting him in the interior. And it was only necessary to gaze once in each soldier's face to see that the hated enemy could not capture us without stepping over the boundary lines and violating the territory of Maine.

I wished several times during the recent races that I had the gray mare I rode through that campaign here to enter for some of the purses. The bursts of speed which that faithful creature showed on several occasions would pass belief if you did not know just how near the detested foe got to us at times. It may not be that I won any spurs in the Shenandoah, but I had a pair to start in with, and I used

them well coming out. I am confident, indeed, that no one won any spurs down there, though we played straight poker for most everything else, and I lost my blankets once to a cavalry captain who subsequently had no need for them. You may not think me a hero from all this, but who is a hero to his valley?

Now, having vented my venom let me explain that as a general thing I am opposed to personalities, especially to that form known as "personal mention." In the first place it is unwise; the one man mentioned is pleased perhaps, but the many who are not get mad about it. And what does it interest the general world of readers to know that Samuel Mutton-head Esq., the eminent banker of Podunk Four Corners, has rented his palatial residence on Skowegan-Square for the summer, and is partaking of the hospitalities of Saratoga? If a man has done anything worth mentioning, written a long poem, or killed anybody, that is quite another thing; glorify him. But it seems to me that dragging quiet people into print by their ears is to be reprobated. And how any correspondent dare commit himself to the habit unless provided with such a practical panier as I possess, passes my comprehension.

To these moral reflections anent personality I have been moved, mainly, by the remark of a friend that in an accidental, perhaps I should say a dental, criticism, I was unjustifiably personal. As I look over that paragraph now, with the calm, cool eye of one who has got his pay for it and spent the money, I don't know but that I must plead guilty to the charge. Holding as I do that all men are born free and equal, possessed of certain inalienable rights, among which may be mentioned life, liberty, and the right to take out their teeth if they want to, it grieves me to think that I have even thoughtlessly interfered with the proud prerogatives of an American citizen.

But, be it remembered, that rights exist generally on both sides. Granted, for instance, that a man has a perfect right to unscrew his head and take it off at table if he chooses to; but if he lay it down on my plate, have not I a right to

chuck it out of the window? Whether it be a wooden head or not makes not a particle of difference, so far as the equity of the case is concerned. A man has a perfect right, too, to go round regretting that only the ragtag and bobtail, the dregs of society, frequent Saratoga now; that all the good old families are dead and buried, though if no one entertains and expresses decided opposition to his being dead and buried along with them, I don't see why he should throw it up at us.

However, the occurrence is to be regretted, and this being said let us dismiss it as philosophically as the old ranchman of Sonoma County did a little family annoyance. His daughter, a likely looking girl, fell in love with a strolling negro minstrel, ran away with him, and returned with a baby. The neighbors called to condole, but the old gentleman simply remarked, as he bit away on a plug of pig-tail he had borrowed from a neighbor:—

“Well, I guess it'll teach Lucy a lesson.”

So far as personal mention is concerned I occasionally get a little of it. Not long since *The Saratogian* said some pleasant things about me, the most of which were true. That I am “a wit of the first water,” for instance, is a proposition that none of my immediate relatives would dispute, though I myself am in doubt whether that water is Congress or Hathorn. It is also true that I “founded, published, and edited *The Californian*, the best literary paper ever known on the Pacific coast;” and that “Bret Harte and Mark Twain contributed to it.” But that “John Phoenix” ever “wrote for it” is not true. The reason that he did not may probably be found in the fact that he died a dozen years or so before the paper was started; this was a discouragement from contributing which he could not get over. And instead of being started in 1863, *The Californian* did not begin to wear upon me and the public until the spring of 1864.

This latter correction I make simply because if that remarkable journal had been started one year earlier than it was, it would have “broke” me one year earlier than it did, and in consequence I should be so much the worse off and

further back than I am at this writing. I cannot afford to have my credit impaired while stopping at a hotel where bills are only presented weekly. *The Californian* simply served me as the "best literary journals" always do their proprietors; like good boys, they die young and leave very little money to or for anybody.

Sakes alive! to borrow a mild form of swearing from an aunt who is neither near nor dear to me, how my pan will rattle round town when the *Great Moral Organ* containing all this "personal mention" arrives here. It is safe to prophesy that on the morning of the next day the expeditious invalid who betakes himself betimes, while the sky is yet gray, to the healthful spring for his matutinal draught, can see with his unclad eye, By the dawn's early light, What so late was beheld at the twilight's last gleaming; My narrow coat tails in the perilous flight, O'er the parts that they watch horizontally streaming; While the way that they swear, As their boots burst in air, Gives proof through the night that the pan was still there. So much for my new edition of the Spa Tangled Panner.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FORSWEARING PERSONALITIES FOR THE FUTURE, THE AUTHOR
PROCEEDS TO TELL HOW WE PASS THE TIME AND DRIVE DULL
CARE AWAY AT SARATOGA.

I SHALL never again complain of delay in the publication of my letters. For I seat myself to write much more comfortably in my chair than I probably could have done had my "personal" letter got up here, say, day before yesterday. Bruises always trouble me worst on the second day. As I write not from the promptings of poverty at all, but simply for the purpose of occasionally having something good to read, you can well understand that I usually look forward to the arrival of the *Great Moral Organ*, and the seeing myself in print, with pleasurable longing. Now, however, the contemplation of it crowns me with dismay. Thrice armed is he who hath his pan ad-just perhaps, but my faith in the efficacy of a single one is shaken. Every time that memory recalls what is written in that virulently personal letter, imminent in the air and liable at any time to arrive, I go out and buy another pan. It cannot be written of me now "his life is but his span," for I have three of them. And let me but get safely out of this scrape and I promise solemnly never to get into another of the same kind; yes! on the dictionary I swear it, never will I be personal again so long as I live.

Wonderment is expressed as to how we pass the time at Saratoga when there are no races. I have discovered that after

reaching a certain period in life one is very little troubled about passing time ; all you have to do is stand still and time slips by you, faster than you wot of, faster than you wish. You do nothing in particular, perhaps ; indulge in no diversions ; but getting up is necessary, eating is a duty, and going to bed at some hour of the night is fashionable ; so before you know it one day is gone and another is lapping on. But the fact is, one never has dearth of occupation to complain of at Saratoga. The springs in themselves keep you pretty busy. And even were it not for their aid, the *dolce far niente* into which you soon fall leaves very little margin for unrest. Sitting around becomes a serious occupation ; keeping your eyes open assumes the proportions of quite vigorous muscular exertion ; playing backgammon suggests itself as too violent exercise. You soon come to feel that all the business you can conscientiously undertake is watching the arrivals.

At all hours of the day, and a few of the night, the hotel coaches come rolling up to unburden themselves of passengers. So much is involved in a proper performance of the duty, that every well regulated hotel sets one of its proprietors apart to do nothing else but stand on the stoop and shake hands with incoming guests. The silent partner is usually chosen for this, as it is not necessary that he should say much ; all he has to do is look pleasant, squeeze vigorously, and shake as though he had steam power in his boots. Of course, occupied outside all the while, he has to trust the other members of the concern to see that the guests are charged enough after they get in. And if you think that the one of the stoop has a sinecure of it you are very much mistaken ; his hand is swelled way up to the shoulder with the shaking he does. When the arduous duties of the day are done, he has to retire and sleep on a huge poultice, instead of on a mattress, like his more fortunate partners. To say nothing of this, the mental agony he is compelled to undergo is something to appall the stoutest heart.

Here, for instance, alights the guest who always kicks up

a row, abuses the establishment, and is suspected of carrying off the towels and soap when he leaves. To this guest he would like to extend a foot instead of hand—welcome him with hospitable boot to an uncomfortable attic, so to speak—but no; he must give him a hand. Then, when the guests go—it is quite as necessary to greet the going as to welcome the coming guest—if one of them goes away smiling and pleasant, he feels deep down in his soul of souls that that man has not been charged enough; on the contrary, if another goes off grumpy and growling, he knows that he has been charged too much, and does not know where to reach him by mail to straighten the matter out. If I should change my present intention, and conclude to go into partnership with the proprietors of any of these summer hotels, they cannot assign me to the stoop business. I should prefer to stand behind the counter and answer the questions that ladies rush up to ask, and attend to complaints about rooms, etc.—that would be comfortable and pleasant.

“When does the five o’clock train go out?”

“At a quarter to six, Madam.”

“Is that the celebrated Dr. O—— of the Dutch Reformed Church sitting over there, with his feet on the rail? They tell me he’s a dark-complected man, with bushy hair that stands up.”

“No, Madam; that is John Morrissey.”

“*Acc-vous* one leetle piano weech you can put him in my *chambre* so I may make leetle *musique*?”

“*Non*, Madam, but *voici la* parlor-grand, *qui* is *tres* much at *votre* service, if you can get it in.”

“Can’t you give me a larger room, mister? What with my ten trunks and boxes and pa’s boots that he put in with me, there isn’t room to sling a cat round.”

“We have no larger rooms disengaged at present, Miss; but if you really wish to sling a cat, you may do it on the piazza, or out of the window.”

Yes, I think I could do that business very well. The cashier’s berth I wouldn’t care for except when the season

was at its fullest swing, as I am constitutionally opposed to paying out more money than I take in.

As we were remarking about the facility of disposing of time, one can put in a good deal of it on the back piazzas, hearing the band play, smoking, and looking at the grounds. It is only necessary to light a cigar, draw a chair up to the railing, assume the normal attitude of an American citizen, and go at it. Philosophers have endeavored to account for the fact that man is much happier with his heels higher than his head, but in vain. The fact, nevertheless, remains, he is. This is specially the case at Saratoga; men who elsewhere—at Newport, for instance—would condemn the habit, here fall into it as gracefully as if to that “manner born.” It may be because of being full of Congress water; subtle and searching as quicksilver, that fluid might go down into the feet, causing dropsy of the extremities if one didn’t keep them up. But by assuming the elegant position referred to that trouble is remedied. You maintain the equilibrium, preserve the balance of power, and thus inverted feel like and look like, and, to all intents and purposes are, a junk bottle.

Then if you must exercise and are never happy unless in a state of intense perspiration, there are alleys for ladies and gentlemen, and couples can go there and indulge in “the flowing bowl” to their heart’s content. But it is not necessary to bowl merely because you go to the alleys; some couples go to bowl, others go to “spoon,” and nobody seems to notice the difference. I do not go to see how many pins I can get down, but merely to ascertain how many it is possible to leave standing, and there are few who can beat me at that game.

Then there are the two Indian encampments, “new” and “old,” with shooting galleries and butts for bow and arrow practice at both. The guns in use are what a cockney would probably designate as hair-guns with ‘air-triggers, and the targets are three: a woman in Scotch costume who drums, a rabbit that keels over, and a lion that roars, if you hit the

bull's eye. Paulina was excessively anxious that her papa should make the lion roar, and to please the child I took a shot at it. I didn't make the lion roar exactly, but I take pride in recording that I made an old gentleman, who posted himself in what he seemed to consider a safe position, a few rods away on the right of the target, howl most fearfully. This was better than hitting nothing. The archery business is meant for ladies, but they do very little of it. Nor do the Indians encourage them much in the practice of archery, having found by experience that the few arrows that get away from the bow generally stick in the live Indian who attends, instead of in the stuffed one that is ostensibly shot at. Women, I notice, shoot bows and arrows very much as they play whist—having drawn the arrow back, they hold on to it just as they do to a trump, and won't launch it; if they do let one go by accident it generally hits the right party in the wrong place.

After the ladies have practiced a half hour the attendant Indian from a distance might be mistaken for a porcupine, all quills. But the passion that little girls have for bows and arrows is strange; it almost passes that for dolls. Paulina urged papa to buy her an equipment. I refused. No, no, my child, said I, shooting fathers is rather encouraged by the Saratogian sentiment; but in this case it seems to me unadvisable that I should become an accessory before the fact. But baskets and such things are innocent and harmless, and of these both encampments will sell you as many as you wish to buy.

But it is only the old encampment that boasts of a "Beautiful Indian Girl." This damsel of whom much mention has already been made is a profitable pillar of the camp, for the young men all invite her to shoot, and she is never beaten. It would surprise you to know how many arrows this young lady can put in the target at a cent apiece in the course of an afternoon. But my surprise has been awakened by something stranger still. Sarah has a grandmother in camp, an aged, respectable, and I will venture to

-say, virtuous female ; she sits behind the counter all day long, and I do not hear any young men asking her to shoot with them. Neither do they seek to engage her in conversation, notwithstanding their avowal of an ardent ambition to learn Indian, and the palpable fact that the good grandmother has more Indian in her, and, from the seventy or eighty years of practice she has had, should talk it better than Sarah. But there are many very strange things in life, and my astonishments are frequent.

Instance in point. This morning, turning over in my mind the various resorts of interest for one that I could safely visit, it seemed to me that, taken all in all, this old encampment promised best. For my little personal about Sarah was complimentary rather than otherwise ; she might shrink from the publicity, but had I not written her ~~down~~ ~~or~~ rather up—as Beautiful—with a big B at that ? And besides I had intimated an intention of briefly biographing her beforehand. Well, I strolled into the encampment, and nonchalantly approached the young woman's stand. She received me with undisguised coolness, and in reply to my compliments, addressed to her in the choicest Choctaw at my command, spoke spitefully.

“ Have you seen what I said about you in the *Great Moral Organ*, fair lily of the swamp ? ” I asked by way of getting at the exact state of her feelings about it.

“ Yes, Pale Face,” she shouted, “ and if my papa, Hole-in-the-day, or my big brother, The-Man-who-walks-under-the-ground, had not gone from the wigwam to procure a jug of fire-water, to gladden the hearts of the young who to-night are to assemble at Den. Murphy's shanty over there to celebrate the Feast of the Full Moon, they'd just snatch you bald-headed, they would, you indiscriminate panderer to a depraved public taste ! you retailer of lies and glittering dealer in false generalities ! you—”

The maiden of the forest spoke as fast as could any of her white sisters, and with all the poetry that is supposed to distinguish Indian diction.



CALLED TO AN ACCOUNT.

Summoning all my energies to get a word in edgewise, and drawing upon my recollections of Walter Scott as well as of Fenimore Cooper, I asked in her own beautiful language, "What's the matter now, proud Sassenach?"

Pulling a copy of some Troy paper that had just been sent her from out the rag-bag where she had ignominiously deposited it, she handed it across the counter and pointed with wrathful look to a marked item. I read:—

"'The Beautiful Indian Girl' over whom all the correspondents are sighing and slobbering is nothing but a Kannuck squaw, with a pumpkin face and a pint of grease to every square inch of hide visible."

I laid down the paper and left the grounds without a word, for I am slow of speech, and I feared that the agile and wary red man—~~too well read~~, in this instance—might be upon me ere I could either explain or telegraph to the navy yard for a Columbiad. As for "personal mention," I am done with that for all time.

But I cannot refrain right here, from just intimating that the man who frisks about with a cane under one arm and an umbrella under the other has been in town for some time. How many of him there is here I cannot state with precision, owing to the loss of one eye and a permanent injury to the other one in consequence of the impossibility of getting out of his way while endeavoring to count them, but there are quite enough of him to make it lively. Also, the man who promenades the piazza with a tooth-pick—fore-runner of a gale of wind were it a straw—is here, and attracts the sympathy which is usually enlisted in his behalf. Col. Gorman thinks he could relieve him of the quill by splitting him neatly down the middle with a circular saw, driven by a small pinion wheel; but my suggestion of a meat-ax as surer and less apt to cause remark seems to meet with more general approbation. The "three women abreast" who have been here since June we've given over as a hopeless case. It is impossible to get past them or by them, and no book of etiquette probably would uphold one in diving under their

skirts or jumping over their heads. So we just fall back on the reflection that they may die, and that as it would be manifestly impossible for them to come in at the narrow way three abreast, it is likely that they will go where they deserve to go, and not trouble us much in the other world.

And I must whisper to you that the number of our guests has been increased by the arrival of a young widow—*i. e.*, a widow by courtesy, for it was a lover she lost, and not a husband. Her life has been an eventful, and yet not an uncommon one. I will give it to you as it was given to me, not by common report, but by the lips of one who has known her from childhood. Perhaps you will recognize the lady, for since she became rich, you must have met her.

Madam Montford — I give the full name, for I hate blanks—was born in one of the South-western States. Her parents were wealthy, and as a natural consequence the daughter was educated at a fashionable boarding-school. Her manners were carefully attended to, and her morals would have been equally well cultivated if those intrusted with the former had known anything about the latter. The girl graduated at sixteen. Returning home she developed a remarkable taste for reading; her father's library was well stocked with *ragouts* by ingenious French cooks, and this rather highly seasoned mental pabulum constituted her sole food. After seed is sown the harvest follows in due course of time. The young lady fell in love with a gentleman representing himself to be an Austrian officer; the cruel parents "refused their consent," and locked her up in the library, where she read some more—enough to finish her. The Austrian presented himself beneath the window, one night, with a ladder, and the young lady went north with him on a bridal tour, but by a strange oversight neglected to get married before starting. The Austrian officer turned out to be a French valet, and was arrested in Canada for stealing his master's clothes. The young lady, thrown on her own resources, tried her fortunes on the stage, and made quite a successful *début* as "Ophelia" before a Montreal audience. She subsequently

played a successful engagement at St. Louis, and finally accepted an offer to take a leading part at one of the Western theatres. Not long since her parents died; a will disinheriting her was found, but as it was not executed she came into possession of a handsome property. Now twenty-six years of age, she spends most of her time and money in alternating between the South and the North—changing climate with the seasons, making the whole year a perpetual summer. She dresses always in black, is very decorous in her conduct, and frequently makes affecting allusions to her dear deceased husband. Few are familiar with the details of her early life, and if she does not marry well within the next year it will be wholly her own fault.

As I was saying when interrupted, if the amusements already enumerated are not enough to satisfy the most exacting person, we have a circular railway, whereon you can whirl yourself around at the risk of your neck three times for twelve and a half cents; a lot of wooden horses in an open lot that revolve around a common center to the lascivious pleasing of a hurdy-gurdy, giving their riders an opportunity to spear iron rings from a post and bear them triumphantly away on the point of a skillet. Or you can have a weigh for five cents, if you've a will to. Or you can have your fortune told. Or you can walk out to the battle-ground. Or for ten cents you can get some boy to pound you over the head with a club for as many minutes, which will afford you about as much solid enjoyment as any of the other games. There is no end, in fact, to the amusements which Saratoga offers to visitors.

In the late afternoon a carriage-drive is pleasant; but a ride is, perhaps, more promotive of digestion. Inquiring for good saddle-horses you will find that they abound. On your issuing the command, in a stentorian voice, "Bring forth the horse," a horse is brought. They will tell you he was sired by *Ethan Allen*, and dammed by—well, I have heard him dammed by several. A party of us went out on horseback one afternoon. To our surprise, we found that the early

education of our horses had been neglected. They were only cognizant of a viciously hard trot, and a most dangerous gallop; of that gentle compromise between the two, commonly called a canter, they were profoundly ignorant. A good judge of horseflesh said at starting that my mare had the "heaves;" and the event proved him right, for she hove me over her head into a standing pool, the waters of which were cool, but damp. On returning from the ride an indignation meeting was held, and a committee of three appointed to strangle the livery-keeper; but the committee, on trial, found themselves unable to walk—so the summary vengeance was abandoned. Equestrianism is pleasant enough in the time thereof, but it leaves an unpleasant feeling behind.

When you can't think of anything else to do you can always go and give the bell-boys and the waiters something. You can keep doing this all the time if you want to; they never get tired of it. But you mustn't reach out rashly, for the chances are that if you do you'll fee the trusty contraband who waits on some one else; colored help is the rule at the hotels, and one crisp and curled darling looks as much like another as two peas—black peas. If you make a mistake you soon find it out, but it is then too late to rectify it. There be some who make a great fuss about the gentle expectancy of the waiter, and lash themselves into perspiration and excitement as they declaim about "extortion." There's no extortion about it. In the first place, the amount involved is small, and not worth fashing one's self about; it is much easier to pay and get something to eat than to protest and go without. Custom arranges all these things; you simply invest a few quarters in securing good service, and it is doubtful if you could employ the same money to better advantage: "They also serve who only stand and wait." Should not those who feed you also be feed? So "tip" the boys handsomely and think nothing about it. Change places with them, in the kaleidoscope of imagination, I mean, and think whether you wouldn't want to be "tipped." They come here for their perquisites quite as much as their pay,

and you are really dishonest if you disappoint them. If fonder of delicacies and diplomacy than of paying out money you can slip a dollar bill on the table under an inverted wine-glass. The exertions that John makes to secure it are really surprising. Then at the close of the repast, you can remove the glass, return the dollar to your pocket, and walk off unconcernedly. But never occupy the same seat again. And there is no telling what your parsimony may cost you.

These bell-boys and waiters are the peregrinators of the period. You may find William, Peter, Amos, or Frisbie at Newport, at Niagara, at your very next stopping place. "When him you fly he is the wings." And they pass the warning from one to the other, these boys do, like the fiery cross of the Highlanders. "Avoid him; he won't give you nothing." In consequence you might starve in the midst of plenty, expire of thirst while up to your chin in water; not a drop would be brought to cool your parched tongue though you wrenched off the bell-handle or drove the electric button through the opposite wall in your frantic attempts to make your thirst known. No, my friend, fee the boys gracefully, and so shall you be looked upon pleasantly when you come to a hotel, attended assiduously while you stay, and mourned and regretted sincerely when you depart.

Some correspondents cultivate the proprietors of hotels, speak praisefully of them. Wiser in my generation than they, I devote myself to the waiters. Aside from having a general idea where my best interests lie, I know who the capitalists are. If you need any money, don't fool round in the money centers of your metropolis. Commission me to make the loan; I'll go to "William" for it at once. He can help you out; why, this boy takes such good care of me, and is so quiet, and gentlemanly, and undemanding about it, that he gets all the money I have. Making a rough estimate of it, I calculate that he must be worth near upon five hundred thousand dollars by this time. He has a class in a Sunday-school at Baltimore, too, and I think it is his intention to build a church this winter. I expect to visit him at

his country-seat on the banks of the Potomac when duck shooting sets in. I also expect him to lend me the money to pay my fare with when the time comes to go from here, for otherwise I really do not see how I can get away.

The wealth that "William" has must be simply enormous. And on him I rely. If he disappoints me, penury and a residence in Saratoga out of season must be my portion, for the proprietors of the hotel, besides being indifferent to praise, are no better off than I am, and are really depending on me for a loan to carry them through. But if I print this praiseful word for "William," I think I am safe. Rich though he be, he surely cannot resist this appeal to the finer feelings of his nature.

No, I shall never indulge in the personal again so long as I live; but entertaining strong convictions as to who is good looking and who wears good clothes, outside of my own family, it was pleasant to read in a Saratoga paper this morning that "Mrs. S. D. S.—the beautiful wife of the Pyne Street, banker—is among the most elegantly attired ladies of the Union." I thought so before, and now, having seen it in print, I know it. But as for "being among the most beautiful and elegantly attired ladies of the house," I am among them as much and as frequently as is consistent with domestic peace.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONTAINING AN ACCIDENTAL REPORT OF A DENTAL CONVENTION.

THE dentists have been here in force. It is a mistake to suppose that they came to examine the case of false teeth of which mention was incidentally made, and too much stress cannot be laid upon this fact, as a mistaken impression to the contrary seems to have got abroad. They came only to hold their nineteenth annual Convention, and met at Saratoga in consequence of its fitness for a regatta course. The proceedings of the Convention were so eminently interesting that an informal or dentiformal account of them may not be uninteresting to liberal minded readers. And if any of them happen to have the toothache, reading me won't be much worse, perhaps, than having it pulled.

After prayer—never neglected by annual conventions, which makes it to be regretted that they don't meet every day of the year—poetry was announced to be in order, and a poetic tooth-puller by the name of Ambler came ambling in on his Peegasus, and got away at the dropping of the flag—sweet flag, which, compounded with a tincture of myrrh and bitter aloes, makes an excellent dentrifice.

Want of space prevents my giving the poem entire. But I'll outline if I do not line it for you, and the rest you can get at by a process of ratiocination if the alveolar one fails. It did not begin after the style of the watercress vender's song:—"Buy my bi-cuspid, buy, buy, buy; my fresh bi-cus-

pids, by the by," though it might have done so ; the Doctor went along at a hand gallop, and showed excellent time considering the condition of the track and the fact that he got none of the gate money ; and it was remarked that few could have made a better string under—pardon me, I've got the dental convention all mixed up with horse-racing and rolling ten-pins. So I will simply give the concluding lines of the poem, which ran, or ambled, as follows :—

“ Union ! heart and hand and grinders,*
For the good of all mankinders.”

The poem was much applauded by the profession, and the President remarked at its conclusion that he was filled with gratitude—a much finer “filling,” to his thinking, than gold. After the meeting was again called to order by the rap of an “automaton mallet,” Dr. Wrenlace, taking his cue evidently from the President's remark, arose and demonstrated the “manner of amalgam filling”—which the uninitiated reader must not for a moment confound with amalgamation feeling.

After Dr. Wrenlace had told how the filling might be put in, Dr. Treeters of New York got up and told how it might soonest be taken out, giving it as his earnest conviction that any dentist who in this nineteenth century uses such a relic of barbarism as the combination of quicksilver and iron-fillings, known to the profession as “amalgam,” “cement,” or “platina” fillings, deserves himself to be drilled just back of the ear with one of those infernal buzz-saws lately introduced into dentistry under the name of “mechanical drills,” have the cavity scraped with a coal-shovel, and be finally “plugged” with a set of forceps shot from a musket of the army pattern.

In illustration of his theory he narrated the case of your

*According to *The Saratogian* these concluding lines run as follows, but the reader can draw his own inference as to which has got them down rightly :—

Union !—heart and hand and mind,
For the good of all mankind.

correspondent, who was once accused of neuralgia by several dry nurses of the Wickes pattern with doctors' diplomas, and sentenced to go for a month's recreation shooting and fishing in the country, with two ingeniously constructed galvanic batteries, technically known as "amalgam fillings," in full play in his mouth, only reprieved at the last moment by that apostle of humanity, Dr. Theodore G. Thomas, who ordered him to stay at home and have the fillings out at once, thus saving his life though not his reason—in proof of which statement in its entirety—the life and reason part—have you not these writings? But if I succeed in preventing one single human creature from being persuaded over, under any pretense whatever, to an "amalgam filling," I shall feel that I have neither suffered nor written in vain—in this vein, I mean.

Next came a discussion as to what should be done in a certain dental contingency lately discussed in these columns. On motion of Dr. Treeters, the following order, telegraphed from the Governor's headquarters, at Albany, was ordered to be spread—pretty thick—on the minutes of the meeting: "If any man attempts to haul out his American teeth at the dinner table, shoot him on the spot. *Dixit.*" It was here suggested that this would be death in his spot, literally, and the question arose whether, inasmuch as the order was spread on the minutes of the meeting, it would not be necessary to shoot the culprit with a minute-gun in carrying it out. An amendment to this order of the day was accordingly seconded by the one who kept the minutes, the final passage of the motion being regarded as a victory for hour side of the house.

And now Dr. Mills—who believes that grinders should be made to grind slow but exceedingly fine, like the mills of the gods—read an essay on the subject of "Salivary Calculus." Owing to a slight pre-occupation caused by the reflection that it was near dinner-time, I did not succeed in following his train of reasoning so closely as I hope to on another occasion; but the general summing up would lead one to believe that

it is next to impossible to calculate or attempt to calculate the exact amount of saliva, which the average American gets rid of to the hour when in good condition.

The question whether aching teeth or gunpowder had caused most misery to the human race, elicited a deal of discussion. The profession seemed divided in opinion. One delegate, a dentist from Dunkirk—tooth-puller in ordinary to the Administration, and a member of the Dent family, of course—thought the pangs of toothache had been much exaggerated; he had rather have a toothache any day of the week and any hour of the day than lose office, and he commented very severely on the want of fortitude exhibited by those who make a mountain out of a mole-hill.

Next came a paper on “continuous gum work,” and there was an evident disposition to give Dr. John Lalen credit for preëminence in this line. Indeed it is not improbable that Dr. Lalen would have carried off the belt had it not been suggested that the most continuous gum work is done by those members of the community who contrive to get along without any work at all—relying for their living on one continuous “gum game” through life. This robbed Dr. Lalen of his laurels—though I really am not certain that laurel is the crown of the teeth exactly.

The Executive Committee at this moment reporting an assessment of two dollars each on all present, to defray expenses, an immediate motion for adjournment was heard from all parts of the house. And it being evident that the “Ayes” had it and the “Noes” were nowhere, some one sprang to his feet and made himself the mouthpiece of the meeting by moving that they go over to the Grand Union and dine at the expense of the hotel, which motion was carried without a dissentient voice or the consent of the proprietors.

After a careful examination of my report, I find that I have splendidly succeeded in telling very little as it actually occurred, and if this does not bring me a permanent situation as reporter, it will only be because a genius for invention is

not so much appreciated by the *Great Moral Organ* as by some other journals. A few things, however, I will stick to as having got down right.

First: there was a Dental Convention here.

Second: two dollars was assessed on each member.

Third: they dined at the Grand Union.

Fourth: any dentist who uses an amalgam filling in the mouth of a patient deserves to be bitten to death (in the back) by the envenomed teeth of a gigantic shrimp.

CHAPTER XXV.

SHOWING THE ADVANTAGES OF HAVING A WEEKLY FIRE DRILL IN EVERY FAMILY

DISCOVERING by some subtle analysis that we had become so accustomed to the dumping of ice under our windows, that it didn't disturb us much or break our sleep, they got up an alarm of fire under our window about one o'clock this morning, by way of variety, thinking probably that this would fix us completely. Since Saratoga was burned down the last time, the villagers have been very much afraid of fire. On Fourths of July fireworks are shut off entirely, and nothing inflammable is allowed on the streets; even red-headed girls are forbidden to show themselves. During the season, Col. Johnson and two or three other residents patrol the streets all night long, to make sure that everything is right. So much afraid of fire are the villagers in fact, that when one occurs they either ramble off in a contrary direction, or else stand still on the sidewalk, yelling fire, but keeping as far away from it as possible.

Well, I was out of bed this morning and had my forces marshalled at the first alarm. By way of providing against a possible contingency, I always have a fire drill in my family once a week. In consequence, when the alarm is given each member ought to know what to do. Paulina should roll herself up in as small compass as possible, and stand ready to be pitched out of the window. Mrs. Paul is instructed to wrap herself up in a sheet and stand on the window-sill

in the traditional attitude of a Roman virgin shrieking:—

“Save, oh, save me!”

The head of the family is expected to slip on his swallow-tail, put his wife's best back hair in the rear pockets, and get out by the nearest stairs as speedily as is consistent with the secondary duty of picking up on the way any valuable portable property that the neighbors happen to have dropped in hurried flight. On this occasion discipline failed. Mrs. Paul rushed to the window, whispering in dulcet tones, “Pitch me out!” Paulina crawled under the bed, shouting “I am saved!” And the head of the family, on reaching for his swallow-tail, discovered that it had been split up the back and down the middle, till it looked for all the world like a pair of saddle-bags struck by lightning. That came of lending it to Johnson for the last promenade concert. This is about the order that apparatus always is in when wanted, and I rather imagine that my experience illustrates pretty nearly what all fire drills amount to when it comes to the real thing.

Other families, that had no weekly fire drill and were consequently unprepared for such contingencies, rushed at once into the halls and went to getting down stairs as best they could. With the dress of the ladies of the house I was by this time familiar, from its frequent exhibition at the hops; but here was a new revelation. How shall I describe what they wore at this hop in the hall—impromptu and formal, but decidedly the liveliest hop of the season? To tell what was worn would occupy very little time; but how to tell what was not—ah, there's the rub. Chignons were at a discount—crinoline was discarded. You looked in vain for ribbons—fuss abounded but without the customary and traditional feathers. One lady, determined not to be caught without her clothes, carried them in a small reticule.

As a cool and unimpassioned observer, I must record, however, that, as a rule the young ladies were bewitching in *robes de nuit*, their bare little feet peeping out beneath the embroidered edges like mice, and pattering on the floor like

summer rain. But all don't "peel" so well. There was the Dowager Dunderberg, for instance, under the shortest of canvas, backing and filling, wearing and tacking, and altogether making the worst weather that ever was seen. Her high quarter galleries worked and creaked, until it seemed a foregone conclusion that at the next pitch she'd go down stern foremost. Had she but run down her spanker, bowsed up her jib a bit, and shown a staysail to the wind, she'd have rode out the rough weather very comfortably, and could have given any number of the lesser and weaker vessels safe and sufficient protection under her ample lee. But what can one expect of a woman who has never been to sea herself, and won't let her daughters go yachting?

As for her two "girls," left to themselves for perhaps the first time since the pinafore period, they appeared remarkably well, and would probably have got comfortably settled in life had the commotion continued five minutes longer; the Dowager might have got a settler, too, when a chance came for the boys to throw beams and bricks around. But neither consummation was to be.

By the time that we'd all have been done to a nice crisp, if not entirely burned up, had the fire been within a couple of blocks, I had the satisfaction of learning that it was a mile off on another street. The villagers, however, showed themselves equal to the occasion by turning out, every mother's son of them, standing resolutely on their doorsteps (the few that didn't put themselves in battery directly under my window), and yelling like copper-colored Indians over the barbecue of a captive. This sort of thing went on for an hour by the watch. Enough noise was made, and sufficient jubilee got up for the burning of Boston. In about half an hour from this time an enterprising resident who lived on the corner came along and said that it was only a small stable, and the fire was out—the natural result of the building being burned down.

All this while we were wondering where the Saratoga fire department was. In twenty minutes or so more the mystery

was solved by the appearance of the institution itself. A steam fire-engine, drawn by two men and a boy, came dashing along in its mad career, and stuck in the mud directly under our window. Evidently they knew that the ice men were off duty and we had begun to think of going to sleep. When it is considered that lynch-pins had to be whittled out of hard wood for the wheels, the considerer can but marvel at the dispatch in getting on the ground.

"Just sit up a minute longer," said a resident who, on being informed that the fire was out, determined that it was his duty to go to it, "and we'll show you something worth seeing. They've had a meeting at the Town Hall and determined to do something."

So we "stayed up." Sure enough, just before daybreak a band of music was audible in the distance, and anon a body of men hove in sight and halted under our windows. If the printed programme handed round was right, the procession was made up in the following order:—

PROCESSION TO PUT OUT THE FIRE THIS MONDAY MORNING.

Any citizen not responding to this notice within three hours of its being served upon him, will be fined fifty (50) cents. Forming in the Congress Spring grounds, the procession will move as follows:—

Bernstein's Band.

The President of the Village.

Col. Johnson, equipped with the largest horse-syringe in town.

Dipper-boys from the various springs—"The only recompense these boys receive is the gratuities given them by visitors."

Arbuckle—with his cornet full of Congress water.

James Breslin: H. H. Hathorn.

Peter Gardner: Major Leland.

Charles Leland: J. M. Marvin.

Pat. Gilmore: Price McGrath.

Thompson, the head waiter (who has not before had a notice).

The handsome and accomplished room clerk.

Rodgers, Gage, and Lowell.

William: Frisbie: Amos: Peter.

B. F. Judson: E. T. Huling (riding in the Postmaster's pony phaeton).

Col. Dave Ritchie: Col. John McDowell.

More Colonels.

John Morrissey and Dealers.

Distinguished citizens in carriages.

Educated Ben—the Learned Pig.

The beautiful Indian Girl.

The Corn-Doctor, with certificates.

Man with scales—"Try your wait for five cents."

Other distinguished citizens in carts.

The Serene Superintendent of the Adirondack Railroad seated in two
passenger cars.

Moon and Myers, arm in arm, and armed with bill-hooks and skinning-knives.

Owners of real estate in the vicinity.

Distinguished citizens on horseback.

Distinguished citizens in wheelbarrows.

Distinguished citizens on foot.

Citizens who are not distinguished.

More citizens who are not distinguished.

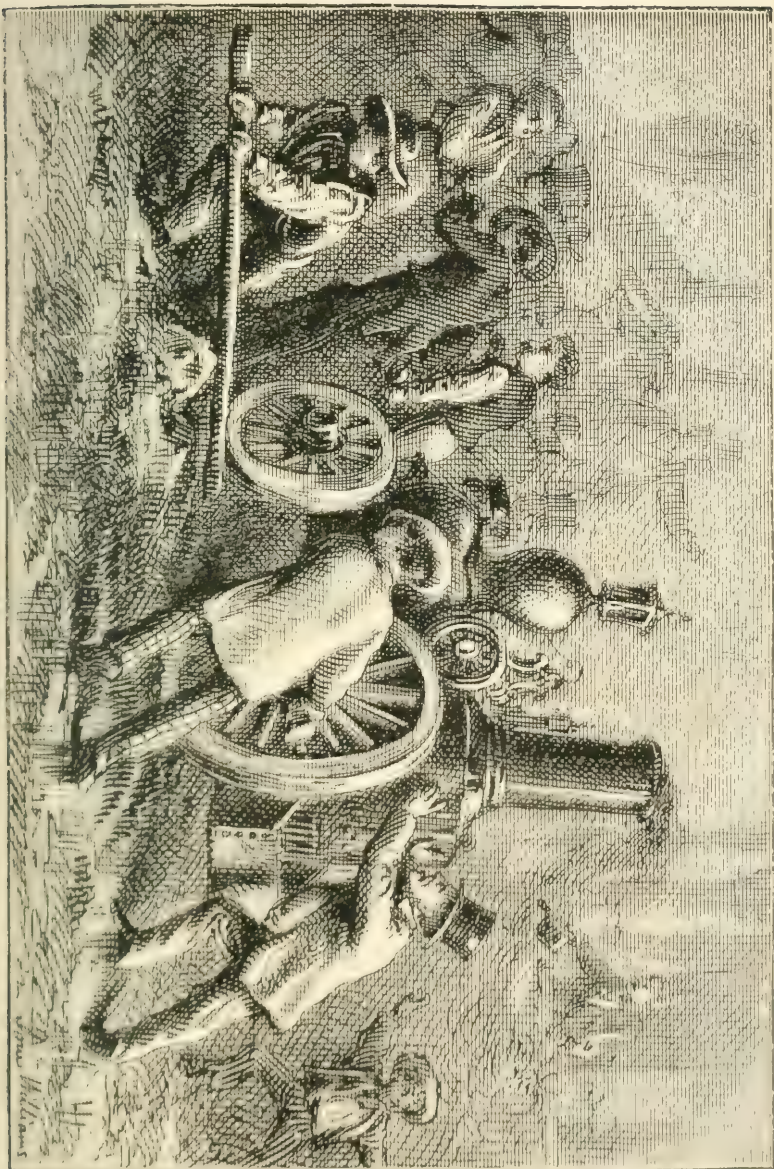
All sorts of citizens.

Citizens.

Lander's Band.

P. S. The whole affair will be under the personal superintendence of the polite and accomplished Prof. Manuel.—[*Daily Saratogian Print*].

Immediately on halting under our windows, a discussion arose as to the propriety of getting the engine out of the mud without further notice, and proceeding to find out where the fire was. This was debated at length. Breslin and Gardner objected to getting the engine out because it might help Congress Hall in some way. Hathorn thought to have it stay where it was would advertise the Grand Union too much. Charles Leland would pay something towards releasing the wheels from the mire, if they'd trundle the machine along in front of the Clarendon and squirt a little water on the grass in the grounds. Marvin declared that the United States hadn't enough interest in the matter to pay a cent either way. Major Leland swore that he'd subscribe any amount necessary either to bury the machine where it was or to roll it down to Ballston, if any one else would furnish the money. Huling was sure the whole thing was a trick of the Administration, in collusion with the Postmaster, to injure the sale of *The Sentinel*. Judson and Ritchie both intimated that *The Saratogian* would be found supporting the winning side.



The distinguished citizens, in carriages, carts, and wheelbarrows, on horseback and on foot, one and all were unanimously of the opinion that if much expense was involved either the proprietors of the hotels or the boarders should step forward and stand it; this was the way of it in all other things, and they didn't see why there should be any departure from the fixed rule in this instance. Visitors had "the waters" free, and this was enough for them.

And the procession would be standing there under our windows yet, if I hadn't announced that a hat would now be passed around as the initiatory step toward raising a fund for sweeping the sidewalks once every summer, and that a subscription list would accompany it for the convenience of those who had "no change" on the spot. The effect was galvanic; that engine came out of the mud like a speckled trout rising at a June fly, and, with every hand in the procession hold of the rope, went rumbling off in the wrong direction, with a speed only equaled by the Adirondack Railroad. And we dressed and went down to breakfast, for it was now well on to 8 o'clock.

Now do not gather from my plain and truthful account of this conflagration that I intend to cast any reflections on the enterprise and public spirit (or want of it) displayed by the citizens of Saratoga. But I could offer a few suggestions for their consideration, if assured that they would be kindly received, and my life were well insured in a good company. It seems to me unwise, for instance, to charge a stranger double the price for everything he wishes that a resident is expected to pay. Shear your sheep annually, good Saratogians, instead of skinning it. Instead of getting all you can and keeping all you get, expend a little of it for the comfort of those from whom you get it; so haply you may get more out of them in the fullness of time. Life is brief, it is true, but not so brief as to make it necessary that each one of you should get rich in a single season.

To mention one single instance among many of inexcusable meanness—I mean negligence—should the village not

sprinkle its main street in summer? As it is, your visitors are driven in from the pleasant piazzas by the dust, if there happen to be enough air stirring to waft the scent of a rose or red-herring from one nostril to the other. The expense of sprinkling would not be very great—I'll come up here with a watering-pot myself next summer for my board and clothes—and the benefit would be immense. For the looks of the thing alone, if for no other reason, would it not be well to do it?

Nature has done much for Saratoga, and the pale invalids who come here annually to prepare for the grave, bringing an average of five trunks apiece, and leaving thousands and thousands of dollars among you, have done more. With very little exertion your village might be made the prettiest and pleasantest resort on the continent. But the whole onus of attraction is thrown on the hotels, and outside of them very little is offered, very little is done for the comfort and enjoyment of those whom you think it legitimate to deprive of their natural cuticles.

Now, having finished my little sermon, and probably incurred the unending hatred of all Saratogians, I will hie me to that little bed from which I was untimely roused this morning. It has indeed been rough on the family of late. Three nights in succession we have had to sit up, "to see all we could" of friends who were going off in the early train next morning, besides having to get up before honest people should be stirring, to breakfast with and see them off. Now, my first inquiry when an intimacy becomes imminent is:—"When you go from here shall you go in the morning or afternoon train?" If the morning one is hinted at as even a possibility, my manner becomes chillingly cool, and if this does not produce the desired effect, a cessation of diplomatic intercourse, I hint when opportunity offers that I wish to borrow a little money before they go. This latter expedient never fails, and I am soon given to understand that I am not expected to be up all night as well as the next morning in order to be with them up to the last minute of their departure.

CHAPTER XXVI.

EMBODYING A POSTMASTER'S VIEWS OF PRESIDENT GRANT AND
RESULTING FROM A DRIVE WITH AN INFATUATED OFFICE-HOLDER.

GEN. GRANT made us a brief visit of a day last week; and yesterday the Postmaster of the village, who has long been promising me a drive, called for me with his pony phaeton. To this drive I had looked forward in eager anticipation of profit as well as pleasure, for Postmaster Sudjon is an old resident, familiar with every farm-house in the vicinity—knows just where every hen-roost is, and when the hens are laying—is acquainted with all the traditions of the village as well as the agricultural statistics of the suburbs, and has funds of anecdote and reminiscence stored up in the treasure-house of his capacious brain. So you can imagine what rich material for history I hoped to glean from him on the roadside.

"A fine day for a drive," I remarked, as the gray mare Kitty laid back her ears and started.

"Yes," he replied; adding, with a sigh, "but I regret that Gen. Grant is not here to enjoy it."

We drove on in silence for some minutes. "By the way," he said, wheeling round on me suddenly, "did you know that Gen. Grant passed through here last week?"

I mildly intimated that I didn't know much else either at the time of the General's transit or since. "An excellent thing for the village—a perfect godsend for the town," he went on in a meditative manner; "the influence of such a man cannot be overrated. His passing through here will do us a world of good; it may not be felt now, perhaps, but

posterity will be benefited ;” and then he reached forward in contemplation of the far future, and tickled the gray mare Kitty’s ears with the whip. She promptly responded by kicking the dashboard into leather shoe-strings. “It’s a playful way she has,” explained the Postmaster. “I wish that Gen. Grant were here to enjoy it.”

“What is the general character of the country roundabout?” I asked, by way of getting at the stores of statistics.

“Rather sandy,” he replied ; “but for richness it is not to be compared to the character of Gen. Grant. There is a man it will do to study ; you can’t get at him all to once ; he’s like Saratoga County ; you’ve got to dig down deep and cut cross lots and pull up stumps to see what he’s really made of ;” and the Postmaster again lapsed into abstraction.

“Are there any notable families in the neighborhood?” I asked.

“None by the name of Grant,” he said ; “there ought to be for the credit of the county, but there aint. My children are all girls ; but if Providence grants me a boy next time, I’ll call him Grant.”

We drove on. By and by we came out on a high bluff overlooking the lake. The scene was a lovely one. Far, far in the distance stretched the blue waters, fringed by grass-grown banks, or deeper bordered with trees tricked out in summer green. Scarce a ripple disturbed the mirror-like surface of the lake, and lilies, their bosoms of gold bared to the afternoon sun, lay asleep near the shore. It would have seemed profanation to launch a boat with creaking row-locks and noisy oars on such waters ; only a birch bark canoe, the paddle dipped by a tawny Indian maiden, could be in unison with the scene and surroundings ; silence in air, water, and everywhere was the suggestion of the picture.

“What a beautiful view !” I cried, turning in rapt admiration to the Postmaster.

“Sort of,” he said ; “but when you turn to view the character of Gen. Grant it is nowhere in comparison—nowhere.” And he whipped up the gray mare Kitty, and drove by both Moon’s and Myers’, so absorbed in study that

he never thought of asking me if we hadn't better stop and get out and have something to eat and drink.

So it went on till near ten o'clock at night. About this time I suggested that inasmuch as I came away without my dinner perhaps we had better go home to supper, and on looking at his watch the Postmaster thought so too. And after a little argument the gray mare Kitty was brought to be of the same mind, and we tacked ship and headed off in another direction.

"A remarkable animal, that Kitty," said the Postmaster; "if anything happened to me she'd find her way home in the dark—remarkable animal; I wish Grant were here to enjoy her."

After driving an hour or two a bright light became visible above the tree tops. "What is that?" I asked.

"The town-hall clock," he replied; "it's got an illuminated face, and is always the first thing you see when you come into the village at night; it shows up head and shoulders above everything else—just like the character of Gen. Grant."

We drove on for another hour and I got hungrier, but the town clock didn't seem to get any nearer. "Are you sure you're on the right road?" I asked.

"Sure I'm on the right road?" answered the Postmaster. "I've lived here man and boy for seventeen years; there's not a cow-path I'm not acquainted with; there isn't a house that I don't know who lives there. Last fall I stumped the county for Grant. And if I didn't know the road, Kitty would take us home straight as a string. We ought to be near Merrick's place now."

"Sure enough," he added a minute after, "here it is, and there's Merrick himself sitting on the front stoop; we'll drive up and speak to him." And he reined Kitty out of the road a little and pulled up by the gate with "Halloa, Merrick!"

"I aint Merrick," said the man doggedly.

"Oh, no, of course you aint, I know that; but this is Merrick's place."

"No, this aint Merrick's place."

"Sure enough, I see now; it's Dimmock's; Merrick's is just beyond."

"No it aint Dimmock's, and Merrick's aint just beyond nuther."

"Of course not; how could I be so mistaken? It's Knickerbacker's."

"No, it aint Knickerbacker's."

"Judge Sackett's?"

"No."

"Whose in thunder is it, then?"

"Why, it's mine, darn ye."

"My friend," I interposed soothingly, "can you tell us how far off the town clock is?"

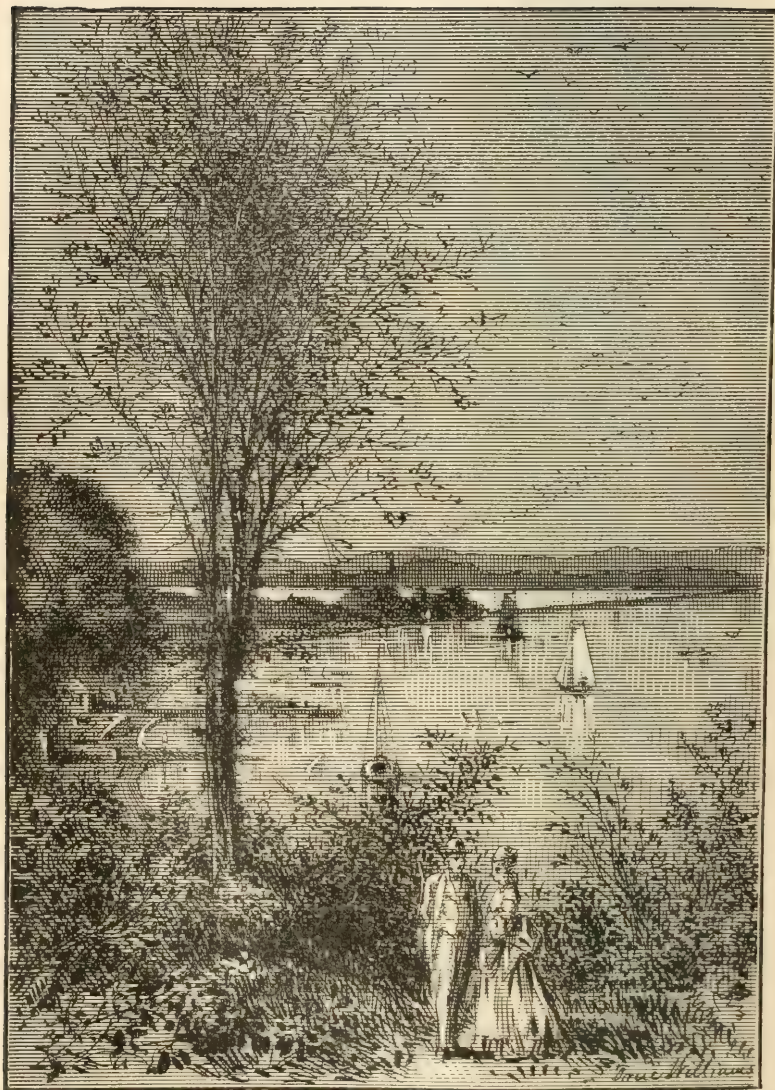
"What town clock?" he growled.

"That one—Saratoga," and I pointed at the light above the tree tops.

"That's the moon, you darned fool, and you're on the main street in Ballston;" and he went into the house, slamming the door behind him as if he wanted to take it off its hinges.

"I'm sorry he's gone, for I was just going to ask him if he'd ever studied the character of Gen. Grant," remarked the Postmaster. "Get up, Kitty," and he touched her with the whip. This time, beside cleaning up what was left of the dashboard, she took a splinter as big as a piece of cordwood out of the other end of the phaeton.

We got home some time the next morning, and if ever I undertake to study the character of Gen. Grant or drive with the Postmaster again, let me know it in advance. Nor is my confidence in the ability of an intelligent horse to find the way home, when his master is at fault, quite so strong as it was. Certainly the gray mare Kitty is not to be relied on for drawing those nice distinctions, but she is considerable on dashboards if you stir her ears with a whip, and this breaks up the monotony of driving through a level country like Saratoga. So I can well understand Postmaster Sudjon's refusal to part with her for any price that he has yet been offered. But I don't see what he sees in Grant that's so stunning.



LONG BRIDGE—MOON'S LANDING—SARATOGA LAKE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

GIVING THE READER A RIDE TO THE LAKE AND A CHEAP INTRODUCTION TO MOON AND MYERS.

OVER the beauties of Saratoga Lake I have lingered and poetized previously. But I do not remember to have before expatiated on either a breakfast or a dinner at Moon's. Some things cannot and should not be attempted twice. Considering what a luxury a meal at Moon's is, it is to be regretted that it can be indulged in but once in a lifetime; yet such is the fact. He takes all you've got the first time. Just five years ago, if memory serves me rightly, I dined there. More than this, *I* paid for the dinner. It is perhaps unnecessary to state that penury has been my portion ever since. Economy, which is no less the offspring of necessity than the parent of wealth, has pulled me up a little, but I have never succeeded in accumulating sufficient to justify me in dining there again. Friends, wealthy and unsophisticated friends, occasionally invite me to drive out and dine, but I always respond by asking the exact amount of their personal property. After getting at this, I move that we divide, as this is manifestly much better than giving it all to Moon.

But the other day I yielded against my better judgment. If any men can afford to dine at Moon's it should be those who cover nickel spoons, forks, etc., with a thin coating of silver and get a solid silver price for them, especially if they have their own carriage and horses here, and are not let in for the original cost of an equipage to get out there. This is

precisely how my friends were fixed. But the dinner at Moon's changed all that. Mr. Meriden has retrenched on his team—changed them for a cheaper pair. Friends may not notice the difference, but it exists; formerly he drove a pair of sloe-black horses, but now he rides behind a pair of black slow ones. And Charles Larker found himself so reduced in ready money that he was obliged to board at the Mansion House for the rest of his stay in Saratoga.

We had a good dinner though, and were allowed to go down to the pond and catch our own fish. It is a nice pond, pebbled and weeded like a natural one, and black bass, varying in weight from one to four pounds, swim round in it contented and happy as clams at high water. Before catching our fish we thought it best to select a fat one, so one of the party went up to Moon's to get something to call them to the top of the water with. He returned with a paper of fried potatoes,—the cheapest thing he could get,—and we threw them in. A fine young bass came up to inquire the price, but immediately retired below, remarking in a deep bass voice that he couldn't afford anything from Moon's.

Spying a big fellow lying in the shade of a plank that is stretched over the water, to tempt visitors to walk out and fall in, and so furnish cheap food for the fish, we determined to drop a line and, if possible, persuade him to join us at dinner. In response he opened and shut his mouth slowly once or twice. His sounds did not get up to us, but we guessed he was asking, "Where?" So as the old moon was reflected in the water we pointed at her yellow disk.

He bit at our meaning at once—I mean he caught the reflection without further elucidation. And he again began making at us those slow, solemn mouths in which you've seen fishes indulge—*vide* gold fish in a glass globe or brook trout in an aquarium. The beautiful nursery lines—where a child is supposed to be lost in abstract contemplation of a prattling parent—came vividly to my mind:—

"What is the sardine talking about?
Very wonderful tins, no doubt."

But my manufacturing friends, who, among other things, make fish-spoons—I mean “spoons” for trolling, supplying fish with a “plate” which is instrumental in landing them on one eventually—had little trouble in understanding this unspoken and only suggested language. According to their interpretation, our big bass remarked that he had an engagement to sing tenor for the first time at a small fish supper that evening, and thought it was about time to be taking his place. Besides, he could not think of joining our party if we were going to dine at Moon’s. Such invitations had fallen in his way before, but he always steered clear of them; he knew what was expected.

As for furnishing the dinner, to that he had no particular objection; and being eaten up was a destiny which he contemplated in a cheerful spirit rather than otherwise, since, among other lines, the celebrated ones of Pope—or Pagan, he was not exactly sure which—had met his eye:—

“Sure the pleasure is as great
In being eaten as to eat.”

He thought an Irishman ought to reel off the last line to make the rhyme perfect or even allowable, but would not be betrayed into a criticism which after all might be considered final. But he did object, decidedly object, to furnishing the dinner himself and then being expected to pay for it beside. He could never bring himself to believe that being devoured was a personal favor for which one should show gratitude to the gulper, and he understood that this was what Moon demanded of his guests.

“We’d be all in the same boat, if we dined up there, gentlemen,” he said in conclusion; “it would be the last of every mother’s son of us;” and waving his tail in gentle adieu he swam away.

I did not hear his tale, but I understood its end, got at the finale, so to speak. And the nub of it was exactly like that of an editor’s letter when, after praising the article you “have honored him by submitting,” he tapers gracefully off with, “declined with thanks.” We then tried to net the fish, but

failed, and had to content ourselves with getting at their weight in gross. Tempting them with "spoons" plated by the rival manufacturers present proved equally ineffectual; they looked at the trade-marks about which so much fuss is made, but declined to be betrayed by either. But why amplify when a word tells it all? The dinner was had, and fish had place thereat. In the very front of it figured our big bass—just as I thought he would while he was doing all that mouthing. He imagined himself so smart, and so frequently expressed an intention not to be caught, that I guessed he'd soon pick up a worm that would trouble him. I've seen such people before.

There were frogs, too. Victor Hugo, in "*Les Misérables*," makes one of his characters declare that he hates cats, for the reason that the cat is a correction. "God," says this character, sitting astride of a *barrière*, and philosophizing after the manner of men who think that to tear up paving stones and throw sand around, and blaspheme promiscuously, is to annihilate tyranny and found a republic, "God, having made the mouse, discovered that he had made an error; hence the cat. The cat is a correction; mouse plus cat is the revised and corrected proof of creation."

I have wondered that the philosopher of the *barrières* did not find his error in the frog, and look for the correction in the Frenchman. I do not know from my own observation that Frenchmen eat frogs, but I have heard so; and personally I know no one else that does. But there's an excuse for the Frenchman's doing it. It is by no means clear to me that I could not eat a frog if they called it a *grenouille*, and I didn't know what it really was. But that even the hungriest Frenchman could or would eat his *grenouille*, if he knew what it was in English, is a proposition I'll dispute to my dying day. The name's against it. And the thing itself is green and speckled. Beyond a slight resemblance to an animated mushroom—a resemblance not unlike that which you may trace between a man and his umbrella—there's nothing edible about the beast.

And were I a grasshopper I'd not trust myself within reach of the man who eats frogs. Both jump, both are green, and both are not generally considered edible by the best and wisest of mankind. There's no other reason that I know of why a Frenchman, or any one else, should eat either; but the depraved taste that is avid for the one would greedily go for the other, or there's nothing in reasoning by analogy.

Have you ever seen a frog "dressed?" If so you will agree with me that no one possessed of even average æsthetic tastes would claim that the frog presents a pleasing picture as he comes on the table. The apparatus for jumping is all there, but there's nothing to jump—it is an end without means, or means without an end, I scarcely know which. There is an incongruity about the dish which saddens me, somewhat as when I contemplate the machinery of salvation and think of the many cases in which, were it applied, so very little would be found to save. Frogs as served up are to me suggestive of ballet dancers—not *vox et præterea nihil* exactly, but legs and nothing beyond. And you will remark that men who are given to frogs also affect ballet girls.

But, jumping from one thing to another, men at Moon's do not live by fish and frogs alone; you have squabs and chickens whose age is only rived by that of the accompanying wine, woodcock with two bills for every head; potatoes (a vegetable the value of which no political or agricultural economist can appreciate till he comes to pay for one or two at Moon's) served up in every conceivable form except the most difficult and best one, properly boiled. But why dwell on details when the grand total looms up before you? Some one has written a book entitled, "Who breaks, pays;" a chapter on Moon's should be headed, "Who pays, breaks."

But very little grief comes to me now-a-days from any indiscretion of this kind. Some time since I determined to do business on strict business principles. The sum of strict business principle seems to be to pay nothing that cannot be proved against you, and just as little as possible of what can. But I have observed that it is well at times to be first in the

field and assume to be anxious. If a bill is presented to any party you've been sitting with, for drinks, cigars, and the other necessities of life, jump up at once and feel for change, declaring your intention of paying it. Instantly a dozen other fellows who had not moved until then will jump forward and insist on being allowed the privilege, and you can retire with credit, like a cuttle-fish in the cloud of his own raising.

This is the world wisdom of an old campaigner. In early life I have not infrequently led a forlorn hope, rushing in to pay the demnition total of a bill in which I had very little concern when there seemed not the ghost of a chance that I would be permitted to do it, so many present were so much better entitled to the preëminence beside having their money ready in their hands, but somehow all competition would suddenly cease on these occasions, and I was permitted to carry out my diabolical design without hinderance.

But, to return to Moon's. If you spared not the frog's hind quarters, there is a poetic justice in Moon's taking your last ones. Your revenge can only come when you get this Moon down to his last quarter, and that time seems far distant from the present showing. At present 'tis a rising Moon, the prices of each succeeding year being higher than the previous one. And there is little escape from having your pocket-book ripped open by this Moon's horns if you visit the Lake region. Drive beyond him on the hither side of the Lake and you fetch up at a house kept by one of his sons; drive over on the other side and you meet Myers. There is no collusion between Moon's and the house across the Lake. On the other hand, there is a bitter rivalry.

So you may understand the position that Mr. Jeams put himself in when he got mixed at Myers' and went on addressing Mrs. Myers as Mrs. Moon. After she had finally convinced him with a stout hickory broom handle that she was not Mrs. Moon, he started off, and on the way home stopped at Moon's. Here, remembering the trouble that had come upon him in consequence of his mistake, and

determined to be right about it for the rest of the day, he took particular care to address Mrs. Moon every time as Mrs. Myers. The Moon stood it for a while, but at last she rose on Mr. Jeams with a rolling-pin that made him see stars. You won't ever catch him traveling very far now to get a 'clipse of the Moon.

With all these houses around, you will understand how one can get stuck as deep in the Myer on one side of the lake as he can in the mud on the other. And now let the minions of the Moon go for me. I shall be beyond their reach when this writing meets their eyes. 'Tis another business principle of mine never to touch off powder till I'm well out of the way of the sticks, stones, and things that are likely to fly.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE TRUE STORY OF A MAN WHOSE ANXIETY TO GET IN WAS ONLY
EQUALED BY HIS SUBSEQUENT DESIRE TO GET OUT.

“MY name’s Harrington, and you’ve got my money, don’t you see? Now, you just let me in, and I’ll get one of your rooms, and then it’ll be all right. That’ll be a square sort of a deal, don’t you see?”

“You shust go way mit your tam noise and comes on te morning, ven you gets your seex sheelans pack. But you not can get in dis nicht.”

This discussion, carried on by loud voices across the way—directly opposite our windows, of course—naturally enough roused an Abou Ben Adhem about my size and weight from a deep dream of peace. But we’ve become so accustomed to this sort of thing now that we like it rather than otherwise. Indeed, it is questionable whether we could get a sleep that would make us feel refreshed in the morning if we were not woke up two or three times during the night. So, slipping out of bed, I seated myself in a wash-bowl, which that mysterious Providence that rules our ends had ordained should be left on the window-sill, and prepared to enjoy the fire-works, so plainly inevitable, at leisure.

“My name’s Harrington, and it’s down on your books, and you’ve got my seventy-five cents for a room, don’t you see? Now, you just let me in, and I’ll get that room, and that’ll make it all right. Eh? You’ve got my money then, and I’ve got a room. Eh? That’ll be a square deal, and you’ll be a square Dutchman, don’t you see?”



"I WANT TO COME IN."



The tones were sharp and incisive, and the argument was logical; clearer reasoning at that hour of the night I never remember to have heard, and Mr. Harrington seemed considerably interested in carrying his point. So I waited events. But no response came from the party of the second part, whose nightcapped head protruded from a second-story window, other than a general rejoinder to the effect that it was then one o'clock; that he could not get in that night, but could next morning, when his six shillings would be returned to him; and that the noise he made was unseemly at such an hour.

Mr. Harrington now proceeded to provide himself with a cart-rung, next proceeding to improvise a devil's tattoo, or rather a demoniac reveille, on the door-panels, that threatened to bring all in the neighborhood out for a sort of undress parade. Finding a ring ineffectual, he evidently thought he'd try a rung, you see. It worked like a charm, so far as bringing the Dutchman down was concerned; for before his overture in that particularly major key ("D," which in this case may be supposed to stand for door-key) was more than fairly begun, the window upstairs very hastily shut, while the door below almost simultaneously opened, and with a chuckle of satisfaction Mr. Harrington stepped in.

Whack—whack—whack. Scarcely had the door closed on Mr. Harrington's towering and triumphant form when there was borne to our ears the sound of rapidly falling blows, with just an appreciable interval of time between each lick. If ever you've been where revolving hammers were at work, you'll understand exactly what I mean.

"Don't, oh, don't; let me out, I say; that's a good Dutchman; don't, oh, don't, I say. My name's Harrington, but I guess it aint down on your books, and I don't want to get to stay here to-night. Let me out; oh-h-h, do-o-n-n't, I say."

In a minute or two the door opened, and Mr. Harrington shot into the middle of the street, propelled by a ponderous boot. A parting benediction in Dutch, spoken *sotto voce*, for fear of disturbing the neighbors, followed on his heels, and

the door closed again. Straightening himself up with that dignity common both to men who rise superior to misfortune and to men who are drunk, Mr. Harrington soliloquized as follows:—

“Well, I’ll be Dee Deed! My name’s Harrington, and it’s down on his books, and he’s got my money, and this is what I’ve got. Well, I’ll be Dee Deed.”

Nobody came to contradict this positive assertion regarding his hereafter, but standing there in the moonlight, with arms akimbo, he went on soliloquizing as long as I sat up, only varying the form of his apostrophe when he stopped to inform some casual passer-by that he’d “bounce that Dutchman in the morning.”

I record this little incident for a number of reasons:—First, to illustrate how true it is that “man never is but always to be blest,” to show how little satisfied he is apt to be even when his end is compassed. Mr. Harrington’s anxiety to get in, you observe, was only equaled by his ambition to get out after the first wish came to fruition, and still, even when he stood in the street with both aspirations gratified—in rapid succession at that—he seemed far from satisfied, by no means the wearer of the happy man’s shirt. And he immediately proceeded to plant his stake in the future, looking for happiness to the by no means flattering prospect of “bouncing the Dutchman in the morning.”

Looking at this occurrence philosophically, as typical of human existence, perhaps you will agree with me that life is in great part made up of gettings-in and gettings-out, and wanting to bounce those who get the best of us at it. Every one gets bounced in turn—beyond a doubt some one will happen along some day and bounce Mr. Harrington’s Dutchman, but probably that some one won’t be Mr. Harrington—and this being the way of it, isn’t it better to sit one’s sore bones quietly down on the cool pavement and trust to the whirligig of time for revenges, rather than to stand swearing in the pale moonlight, looking up at second-story windows, and all agog to bounce some burly bouncer who, fortunately for us, perhaps, is beyond reach?

Second, I wish to suggest to Saratoga the desirability of some attempt at a police. In the immediate vicinity of the hotels—take Congress Street, on which I have the pleasure of looking out, for instance—there is at all hours of night an aggregate of noise in the air which would put the worst ward in your city to its trumps in an attempt to equal. Loafers and drunken varlets of all sorts, who clothe themselves with curses in a deficiency of other garments, perhaps, seem to take possession of the streets and hold it till morning, making sleep impossible to all within hearing—say within the radius of a mile. Certainly it would not cost a very gigantic sum to maintain a police sufficient to enforce some quiet and order, or to drown excessively noisy individuals, if necessary, in the nearest spring.

In the main, I'm not vindictive, but I must confess to a pious satisfaction in simply seeing, or rather hearing, Mr. Harrington clubbed. To have done the clubbing myself (provided it were attended with little personal discomfort and no danger at all,) I'd have given—not an eye, perhaps, but certainly a tooth, a wisdom tooth at that, one which, after inflicting upon me all the wretchedness which invariably comes with every accession of wisdom, now quietly reposes, along with keys that won't fit anything, worn-out hair-pins, crooked carpet tacks, and other sundries of no value to any one except the owner, in a bureau drawer, where it can't hurt even him. Saratoga must put its shoulder to the wheel in some things, and not rely wholly on "the waters" for turning it, or those who now come here under protest will not come at all.

When I state that availing one's self of the pleasant drives about Saratoga is made a perilous pleasure by the state of the bridges, I state a fact the shamefulness of which is only equaled by its truth. Fault-finding is not my forte, and I had much rather praise; but looking for some show of public spirit in Saratoga to mention, I can only say that I do believe they bury their dead.

CHAPTER XXIX.

COMMODORE VANDERBILT AS A DANGEROUS INVALID AND WHAT
AILED HIM.

ONE night while the skeleton hand of Time on the dial of that remarkable clock in the Grand Union office was indicating 1 in the morning, the real hour being 11:30 of the night, a telegram from *The Great Moral Organ* office, stating that it was rumored in New York that Commodore Vanderbilt was dying, and requesting me to ascertain if such was the fact, roused me from a blissful slumber, superinduced by the third reading of one of my own articles, and sent me out into the night. Meeting several disconsolate looking gentlemen whom I knew as concomitants of the Commodore, I inquired was he dying? was he sick? was he "dangerous?"

They replied that they had found him decidedly "dangerous" that evening, as there was not a dollar left among them. Since eight o'clock they had been playing "point euchre" with the Commodore and had just left the card-table; if dying now, they felt pretty certain that he'd go to heaven prepared to order it up and play it alone every time if he held the same hand as when they left him. If he was a sick man, they never wished to play again with an invalid. So I telegraphed the substance of the conversation and went back to bed.

Next day I saw that stocks went off. And if any one wishes to make me believe that this was in consequence of a

general belief in the Commodore's critical illness, that man will have to start in very early in the morning and talk to me pretty well along into the night—until I give in from sheer exhaustion, in fact.

That these stories are started by the "bears" is a very ingenious theory, but focus it down under a powerful glass and you will find it remarkably thin. If stocks showed a disposition to slide off without any excuse for it, small holders would sell and save themselves. But just start some rumor—some absurd story that carries falsehood on its face—and the innocent believer in the great future of the country and himself will hang on to his holdings till they go down considerably below the center of gravity, in the confident conclusion, begotten of the inductive process of reasoning, that when the story is disproved—as it must be on the morrow—his stocks will go up again to unprecedented figures.

There was a time when I believed that "Jay Gould" was always selling, and that the "Vanderbilt party" did nothing but buy. But at this bald-headed period of my existence I retire at times into the depths of my inner consciousness, to ask where all the long stock comes from. For instance, if Gould and his myrmidons did nothing but sell Western Union stock of which they were not the proud possessors, and the Commodore and his friends did nothing but buy, large as the stock of that company is, in the course of a year or two there'd be a scarcity of it. But there generally seems enough of them all to go round, unless a "corner" is developed, and then the result invariably is that those who engineer it get hoisted worst of all. I have an ardent admiration for Commodore Vanderbilt and those who are in his close confidence, but I do think that occasionally they all of them are willing to spare a few of their securities to friends.

"Points" are good in their way, but in the everyday business of life one business man does not urge another to buy a thing unless he has some of it to sell. My astonishment has been moved on several occasions when I discovered that the great operators of Wall Street never let on about the value of a stock till it has gone up ten or twenty per cent., and is sell-

ing somewhere near what it's worth. There is no reason, however, that they should do other than they do, if you sit down and study human nature by the light of a tallow candle for a minute or two. Who supposes, for instance, that Commodore Vanderbilt, or Mr. John Tracy, or Mr. Russell Sage, or Jay Gould, started out in life with the laudable aim of making all of their friends rich and ending their own existences in respectable poor-houses? But if they each and all told their friends when they bought stocks, and also confided to them the precise time at which they thought it best to begin selling, other men than themselves would be riding in their carriages now. You can just bet, for instance, that I wouldn't be walking. Great complaint is made because these noble and unselfish operators "sell out on their friends"—but on whom else could they sell out? who else could be persuaded to buy?

Mr. Russell Sage, to point my meaning exactly, would find it rather difficult to get Commodore Vanderbilt to buy much St. Paul Common above sixty; their intimacy does not stand upon that basis nor cipher up to that exact figure. But a friend who was starting for Europe on a pleasure trip, and who had a praiseworthy ambition to make his expenses by a flyer in speculation, might very easily be tempted to invest. They are nice men—these railway magnates—all of them, unselfish in motive and honest in purpose, and I'd trust any one of them in the room where I keep my greenbacks, without counting the money, if I knew how much there was in the chest and were sitting down on it with symptoms of small-pox visible about me. But for all my confidence in them, I'm not swift to act on the friendly hints they drop—not so swift as formerly, I mean. For I notice they're all rich, and yet I never knew them to do any work beyond buying and selling the property, with the control of which they have contrived to become intrusted.

Were I parabolically inclined I could here to you a parable relate of a certain man who went down to Jericho and fell among thieves, who robbed him of his money and took from him his clothing, all but his shirt. And fellows from

Jericho proper and the suburbs went whistling by him, intent on minding their own business, and not caring much whether school kept or not; but one chap crossed over and said he was a Good Samaritan, whereupon the unfortunate wayfarer told his sad story, which the Good Samaritan heard through with tears, remarking at its close, in sympathetic tones:—

“And they left you nothing but your shirt?” adding, when assured that this was about the size of it, “Then I guess I’ll take that,” and immediately started off for Joppa with it.

And there was another certain, or perhaps I should say uncertain, man, who was possessed of several unclean stocks, and who cleaned himself of them on the advice of a great and good railroad president of the period, loading himself up instead with the stock which this great and good railroad president was supposed to manipulate and control. And verily, if you will believe me, the last state of that man was worse than the first, and far better would it have been for him had he held manfully on to his original seven devils, for the last one was the worst in the deck, and didn’t leave hide, hoof, or hair of the poor fellow who went long of him!

There is a deal said of the difference between these railway men, but consider them botanically, and you’ll find that a streak of pretty much the same muchness runs through them—that they’re all tarred with the same stick. Jay Gould robs the Erie road by taking the money in one way on some pretext; Horace Clark gets control of Lake Shore and at once declares a scrip dividend of ten million dollars to be divided between himself and his friends, immediately after bonding the road for six million dollars on top of its old bonded indebtedness, to complete necessary improvements. What odds does it make whether you take money out of stockholders’ pockets direct, or sit a few rods off and pump it out by an ingenious application of levers and the Archimedeian screw, so long as you get it and leave them dry?

Some day this will all be changed, perhaps. Those who run railroads may come to run them in the interest of the prop-

erty, and not in that of their individual stock speculations; but my hope is that the baby just born may live to see that day, and that no more may be born in the interval. A fulfillment of this hope would assure me some chance to sleep in this house o' nights, and guarantee one baby a good living at the least. In the interim, as there seems to be no prospect of a law ever being enacted which shall forbid the officers of railway corporations from playing with shares and shoving them about the board as though they were but poker chips, and represented no intrinsic values, if the general public would but withdraw from a game in which all the throwing is done by one side, and by the side that makes the boxes and loads the dice at that, permitting the various presidents and directors to thimble-rig entirely among themselves, the evil would soon be remedied. They would soon tire of building unnecessary additions to a road and paying themselves in stock of the road at enormous individual profit if they had no one to sell that stock to.

For my part, I've made up my mind to play no game where I myself can't get a shuffle, cut, and deal occasionally, and ring for new cards, if a suspicion crosses me that there's something wrong about the old pack. But let this justice be done to the Commodore; his efforts have always been directed to the appreciation of the property he represents, never to its depreciation. The consequence is that a rumor of his death causes a drop in the shares with which he is connected. And of what other railway president or director can this be said? Running over the list hurriedly, I cannot think of a single one—not a prominent name occurs to me the blotting out of which would not be beneficial to the property represented. Should a kind Providence reach for Tracy or snatch Sage from his sphere of earthly usefulness, do you not think that Rock Island would become a rocket, and St. Paul take rank among the elect?

Sometimes "the waters" work this way on me, and I write square facts from Saratoga, instead of standing on my head and exhibiting my iron pan for the popular amusement.

CHAPTER XXX.

WHICH IS MERELY AN ENDEAVOR TO PAY A MODEST TRIBUTE TO
HONEST WORTH.

PASSING Congress Hall last Sunday, I noticed Daniel
Drew, that fine old

“Pagan, suckled on a creed outworn,”

sitting on the piazza. I like Daniel. There is a methodism in his madness that pleases me. He is one of the few men on whom you can rely when they give you points. Some men are remarkably uncertain but when Daniel tells you a thing you may depend that it isn't so. The church bells were ringing, and the devout were hastening to their respective pews, anxious to get the customary nap well over before the services ended. But Daniel joined not the throng. There was a look of thought on his weazened, wrinkled face, and I wondered what was the subject of his self-communings. An additional ell to the “Institoot” at Madison, or some gigantic *coup* in the street? On this quiet Sunday morning what was uppermost, in the old man's mind, think you, God or Mammon? Possibly, gammon. Came he here to purge himself clear of “Quicksilver,” or get “Waybosh” out of his blood? I am told he shuddered when the room clerk proposed to put him in a “North-West Corner,” and turned appealingly to Southgate for an apartment in that wing. All he wanted, he said, was a little a-erie, and he was willing to bury all old issues.

Oh, Daniel, Daniel! though many a time and oft the thread of my financial plans has been severed by those fatal “sheers”

of yours (only comparable to the ones of Atropos,) still is my pity stirred in your behalf. Trembling on the edge of the tomb, and liable to topple over into it ere your mercury rises much, my prayer is that the Quicksilver which you will undoubtedly carry with you may not then go up so suddenly as to be wholly beyond your control. For, if you could not succeed in keeping it down occasionally, what an unhappy demon you would be.

Oh, Daniel, Daniel! in the red *dies iræ* which flares for us all in the future, will it not be better for the far-seeing Feejeean who salted down a lean missionary against a coming famine, than for thee who so often hast salted the pillars of thy church, plastered the preachers in their very pulpits, so to speak, with "s'cureties," which in the end proved ashen and unsatisfactory as the apples of Sodom? But sit you there in the door of Congress Hall, with that kindly eye and enticing smile which did once beguile my youthful fancy, my Daniel; sit you there so long as you please, but your wrinkles will multiply beyond the power of figures to compute if you wait for me to come within reach of your feelers. Possibly, in the world whither we are both hastening—you with a start, which in this case I'm willing you should have—possibly in that world you may tempt me to fly across the gulf and exchange the "crown upon my forehead, and the harp within my hand" for a few of the miscellaneous securities which you will probably take along; but on earth you get me by the gills never again.

Last summer I tuned up my earthly harp in Daniel's commemoration, and thus the strings did vibrate.

"THE LAY OF THE LABORER."

It was a long lank Jerseyman,
And he stoppeth one of two :
"I aint acquaint in these here parts ;
I'm lookin' for Dan'l Drew.

I'm a lab'rer in the Vinnard ;
My callin' I pursue
At the Institoot at Madison
That was built by Dan'l Drew.

I'm a lab'rer in the Vinnard;
My worldly wants are few;
But I want some pints on these here sheers—
I'm a lookin' for Dan'l Drew."

Again I saw that Laborer,
Corner of Wall and New;
He was looking for a ferry-boat
And not for Daniel Drew.

Upon his back he wore a sack
Inscribed, "Preferred Qu."*
Some "Canton" scrip was in his grip—
A little "Wabash" too.

He plain was "long" of much "R. I."—
Not "short" of Bourbon new.
There was never another laborer
Got just such "pints" from Drew.

At the ferry gate I saw him late,
His white cravat askew,
A paying his fare with a registered share
Of that "Preferred Qu."

And these words came back, from the Hackensack,
"If you want to gamble a few,
Just get in your paw, at a game of *Draw*,
But don't take a hand at *Drew*!"

* If the reader will pronounce "Qu." queue-you, he will preserve the rhythm and confer a favor on the author.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A LAY OF LADIES LOVE AND DRU-ERIE.

THE following verses were written in 1868, when the contests between the revered Mr. Drew and Commodore Vanderbilt for the control of the Erie Railroad, and between the Rev. Drs. Tyng, Stubbs, and Boggs, for the control of the Episcopalian Church, were at their height. They never riveted the public attention so firmly as one of my aunts thought they should, and I seize the present opportunity of giving them another show for it.

VORATIUS.

CORNELIUS, the Great Cornerer,
A solemn oath he swore,
That in his trowsers pockets he
Would put one railroad more:
And when he swears, he means it—
The stout old Commodore.

Words have a certain weightiness
That strikes one of a heap,
When dropped by men whose early home
Has been upon the deep—
With so much saltiness in their speech,
Their oaths are sure to keep.

It serves him well, the Commodore,
His battling with the breeze:
Knowing the ropes, he takes and swings
The biggest Line with ease—
As one should do who all his life
Has been upon the Seize.

Not following now the seas, instead
You see him behind Bays ;
'Tis said he always holds a pair ;
And no one him gainsays—
Being on stocks, 'tis plain that he
Must have his way and Ways.

Each, every inch a railroad man,
In not a line awry,
His arms are railway branches,
His feet are termini—
If you doubt me, there are his tracks
To witness if I lie !

He was the Hudson River's bed.
The Harlem's bed and Board ;
The Central's, too—whose cattle-pen
Is stronger than a sword :
His pockets were the tunnels
Through which these railways roared.

Such share of shares were quite enough
To serve a common mind,
But not the stout old Commodore's—
He for an Eyrie pined :
As though he were the Eagle bird—
By chance—or had the Blind.

But brooding o'er the Erie sat—
A brother bird of pray,
A bird that, feathering his nest,
Affirmed by yea and nay,
Before he'd budge he'd see them all,
Much further than I'll say.

Said he unto the Commodore :
“ Your bark is on the sea,
But do not steer for Erie's ile,
Since that's been struck by me.
Go, man of sin, and leave me here
To my Theology ! ”

The dearest ties on earth to some
Are plainly railroad ties ;
So little wonder that he spoke
In anger and surprise—
Tears would not flow ; the Commodore,
It seems, had dammed his eyes.

“When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug—”
 Which is all wrong you know;
 Unfriendly fires burn fast enough
 Without the help of tow,
 Especially when Coke is on,
 And several lawyers blow.

Such “Eerie” sights, such “Eerie” sounds
 Came from this Erie crew,
 It seemed, indeed, a den of Lines
 Prepared for Daniel—Drew!
 Not strange that he at last resolved
 To make his own ado.

Fleeing from jars—perhaps the jug—
 He looked to foreign lands,
 And to his brethren said:—“Arise,
 These Bonds put off our hands;
 We will into New Jersey, where
 My Seminary stands.

“There, in that benefice of Bogs,
 Of stocks and Stubbs and fen,
 Directors—if not rectors—we’ll
 Be all Tyngs to all men—
 They’ll strain their canon some, I think,
 If they would reach us then!”

’Twas thus that Daniel’s bark—and bite—
 Came on the Jersey shore:
 He can not cross, since in his face
 Is slammed the Commodore:
 There he must bide his time and tide—
 Tied till the row is o’er.

The gage of war has been thrown down,
 A broad-gauge—broad and free—
 And taken up—the Commodore,
 A gauger is, per sea:
 Cries Drew:—“He only wants to get
 The weather-gage of me!”

’Tis plain that if, in this tournay—
 A l’outrance is the tilt—
 The Commodore should keep his seat
 And Daniel be the spilt,
 The latter must make tracks, but roads
 Will all be Vander built.

While if upon the other hand
The Commodore should fall,
He'll see that little backward time
Asked for by Mr. Ball—
In other words, he'd lose his age,
And Drew would have the call.

Just how the joust may terminate,
Nobody knows nor cares;
No need to ask how fares the fight—
They'll ask us for our fares,
And whiche'er side may win will plow
The public with its shares.

So we will sing, Long live the Ring,
And Daniel long live he,
May his High school confer on him
Exceeding high degree,
Doubling his D's until, indeed,
He is D—D., D—D!

As for the stout old Commodore
May he still rule the wave,
Yet never waive the Golden Rule,
E'en the odd trick to save:
If called to play the railway King,
May he ne'er play the knave.

This ends my lay, if either wins;
But if they both should fail—
I mean that if by any chance,
This struggle o'er a rail
Should end like the Kilkenny cat's,
You'll see another tail.

CHAPTER XXXII.

CHRONICLING THE END OF A LIFE AND THE END OF A SUMMER AT SARATOGA—A GLANCE AT BOTH ENDS.

THE festivities of Saratoga were rather rudely broken in upon the other evening. A gentleman, who had been taking his usual afternoon drive, dropped dead as he alighted from his carriage. Still, the dance went on after tea, and joy was as unconfined as though no coffin-lid were to be nailed down in the morning. The prevailing sentiment seems to be that it is unbecoming of Death thus to intrude on pleasure places. People come here to take a new lease of life—not to forfeit the old. But it is an unfortunate fact, that this gaunt guest enters at all doors, and frequently without knocking. You cannot even bar him out from the ball-room. When Mrs. Flamingo last winter issued the cards for her grand party, Death was certainly not among the invited guests—but he came unbidden, and when the foreign Count, after the second quadrille, led the youngest daughter of the house to her seat, the grim intruder took her hand without asking the mother's leave, and whirled the poor girl, with the music of the dance yet floating in her ears, off to the silent halls where quadrilles are unknown. But, after all, there is no reason why festivities should be interrupted at one house because a funeral *cortège* is moving from the next. The world has been polking with the planets for some thousands of years, and all the while Death has made daily calls. Homilies on so trite a subject are vain and wearisome. Perhaps the best way when chills come over the heart, is to order more coals on the fire, mull a pint of Madeira, and so soften the terrors of the coming night.

Having said something about death at Saratoga, it were only fair to now say something about the dance. Thus far I have not happened upon hops, and have given balls the go-by completely. Yet they both enter very largely into watering-place life, and should not be ignored.

Hops, like the poor, we "have always with us." Every evening, and without exception, they are well attended—crowded—simply because no admission fee is required. The soul of the young man says to the maiden:—

"Will you come to the hop that is waiting for you,
And we'll dance the *deux temps* without paying a sou?"

Enact a tariff of twenty-five cents *per caput* for capering, and, depend upon it that Augustus would find it "too warm to dance," and propose to Laura Matilda to sit on the piazza and listen to the dulcet tones of an accordeon, played by a little girl, too diffident to pass round her ragged hat for contributions.

The balls are grander affairs, and it is necessary to attend these occasionally, even if it does cost a dollar or two, if one wants to see who 'tis brings all their good clothes with them. It would only be the right thing, probably, for me to describe some of the dresses worn on these occasions, but how can I? The heads of the sweet creatures alone rivet my attention—to their bodice my eyes never rove.

Last ball-evening many of the ladies had their heads powdered. I expected to hear, indeed, that some had theirs pulverized in the crush. As a general thing I don't like powder. A lady's head should be a magazine of useful knowledge, undoubtedly, but that is a different thing from being a powder magazine. Think of the danger if the lady happens to be bullet-headed and inclined to shoot off at a tangent! Dust can be thrown in masculine eyes in various ways without shaking it from the hair. No; I am opposed to powder on several heads, and on one head particularly—whose head I will not specify, as I do not wish to be blown up by the wearer. But as for head-dresses, the most be-

witching one of the season was worn by a young friend of mine last evening—a simple jasmine blossom lay like a pearl amid the shining braids of her dark brown hair. Oh, the faint, sweet smell of that jasmine flower! Its odor haunted my dreams that night—or rather the next day, for the village cock had told his salutation to the morn several times before anybody thought of going to bed.

Speaking of hair, on a memorable night, lately, while bending over the chair of a lady, she, by a sudden turn of her graceful head, switched her back hair into my eye, extinguishing its light for the time being. Unconscious of the mischief she had done, but noticing afterwards that I held my handkerchief to the optic in evident pain, she kindly asked whether I had a *cataract* in my eye. To which I replied “No,” but that I had just had a WATERFALL in it!

That’s the only joke I have thus far distinguished by a lettering different from the body of the text. But I’m proud of it!

If you wish to know my serious opinion as to what women should wear, after considerable deliberation I have determined that corn is the appropriate color for those who dress with an eye to the maizy. The “Frog” does very well for hops; watered silks are not inappropriate for ladies who desire to float gracefully through the dance; but for those who have an ambition to stalk it, believe me there’s nothing like corn.

Perhaps you think all of this isn’t pretty funny? Well, I seriously intended to be funny, but an accident happened last night which made it impossible for me to carry out that droll intention.

I slipped up and sprained my shoulder.

Had I slipped down, only the lower part of my body would have suffered. Is it possible for a man to be funny when his *os humerus* is dislocated? *Os humerus*, as every one should know, is the technical term for funny-bone, and how can a man be funny when that is out of joint?

If it heals by the “first intention,” perhaps I shall be able

to carry out my original intention, before I get through. If not, I shall claim a correspondent's vested right, and be as stupid as need be.

The first of September, always a "set day," is upon us, and with its advent guests go in clouds. The last days of August do considerable weeding, but it is reserved for this month to pull everything up by the roots. A good many still come, but in comparison to those who go they do not count for much, and the daily statements are "made up on declining averages." And there is an uncomfortable feeling on us who already are pluming our wings—a neat euphemism that for packing our trunks—and expecting every day to take flight.

Never before could I understand the disinclination of the aged to make new acquaintances. But I've a sense of it now. Most of the friends who have been with us all the summer are gone; the rest are soon going. And we are to be here such little time longer that it does not seem worth while to form new associations. A feeling of unrest is on us, and we prefer to sit quietly with the few friends who remain till the time comes for us to join the many who have gone. Perhaps nature so arranges it that when the time comes for us to go we are willing and even eager to leave.

In little more than two weeks the final breaking up will come. The music, lights, and guests will then be gone from the parlors; the carpets will be rolled away; the mouth of the grand piano will be sealed up like the vial of wrath it is, until some angel in tarletan or tulle opens it next summer; the bedrooms will be stripped, and the furniture agglomerated in promiscuous piles; the silver will be stored away in some place of safe deposit, along with the lace parasols, sun umbrellas and fans that have been picked up in the parlors; the darkies all will have vanished like pale ghosts, and the stranger can then enter the silent halls without being swooped upon by bell-boys bristling with whisk-brooms and a wild ambition to brush all the ten-cent stamps out of his clothes.

Saddest of all, the Ferguson flirtations will be at an end.

No more will that faithful *chaperone* of hers be obliged to pace the piazza and patrol the parlors with the unswerving fidelity of a Roman sentinel, listening to protestations in which she has no part, and which in her matronly heart she suspects to be more than half gammon. No more will hobledehoys have opportunity to suggest to you the possibility of climbing over the laps of two or three ladies when requested to move their chairs slightly and permit an escape from their unpleasant proximities. No more shall we gaze upon that wonderful English tourist who descends from the omnibus with his boots outside his trowsers and a veil wrapped round his hat, evidently under the impression that he is lighting on a swamp or a prairie, and ready for either or both.

For the season is near its end, so near as to suggest the advisability of getting up a "consolation stake for beaten maidens." They always do this when a race-meeting is about to close, and surely something should be done for the poor fillies who have made the best running in their power this year, but have nothing to show for it. A season or two more and they'll be down on the programme as "aged," and then—but my pen refuses to picture further. Think not that I blame the "beaten maidens." For in my heart of hearts I know how the poor creatures are handicapped and jockeyed. The track seems fair and level enough, but they're not permitted to make the running in their own way. So many other considerations are forced upon them, so hampered are they by instructions, that 'tis little wonder they score for season after season without getting what is thought a good start, and go from meeting to meeting without winning a thing.

If people only knew it, September is the pleasantest month of the year to be at Saratoga or anywhere else. That there are fewer here in that month is one of the principal reasons which makes it more enjoyable, for better accommodations are to be had, and you are not jostled about and trodden under foot by the multitude. But the majority seem of a

different way of thinking, and generally begin to stampede with the coming of the cool delicious month. And now that the guests begin to thin out and business becomes less pressing, I suppose the proprietors of the principal hotels will go to writing certificates again of the skill with which their corns were cut by the champion corn-cutter of the village. For these certificates of theirs, written in the early spring, probably, when business was dull, are the most displayed articles that strike your eye on opening local papers at the breakfast-table.*

Lander's Band gave a serenade in front of the Grand Union last Monday evening. It was not meant for me, (though an impression that it was caused my pulses to madly throb when they first began,) but for Mrs. Blinser. And when that lady appeared at the window in magnificent toilette and waved a forty-inch fan in graceful acknowledgment of the compliment, I was glad that I restrained myself from rushing forward to return thanks at the first blast, and resolved never again, so long as I live, to jump at a conclusion hurriedly.

After opening and shutting her fan three times, which in the language of that flirting facility means "you are not disagreeable to me, and may call again," Mrs. B. retired.

*Since corn-curers are looming up as public benefactors, I'll furnish a prescription that will cure the worst corn going, if it be faithfully followed, and I don't want a certificate from the cured, either. A ten cent stamp will do for me, if grateful convalescents insist on sending something. Listen. Pare all around the corn with a very sharp knife, and be careful to draw no blood. (It is better to soften the corn somewhat with warm water before beginning to operate.) Prepare a salve of pure white wax, mutton tallow, and resin, in about equal parts, and anoint the corn well with this at intervals during the day. On retiring to bed at night, draw the thumb of an old kid glove over the troubled toe, cutting a hole in it sufficiently large to permit the corn to protrude. Tie a piece of black silk thread carefully round the corn. Now wrap the toe well up in a strip of red flannel, saturated with a mixture of turpentine and sweet oil in equal proportions. Then amputate the toe below the first joint, and if you set it on fire your corn will disappear at once. Or, if you throw the corn out of the window, toe and all, and Appleton's dog comes along and thinks he has got a good thing and chokes in endeavoring to swallow it, that is his misfortune and not your fault, and two nuisances are got well rid of at once.

In compliance with a call, Mr. Blinser then stepped out on the balcony. He was not so well dressed as his wife, nor so much; looking back at it now I can only remember one thing that he wore, and that had a ruffle on it. But he seemed perfectly at home for all that. Laying his hand on his heart he began by addressing the band as "fellow-citizens," at which there were cries of "hear, hear!" He said that unaccustomed as he was to public speaking, especially at that hour of the night, with so little on him, and standing on a balcony, which had not a southern exposure at that, his remarks would be chiefly remarkable for brevity. If they would permit him to retire a moment for his trowsers he thought he could say more. (Cries of "no, no!") Then he would go on as he was, but they must pardon all shortcomings; his garment would have showed better for length had it ever occurred to him that such a contingency as the present could arise; if they would kindly consider it merely as a make-shift for this occasion only, he would have it extended, amplified, and generally brought to bear more resemblance to a Roman toga before he had again the pleasure of addressing the distinguished citizens he saw before him. (Cries of "Don't, don't," and "Perish the thought," from the dowagers on the first floor.)

In conclusion he would only say that he had endeavored to make it warm and comfortable for everybody during the summer. If any one had got off without paying five dollars a day, or a single extra had been omitted in making out a bill, the mistake was not intentional, would be remedied at once if pointed out. Only one thing troubled him in this moment, a moment which bore a melancholy resemblance to his last. A distinguished journalist had resided beneath the roof of the Grand Union Hotel during the summer—immediately beneath the roof, he might say. This journalist had worked faithfully in the interests of his profession, and beside seldom or never missing a meal, he could not now remember that he had ever paid a cent or returned any of the pens or postage stamps he had borrowed at the office.

His influence on society had been good; his suggestions to Saratogians had been fraught with wisdom; and his labors to elevate the tone of *The Saratogian*, to improve the moral character of the editors, and persuade them to avoid the personalities in which they were unfortunately too prone to indulge, to leave Congress water alone, employ the services of a proof-reader, publish the truth in all instances, and shame the principal proprietor of the paper, had been herculean. That he had not and could not succeed was no fault of his.

Mr. Blinser then went on to say, at some length, that he regretted at this last moment that he had not given this distinguished journalist a more eligible (I think that was the word) suite of rooms, and sent him bottles of wine more frequently and of better quality. As for the lace parasol which the wife of this distinguished journalist lost, he really did not take it, though he was not sure that he did not then have on his feet some of the shoe leather lost at Congress Hall during his administration, and of which this journalist had complained. In conclusion he would simply say that if the distinguished fellow-citizens whom he had the honor of addressing wished a drink, he would advise them to patronize the bar of the Grand Union; he always drank there himself; and if they would just mention his name and pay for what they got, Mr. Case would supply them with all the liquor they wanted. He would say more on this auspicious occasion, but some one was pulling his garment from behind; he couldn't see who it was, but rather thought it was Mrs. B. And we all arrived at a similar conclusion, when Mr. Blinser suddenly disappeared backwards, kicking and struggling, and vociferating that his name was Harrington.

Having no further business in Saratoga, and being liable to leave at a moment's notice after this date, I have written for them to say—in event of any one appearing at the office of the *Great Moral Organ* with a club and asking for my address, that I am traveling for my health—which is feeble—and am not soon expected home. My summer at Saratoga is ended.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE PANIC AND HOW AND WHY IT CAME ABOUT.

IN despair and Massachusetts, I seat myself to promise that never again will I leave New York for any period of time, however brief ; something is sure to happen if I'm not there. After finishing Saratoga, it was clearly my duty to return to the city, but, yielding against my better judgment to the persuasion of friends, I prolonged my absence for a visit to Williamsburgh—one of the important commercial centres of Massachusetts—and a terrible panic was the result !

When I say that I saw this panic coming for three years before it came, I simply put on the robes of prophecy which every one reached for immediately that the event arrived. That I am not attiring myself in the popular sackcloth as well, is simply because I had been wearing mourning for some time back. All the Summer preceding the smash-up I did not converse with any “ eminent financier ”—another and longer way of spelling speculator—who did not see a panic cloud looming darkly in the distance, and did not declare an intention of not being caught out in the rain. But where were the umbrellas when the big drops began to fall ?

At no time, I suppose, did even the most sanguine operator for a continued rise in securities, believe that the thousands who were buying, bought for permanent investment. Each knew that his neighbor as well as himself bought simply to sell to some one else at an advanced price, and each intended in his own mind to be a little smarter than the other and get out first. Not a man was there among all the busy

buyers and sellers who did not fully understand that the last purchaser would come to grief, but the idea of being that unfortunate "last man," I venture to say, did not occur to one individual mind.

Impressed with a vague notion that if the many arrived at the conclusion that it was best to be getting out at about the same time, there might be a rush for it, and being besides a little lame, I thought I'd start first. So you see I only had the back part of my head taken off, for I kept running. How it got out that I deemed it wiser to unload at a loss I cannot imagine, but you see the result—a wide-spread sacrifice of securities, a disastrous panic. Sooner than have had this happen, however, I'd have consented to stay in and be ruined—for a consideration.

Looking back at it now, I don't know that I'd have got out if I hadn't had to get. Men addicted to the street are much like those who become habituated to loafing late in bar-rooms—they don't go till they're kicked out. My health failed me; the doctors prescribed quiet and rest; so I went to Saratoga.

Well, as I was saying, all knew this storm was coming. But I have yet to see the man who thought it was coming quite so soon or took in his lower sails, if he did his topsails. When it came or showed itself near at hand would be time enough to be dodging, they thought. And my father once had a horse in his stables, a fine, spirited creature, which I was fond of fooling around. The old gentleman warned me that he might kick, but I didn't thank him for that; of course he might kick—any horse might, for that matter. But I hadn't been round the stables when supposed to be at school for nothing. I had noticed that when a horse kicked he laid his ears back. So I waltzed around "John the Baptist"—that was the noble animal's name, though why so christened, unless because of his ability to kick a path through a wilderness I do not know—just as usual, and relied on a religious observation of his ears for safety. At the least dropping of that barometer I stood ready to jump.

One day, having business about his manger—business not wholly unconnected with a hen's nest—I approached by what may be designated as a flank movement, and requested him to stand over on the other side of the stall, as I wished to come in. That there might be no mistake about my meaning, I made it quite clear by pricking the flank most in my way gently with a pitchfork. But I was careful to watch his ears very carefully while making the request. Now, if you'll believe me, I didn't see his ears drop, neither did I see his hind quarters rise. But I did hear a boy about my size strike against the other side of the barn with a bang. And after an hour or two, when I had collected my scattered thoughts and picked up the jews-harps, and jack-knives, and green apples and stolen water-melons that the industrious animal had kicked out of me, and climbed up in the hay-loft for the double purpose of picking up the top of my head—which, according to all evidence of the senses, must have landed there—and getting a better view of what was going on down below, I remarked that that horse's ears were laid down on his back as flat as though a tailor's goose had lit on them.

But the warning did me very little good then. And when I went into the house and the old gentleman said that he told me so, and that it would only have served me right if the horse had kicked me into the middle of next week, I found no relief for my bursting bosom till I had emptied the red pepper cruet into the manger of "John the Baptist"—turning his clover hay into the very wildest kind of honey—and set him sneezing till those confounded ears of his stood up so stiff and straight that they raked forward like a jack-rabbit's. And I made up my mind then and there never again to let my liking for a brisk business bring me round anything the further end of which one has to watch to see what the nearer end is going to do, especially when that

—nearer one
Still, and a rearer one
Yet than the other,

has a way of lifting so quick and easy.

It is sound business judgment to avoid the vicinity of any animal whose skin is so short that he can't drop his ears without raising his heels, the more so if he happen to be so particularly lively that he can go through both motions at once. Further than this I don't know that there's any special point to my story. But I was a good deal hurt at the time, and my nose ever since has borne considerable resemblance to a badly turned pancake. It has been some satisfaction to feel that I am more familiar with the habits of the horse than I was before the accident happened, and if any one fishes a deeper moral out of my story, it will further gratify me to know that my nose was not flattened in vain.

For an explanation of the "panic" I do not think that it is necessary to look very far. If you have ever had hold of a young and growing dog, you must have noticed that nature keeps the skin a good deal bigger than the dog. You can take up the slack of the skin in your hands, put two or three reefs in it if you like, without pinching the dog at all. The matter with us is simply that our dog has grown so fast as to become too big for his skin—after stretching day after day, till it got to be as thin as tissue paper, it has finally burst. For several years the dog has been hide-bound. But I don't think he's dead, even now.

Our present currency was created and the amount fixed during the war, when it had only to float the North; since, it has had to swim the South as well. And while the amount in circulation has been lessened by the destruction of notes by fire, flood, and other accidents—a lessening which must amount to five or six per cent. of the total, though I do not remember to have heard this alluded to even by those who complain of "contraction"—as well as by the withdrawal of the legal-tender certificates, the values of everything which this currency represents, have doubled and trebled.

This is precisely as if, having launched a ship—or scow, if you please—we let a certain quantity of water into the canal where she lay, sufficient to float that ship or scow, and then, after shutting the gates against the admittance of any further floating

medium, proceeded to load the vessel down till her bottom settled in the mud. Plainly one of two things must be done—either let more water into the canal (that is, give more currency) or else dump the cargo and bring our ship back to drawing the same water she did in the first place. The cargo being really of value—that is to say, values having really increased, not only in this country, but the world over—more water would seem the easier way out of the dilemma.

I don't assume to teach my grandmother how to suck eggs, but that is how it looks to me. Had we a gold and silver circulation, the evil would right itself; money would flow in from other nations, but this relief is denied by the existing nature of things, the currency of the rest of the world being merely merchandise to us, and in reality only going to load our ship down deeper. Figure it what way you please, does it not amount to this in the end—less freight or more water? More skin or less dog?

Reasoning abstractly, indeed, there should never be a panic on a paper basis. One sells his securities—which are paper, the good ones paying interest—and what does he get? Simply paper which pays no interest at all. Having, after much trouble, succeeded in getting rid of an eight per cent. stock or bond at from fifty to eighty cents on the dollar, and got an awkward bundle of greenbacks instead, which carry no per cent., what are you to do with them? Put them in a bank, and the chances are that the directors will speculate with some, and the cashier clear out with what is left; lend them on bond and mortgage, and you find yourself embarked in the real estate business against your wish; take them home and sew them up in an old jacket, and your wife throws it out of the window, or trades it off with the ragman for a plaster-of-paris Ajax or a porcelain Magdalen. There's nothing for it, if you really want to be sure that you've got something under you, other than to contract the small-pox in the most convenient city car, and then sit down on your pocket-book.

I have spoken, and I have nothing more to say about it,

unless I make public an idea which just strikes me, as a copy of Boccaccio's *Decameron*—a book much praised by the classic critics, though I do not now remember to have ever seen it brought out for family reading—meets my eye on a neighboring shelf. When panics are raging, why would it not be a good idea for coteries of “bankers and brokers,” by way of diverting the mind and getting a little innocent amusement, to retire, say to Hoboken, with select companies of ladies, and tell broad—perhaps I should say Broad Street—stories till all's over? And certainly almost any “banker and broker”—no need to pick your man—could keep the sweetly flowing fund of anecdote going for a twelvemonth or more, without even a “momentary suspension.” And against the distress caused by the panic, set off the fact that, in effecting the closing of the Stock Exchange, if only for a few days, it aptly illustrated how “sweet are the uses of adversity.” Had it been closed never to be opened again, the blessing would have been cheaply enough purchased at the price of two panics.

I did intend to say something about the too great cultivation of corn the country over, and the too little attention that is given to raising hemp, but admonished that this has already been a pretty long heat, I will reserve my enthusiasm for another hot occasion, only lingering now to express my regret that the Commodore, Tracy, Sage, Gould—all, in short, whose “issues” have brought about the present issue—are not among the “bursted,” and to inquire, what on earth lamp-posts are for?

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE SCENERY OF WHICH LIES IN AND THROUGH MASSACHUSETTS,
WHERE THE TRAVELER FINDS A PROFUSION OF COBBLE STONES
BUT NOTHING TO DRINK.

ALTHOUGH conscious of the fact that there is no place worth dating from except Saratoga, and that there is nothing worth writing about except the panic, I yet make bold to approach you modestly from Northampton, for a moment, to whisper:—Last night I caught one!

This is how it happened:—Inspired with noble emulation by the example of journalists who have braved the horrors of steerage passages across the ocean and spent nights in jails and mad-houses that they might be enabled to inform the public just how these particular things worked, I embarked on a regular passenger car of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, instead of taking a drawing-room coach. According to all report, dirt and discomfort lay before us, but the distance was not great, and the interests of humanity beckoned me on. So I stepped up to the ticket office and paid my fare like a man, and then stepped aboard the car, prepared to be treated like a dog. An old traveler, like myself, does not mind this thing much, being used to it, but one does like to be treated like a decent dog, a dog that is accustomed to a tolerably clean kennel and is not so enthusiastically fond of the chase as to sniff with delight at finding himself in the vicinity of all sorts of small game.

Well, Paulina soon complained of being sleepy. So we made up a bed for her on a vacant seat, improvising a pillow from the cushion, and the child was presently slumbering in

blissful unconsciousness that the bedstead had not been cleaned once since the car was built, in the early part of the present century, and that all the surroundings generally were suspicious.

The contrast was noticeable when we switched off on the Boston and Albany Road; well lighted and well ventilated cars awaited us, smelling sweetly, as though every cushion was stuffed with the hair of some creature fed on clover hay; there was no smell of train-oil about the train. The chief drawback to human happiness on such roads is having to pay your fare; but, as the good minister remarked last Sunday, if one could travel through Massachusetts free, there'd be very little to look forward to in another world. Again, after making a landing, the trains go on without whistling, but as they are equally certain never to whistle without going on, one omission compensates for the other. And a beautiful country this road takes you through—beautiful to the poet's eye, I mean; less so, probably, to the practical farmer's, as the picturesque rocks and inaccessible hills by no means furnish what the bucolic mind might consider and call "a right smart chance for crops." One naturally concludes that the pastures are principally fenced around to keep cattle from getting in and starving to death.

The Berkshire hills are particularly picturesque, but even a Second Adventist would scarcely care to graze thereon. It is among these hills that the celebrated breed of Berkshire pigs originated—pigs of iron, metaphorically speaking, bred by the Bessemer process, steel-pointed, as pigs must be where the sterile rocks forbid anything to take root, and yet life resolves itself into a question of root or die. I never knew why big chunks of iron are called "pigs" until I saw a lot of them once in a "puddle."

If requested to pronounce upon Massachusetts geologically, I should say that it is chiefly remarkable for the profusion of cobble-stones and the scarcity of anything to drink along the road. The thirsty traveler looks for his glass of ale at the wayside inn in vain. The Massachusetts people among them-

selves, however, were not drinking much water—on account of the failure of the streams and the need of the mills, I suppose. Calling on the great manufacturers of Williamsburgh, I found it next to impossible to get a glass of water to cool one's parched tongue. On the first hint of thirst, you were requested to stand at the head of the stairs and hold a candle, while the host went stumbling down into an incomprehensible cellar, whence he would emerge with a demijohn of apple-jack under his arm and soft persuasion in his eye. As for getting a glass of water out of that woolen man, you might as well seek blood of a turnip; he never gives anything to his guests that he does not drink himself; he says water is utilized in his State. Wherever a stream of running water can be found to turn a wheel, to work they go and clap mills down along its borders. I fancy they'd seize upon a liquid flowing phrase even if it had sufficient force to turn a sentence.

This utilizing spoils the fishing. That no steps have been taken by sportsmen for the suppression of mills astonishes me, for, where once the lordly salmon and frisky trout abounded, you can now find nothing finny save now and then a sporadic eel. And the eel is not considered a game fish exactly, though in taking him you do rake down a pot occasionally.

Along the line of Massachusetts railroads, one thing is remarkable—the character of books which the train boy brings you. Trashy novels and pamphlet biographies of celebrated criminals flung rudely in your lap? No! he comes to you with Virgil, Tacitus, Shakespeare, Milton, "Liffith Lank," Herbert Spencer, "St. Twe'lmo," John Stuart Mill—good solid reading. And he converses with you about the books and tells you who wrote them. And I have not a doubt that by traveling over the Boston and Albany, and New Haven and Northampton Railroads for four or five years, and reading *The Springfield Republican* continually, a man would pick up about as much information as he could at college, and might eventually find himself able to answer all the questions that sociably inclined old ladies on the back seat ask him.

Lest my statement as to the character of books perused on the railroads of this State may be doubted, I wish now to affirm that, glancing over the shoulder of a young man sitting in front of me, in the hope that he might have a guide-book that I could get a chance to borrow, I found that he was whiling away the time with "Cæsar, Liber Secundus." Any assertion which I make in this solemn way at long intervals may be relied upon, for, esteeming truth as the most precious of all things, I have no idea of wasting it on an unappreciative public even in every other sentence.

Not finding it possible to obtain so much as a glass of lager along the road, and inferring that while in the state of Massachusetts Mrs. Paul and the baby and everybody else were sure to be in a state of blissful sobriety, you can judge of my surprise when, on arriving at the friend's whom we were to visit, we found our charming hostess in a state of distraction over the lateness of dinner—the reason being that the cook was drunk.

The conundrum at once occurred to me, Now, if that cook got drunk in Massachusetts, where there is no liquor to be had, what in the name of junk-bottles and bung-holes would she do in New York? If any human mind can grasp that problem, I would like an answer by return mail, for it has worn on me ever since. It grieved me, too, to find that away up here among the hills the servant question still asserted itself as a vexatious one.

At Riverdale, while house keeping, we were never happy; if Appleton's dog wasn't bothering us, the girls were. While a single man I submitted patiently to the worriment entailed by endeavoring to find a good girl, but having passed the rubicon—solved the ruby conundrum, one might say—it seemed to me that all trouble about girls should be over. But no; even now, when we had taken unto ourselves the wings of the morning train, and flown unto the uttermost corners of Massachusetts, a similar trouble confronted us. Here, as with us, the "domestics" are all foreign, which is why they are called domestics, I suppose.

Country girls are ready enough to work in the mills, but housework—no! And yet housework pays better than milling. When this cook of our friend's folded up her dish-cloths like an Arab's turban, and quietly stole away with all the spare towels she could get hold of, our host took one of the spinning jennies out of his mill and put her into the kitchen, but she would only consent to stay there till another cook could be had, though fully competent for the exalted position.

For my part, wearied of this foreign intervention in domestic affairs, I have determined to strike out a new path in the wilderness of "girls," if ever again housekeeping happens to us. I say to my wife—which is quite equivalent to saying it to the world at large:—

I will take some savage woman, she shall fill my Bridget's place.
She shall scrub the kitchen area, she shall wash the baby's face.

Supple sinewed, double jointed, she shall leap and she shall run.
Chase the milkman, cook the dinner, hang the washing in the sun.

With intelligence offices I have done forever. If my savage woman goes back on me, then I'll give up housekeeping, and go and live around among my relatives. That is cheaper and not much worse than boarding.

Looking back at it now, I do not remember, with all our experimenting, to have ever had a single girl who turned out all that fancy painted her or the exigencies of the situation required. One would have suited us exactly if it had not been for a parlor organ. Neat and tidy in appearance, well-mannered, up in the catechism of cooking she was, and I could read her title clear to competence in all respects in the very best of references. Mrs. Paul engaged her at once, and she and her trunk were to come early the next morning.

"Mercy on me what a trunk!" said Mrs. Paul when the drayman drew up under the window and Maria descended from a box as big as a dinner-table, on which she rode in state.

"One thing I forgot to say to you, mum," said Maria on entering the presence; "I hope you don't object to music,

for I always carry my parlor organ with me wherever I go. I've been taking lessons rather better than a year, now, and they say I'm getting on. Oh, you needn't be afraid, mum"—seeing a look of doubt and perplexity cross Mrs. Paul's face—"you needn't be afraid; I don't play any light, frivolous airs, nothing but sacred music, mum, and I only want three hours a day to practice."

Alas, Maria's stay in the house was brief, and the parlor organ never crossed the threshold.

These little villages that snuggle down under the shelter of the Massachusetts hills are charming retreats, but I do not know that I should care to spend more than five years of life at a time in any one of them. And as for being retreats, I'm not so sure of that, come to think about it. You stand out in pretty bold relief if you are a resident, still more so if you are a visitor. For instance, there was an engaged couple in the village where I visited—not natives to the manner born, but city swells, on a visit to relatives. Very few of the villagers were ignorant of what was going on. When the young man walked out with his sweetheart, it must have been particularly gratifying for him to see himself pointed out by one urchin to another with:—

"I say, Bill, you see that there fellow without no hinge in his back; he's goin' to marry that there gal."

When the thing first began there was later sitting up than usual, naturally. And one of the old ladies stepped in one morning, sniffing suspiciously:—

"I say, there ain't no one sick in this here house or nothin', is there? I seen a light burnin' nigh onto twelve o'clock last night, but I don't smell no camphire nor nothin' round."

Northampton is a pleasant little place, of varied historical associations. The people are fond of playing "checkers," and only drink by medical prescription. One day I met an invalid wandering round the streets. In reply to my questions he said he was looking for a doctor; didn't think he was much sick, but felt as though he had better take something. He invited me to walk along with him. After

strolling about the town for the better part of the afternoon, we came to a store where an escutcheon bore the inscription "Todd's." The invalid stepped in and said he wanted one. The clerk leaned over the counter and said:—

"You want *what*?"

"A tod," said the invalid.

"Will an Index Rerum suit you?" said the clerk.

"If it's the square thing it will," said the invalid.

The clerk handed the thing down from a shelf, and it proved to be a square book. My friend had heard of *coccus indicus* as an ingredient in liquors, and evidently got Index Rerum mixed up with the other drug. The "Todds" of the sign turned out to be books by the late Rev. Dr. John Todd, who, from the number of his works, might, indeed have been christened le John Todd. But his "Index Rerum" is an excellent book for any man to have who ever has facts to arrange. And Mrs. Paul says it is handy to write down household recipes in.

Well, as I was saying, I caught one last night!

As already explained, we had been traveling on the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. cars, which we took at Saratoga, and were to leave at Albany; it seemed impossible that any damaging *aphides* could be acquired by us in that time and at the rate of speed at which the cars ran, for certainly it seemed that we ran too slow to catch anything.

Nevertheless, I caught one!

But the clock has just struck one, too, and the particulars of this remarkable catch must be deferred to another time, for I never allow the same thing to break my slumbers twice in succession. Nor should one be precipitate in spreading a story for many to read, even when the precipitate itself is red. On some hushed June day in the golden future perhaps I will narrate how we left Saratoga one morning, and came upon Toulouse the very same night. For, on coming to think about it, I believe there were *two* of them!

P. S. Alas, while preparing this chapter for my book I am saddened by the thought that Williamsburgh and its

pleasant sister hamlets, which I visited last fall, when these letters were written, have since been swept away, and the trail of death and desolation is over the fair valley. I should not have made a jest of the water had I thought it would work such woe. But the little stream that then trickled along behind the mills, a child could have forded at its deepest; I wondered how so small a volume could turn such huge wheels. And a terrible murder was once committed in a village where I resided—the deed was one of unusual atrocity. The perpetrator I knew very well, indeed, met him nearly every day. He had always seemed to me a peculiarly harmless and inoffensive man, weak, womanish,—anything but bloodthirsty. And when he stood revealed as a demon of ferocity and lust, a shudder came over me at the thought that this man, whom we all despised for an apparent feebleness of purpose, in reality carried within him all the while these dreadful possibilities. Somewhat so I feel now, when I think of that quiet, creeping, innocent-seeming little Mill River, whose power I held in such contempt, whose angered force I so little understood.

CHAPTER XXXV.

WHICH IS FRAUGHT WITH THE MOST REMARKABLE CONUNDRUM
THAT EVER FLASHED ACROSS THE HORIZON OF HUMANITY.

WHEN I prepared this paper for publication in the *Great Moral Organ*, it was with no intention of trespassing on the green pastures of the Evangelical Alliance, to whose uses those sacred columns were then chiefly devoted. I reveled therein too luxuriantly myself to even dream of disturbing the ecstasies of others. Without my regular allowance of a dozen columns in the morning, and as many after supper in the evening, when, resting my feet on the mantel-piece I settled myself for a good steady jolt along with the doctors, life would have become a burden to me, existence a mere thorn in the flesh.

One morning, I remember, looking for my ambrosia, as usual, I found it not, and my soul sank within me. "I would not live alway," I said, "I ask not to stay, in a world where such reading aint printed each day!" But turning over the page, and finding myself in a field of Free Religion, where one could browse comfortably and contentedly for an hour or two, a "bull movement" began in my being, so to speak, and I went cavorting through the columns, grazing on all sides and kicking up my heels like a speckled steer in a June cornfield. For it matters little to me what sort of reading I get, so it be but theological and there be plenty of it. Variety is the spice of life, and with orthodox dominies flailing a fellow on one side, and Frothinghammers pounding away at him on the other, if he do not stand straight between the two it is his own fault.

Let me here remark that since my visit to Northampton I have given a good deal of my time to Dr. Todd. And that of all his theological works, I like the *Index Rerum* best. It contains about all that any one positively knows about anything, and the pages being judiciously left blank one has an excellent chance to write in a little of what nobody knows. And if what the theologians do know and you and I don't know, good reader, would not make a pretty big book, I'm out in my reckoning.

But, as I was saying in the beginning of this deal, do not suspect me of intending to interrupt the session or to intrude upon it unseasonably; I have no desire to. I merely thought I'd look in and ask if any of the members, or indeed any one else, had ever heard the conundrum which brought me to Canandaigua, viz.:—"Why is New York State like the Holy Land?"

Canandaigua is an old place—one of the oldest places on record, in fact. It could not help arriving at this distinction, I imagine, since, being on the Auburn branch of the New York Central road, it naturally got to be pretty old before any one starting from the East could get out to it to settle. The Auburn State Prison is situated on this same branch, and the beginning of a convict's term of punishment is dated from the time he leaves Syracuse. This is only righteous, for traveling on the branch road is much worse than solitary confinement, and were the time between Syracuse and Auburn not taken into account, it would amount to a very considerable extension of the sentence. When St. Paul remarked, in his light way, that 'tis better to marry than to go to Auburn, he probably had some premonition of this branch road, or certainly he would have favored the alternative.

It is difficult to persuade the conductor to take you beyond Auburn, where the state prison happens to be located. On reaching that station, three or four brakemen poke their heads in at the doors and shout its name vociferously—this is the first sign of life and enterprise that you have noticed

about the train. If you sit still the conductor bestirs himself and approaches you, remarking pointedly :—

“This is Auburn, sir!”

If you receive the information unconcernedly and without manifesting any intention of getting off, he requests to see your ticket again, and on finding that it does not empower him to put you off, betrays considerable agitation and regret. When he passes you thereafter, you notice visible symptoms of trouble on his countenance; it is plain that he is debating with himself whether or not he is responsible if you escape. And the only thing that seems to solace him is the one fact, on which he falls back with the blissful serenity observable in a Christian who knows that the neighbor whose hens scratch up his green peas is not one of the elect, viz., that you must go where you're ticketed to, and cannot escape traveling on this branch road.

One of the greatest beauties of Canandaigua is the lake, at whose foot the village nestles. The main street, beginning on an elevation a mile or so back, leads down to this lake by a gentle slope, giving rise to the remark by some poet that “it begins in heaven and ends in a sheet of silver.”

Now it will be useless for any reader who may visit this village to attempt to impose this poetical idea as his own upon even the youngest of the young ladies, for all are familiar with it, and will quote it to you on the first opportunity which presents itself. If you desire to be original, however, the avenue is not entirely shut off, for the sky is occasionally mixed and the color of the lake changes constantly; giving you an opportunity at odd times to remark that the street looks as though it didn't begin anywhere in particular, and ended in a sheet of greenbacks. Or you can locate its beginning from the Orphan Asylum, situated on the crest of the hill, in the grounds of which you may see an orphan of ten frisking around in a coat and trowsers which were evidently constructed for, and probably bestowed in charity, by some orphan of fifty. On some days this lake is the brightest, most bewitching blue you can imagine;

another day it is not much bluer than the pure Orange County milk which one gets in the city.

Canandaigua, you must know, is noted for having produced the only temperance governor and the largest brewery ever known in the state. In this conjunction we have a striking exhibition of how one thing offsets another in communities. Good Gov. Clark circulates around among the old soakers in a benevolent way, telling them how it is written that they must not look upon the wine when it is red; and after listening attentively they borrow a few dollars of him to begin reformation on, and then go down to the brewery and get blind drunk on white beer.

One can live so cheaply and comfortably in the country that I wonder anybody ever lives in the city. At "Sonnenberg," for instance, they have all the conveniences, of a city house. Cherries, plums, pears, peaches, apples, and grapes, grow luxuriantly on every side and invite you to climb and eat—and "Robin," the dog, stands ready to grab you by the seat of the trousers if you do either. As for early vegetables, their quantity and quality surprise one when he knows that green peas do not actually cost the proprietor more than a cent or two apiece to grow. And of flowers there are sufficient to set up a half-dozen florists in trade and run their shops season in and season out. In one geranium bed there are 3,129 plants—if you think I lie about it, you are at perfect liberty to go out there and count them for yourself.

Then there is a nice roomy building for the moral drama and charades; and in another part of the grounds you find a billiard room and photographic gallery. The proprietor, by the way, has the reputation of being the best "dry photographer" in the United States, and I guess he is, for he photographs a good deal and never refuses to take a drink when Gov. Clark asks him. And if you will believe me—the cost of the whole thing was but little over \$100,000—\$125,000, perhaps.

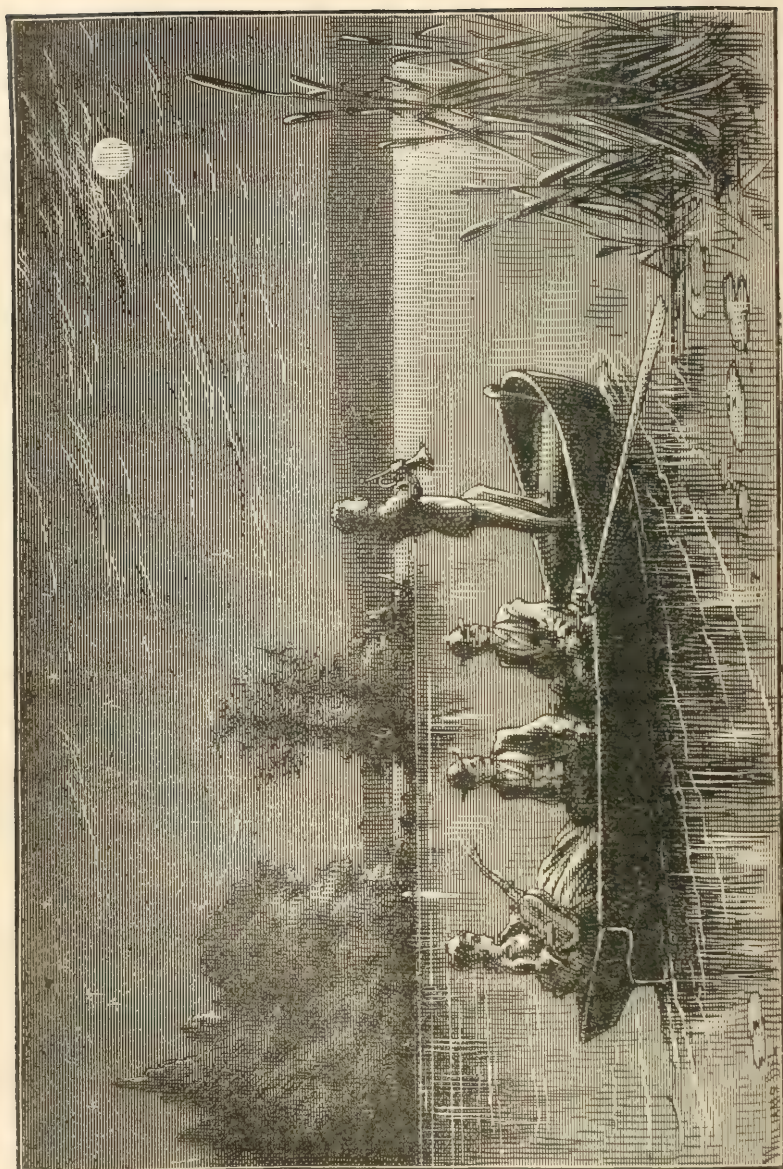
The idea of a crowded population living in tenement

houses, in small, hot, ill-ventilated rooms, when good, free breathing space and comparative comfort can be had, as I have just illustrated, in the country ! The idea is preposterous ! There cannot be more than a hundred acres attached to this little Cottage, and yet they very seldom have to send down to the city for vegetables, the neighbors generally having some to sell. And as for hay and oats for the horses, there are farmers in plenty near at hand who are quite willing—glad, I might almost say—to supply all such things at city prices.

The banks of Canandaigua Lake furnish some charming situations, and the residents of the village have sub-country seats, as 'twere, there. At these the most frugal simplicity prevails, and one learns how little is really necessary to happiness. "Pine Bank," an accessory after the fact to Sonnenberg, is a mere cabin, built of boards and containing a good many rooms, but unlathed, unplastered, unpainted, and uncarpeted. When the proprietor of the latter wishes to place himself and his guests face to face with nature and get a chance to practice on the French horn, he retreats to the former.

The preparations for migration are very simple ; furniture is already there in abundance ; it is only necessary to pack up sheets, blankets, table linen, china, silver and provisions, buy a steamboat, take the butler and two or three servants along, and the thing is done. The ride is a most enjoyable one, particularly in early October, when the maples are ablaze on the hill-sides, and the walnut trees putting on their fall yellow, glow like huge buttercups. Brilliant ivy crawling over the rocks now wreathes the tree trunks with living flame ; and all the varying colors, interspersed with the emerald of the evergreens, make a rarer piece of mosaic than ever human hand turned out. In the sparkling cascades that tumble down the cliffs, you have *rivières* of the purest water. Nature never errs in the arrangement of her necklaces and breastpins.

The shores of the lake abound with wild glens where



"THE MILLS WERE VOICELESS."

guests may stroll and climb and break their necks at their leisure. I remember one spot where any mother-in-law, with a single spark of romance in her nature, could be persuaded to walk unsuspectingly, and where she would get a sure fall of nearly a hundred feet. As the glen might be purchased reasonably, I suggest that a joint stock company be formed on the Tontine plan—for I believe it is by the Tontine system that the survivor alone is benefited. I will engineer the speculation in the general interests of humanity, and for a sufficient consideration will act as guide to the Fall.

Oh, the beauty of those moonlit evenings at Pine Bank, when we lashed "The Adirondack Boat" and "The Family Tub" together—two boats with but a single thwart—and floated over the water, our oars keeping time to the tinkling of the domestic guitar and the wild melody of the foreign horn. Still in the ear of memory runs "The Mill in the Valley":—

A golden ring she gave me,
And promised to be true;
I took the ring she gave me,
And pawned it with a Jew.

Or words to that effect. There are famous echoes on the lake, too. One evening Thompson piloted us to one; resting on our oars in mid-channel, he drew his horn from its case and sounded the various bugle calls. No response from the rocks. Another round. The hills were voiceless. Yet again. Not a sound from the shores.

"Surely this is just where the echo should be," remarked he, and blew a tremendous flourish. Never a note came back.

"W-h-y d-o-n-t y-o-u a-n-s-w-e-r?" he shouted, putting his hands to his lips like a speaking trumpet and hailing the banks.

"'Cause I'm a laying here for black ducks, and if you don't clear out with that cussed tin horn of yours, I'll slip a pint of shot into you!" was the return of the shore; and the

rushes began to move as though a boat were shoving out.

We returned to Pine Bank; but Thompson still insists that there's an echo there where he blew, if one can only hit the angles right.

Along the terraced shores of Canandaigua Lake, and especially at Naples—the village at its head—may be found the greatest fruit-growing country in New York State. Grapes, peaches, and pears are shipped in enormous quantities to all parts of the Union.

In conversation with a large fruit-grower (one of the Grangers,) I found that if he did not find it necessary to manufacture all the grapes which he raised into wine, for his own consumption, the yield of his vineyard was so immense that the annual profits to the acre would show a sum not falling far short of —, but I refuse to be betrayed into giving any useful information, agricultural or otherwise, in this writing. If any man, woman, or child ever derives many solid cubic inches of information from me, unless I set out with a distinct intention of imparting moral or agricultural instruction, I shall feel that I have dropped something I did not intend to. My only purpose in this instance was to demonstrate the beauties of country life and propound the conundrum, which left me breathless; and I now repeat:—

“Why is New York State like the Holy Land?”

I gave it up, on being informed that it was not because it had a crooked flew. Then they told me it was because it had a Canaan in it.

“But it has no Canaan in it,” I expostulated.

“No,” they said, “but it has a Canandaigua—and you can leave the ‘daigua’ off.”

If that conundrum is old, please remember that I brought it over the Auburn branch of the New York Central road. For all I know, some one else started off afoot with it. If I ever again get hold of a conundrum of that kind out at Canandaigua, I'll hire a mule team and bring it on at once, to make sure of freshness.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

IN WHICH THE AUTHOR APPEARS AS A BANKRUPT.

RETURNING home with the precious conundrum recited in the preceding chapter, we found it very pleasant, riding leisurely across the country, and reading about the panic. The foliage was just changing, and I called Mrs. Paul's attention to the lesson of the leaves, eliciting from her a quiet but sympathetic pressure of the hand, and the remark that she got a good many ideas about her fall dresses from them. Then I turned to the newspaper again, and rather enjoyed the details of the panic. For I was miles away from it. And I had nothing to lose, anyway, had it been next door. It did not seem possible that the panic could lessen my enjoyments or interfere with my comfort in the slightest degree, save and excepting as my sympathy would naturally be enlisted in behalf of suffering friends. But sympathy is something which I never withhold from those in trouble, whether they happen to be friends or not; there's nothing mean about me. I find, too, that one can go around shedding sympathy on all sides, for weeks at a time, without spending a cent or being at much personal inconvenience.

That I could be an actual loser by the panic never occurred to me; it didn't seem to be in the cards, so to speak. Well, on getting home I found nigh upon a bushel of bills rushed in on me. The butcher, the baker, and the candle-stick-maker, all wanted their accounts liquidated at once. Worst of all, my tailor, on whom I had confidently counted for a new suit of clothes, sent in a bill as long as your arm. In the ordinary course of events, this would not have come in

till the first of January, and in the meanwhile my credit would have been as good as anybody's. Looking at my position now, I don't see that it differed materially from that of a good many men engaged in larger businesses.* I could keep agoing as long as the tailor and my various other trade connections would trust me. It was only when they wanted their pay that I had to fail. They precipitated the evil by their senseless behavior. If the idiots had not sent in their bills I should still be trading with them—all would be going on smoothly.

A panic is simply a want of confidence, brought on by finding out that people are insolvent sooner than is convenient for them—sooner than they themselves had calculated on. So long as it is not known that they're insolvent, everything's lovely. If nobody wanted pay, there'd be no panics. This is a clearer proposition by far than the cognate one that a national debt is a national blessing. What use, then, in beating round the bush and devising long-winded plans for preventing panics? Just suppress the people who want their pay, and you hit the nail square on the head at once. If it were so arranged that everybody would give credit to everybody, that goods, instead of being sold on time, were sold on eternity, there'd be no panics, and financial waters would flow as rapidly and noiselessly as gravy over a clean tablecloth instead of with the gluck-gluck that comes when you try to get buttermilk out of a half-empty jug. Creditors always have been the most unreasonable of beings. No wonder that it is coming to be generally believed that they have no rights which anybody is bound to respect.

When I was in business some years ago at the West, there

* The proof-reader queries this word "businesses." It doesn't look quite right, come to turn it round and take in all its dips, spurs, and angles; but as Saratoga is too far away for me to consult Johnson's Dictionary very handily, I've concluded to let it go. We say 'tis singular when a man minds his own business; when he minds some one else's too is it not plural? Does that not make two businesses that he's busy with? Businesses—b-u-s-i-n-e-s-s-e-s—marry, 'tis not as wide as a church door, nor as deep as a well, nor as handsome as they sometimes make 'em, but 'twill serve.

came a crisis, and everybody suspended. I, too, hung up my harp among the willows—I had almost written it will owes; but humanity prevailed. A lumber merchant in Chicago, with whom I had some little deal, after writing numerous letters, to all of which I replied with scrupulous politeness, at last went to the expense of coming on to see me personally. He stepped into my office in an irate manner:—

“Mr. Paul, I must have the money. I owe a great deal, and my creditors are dunning me every day!”

“Very properly they may,” I replied; “why in thunder don’t you pay them?”

“Because other people won’t pay me,” he shouted, bringing his fist down on the table and making the inkstand jump.

“That is just the reason I don’t pay you,” I mildly made answer. He returned to Chicago convinced, if not satisfied, and I rather think got an idea in his head which was worth all the journey.

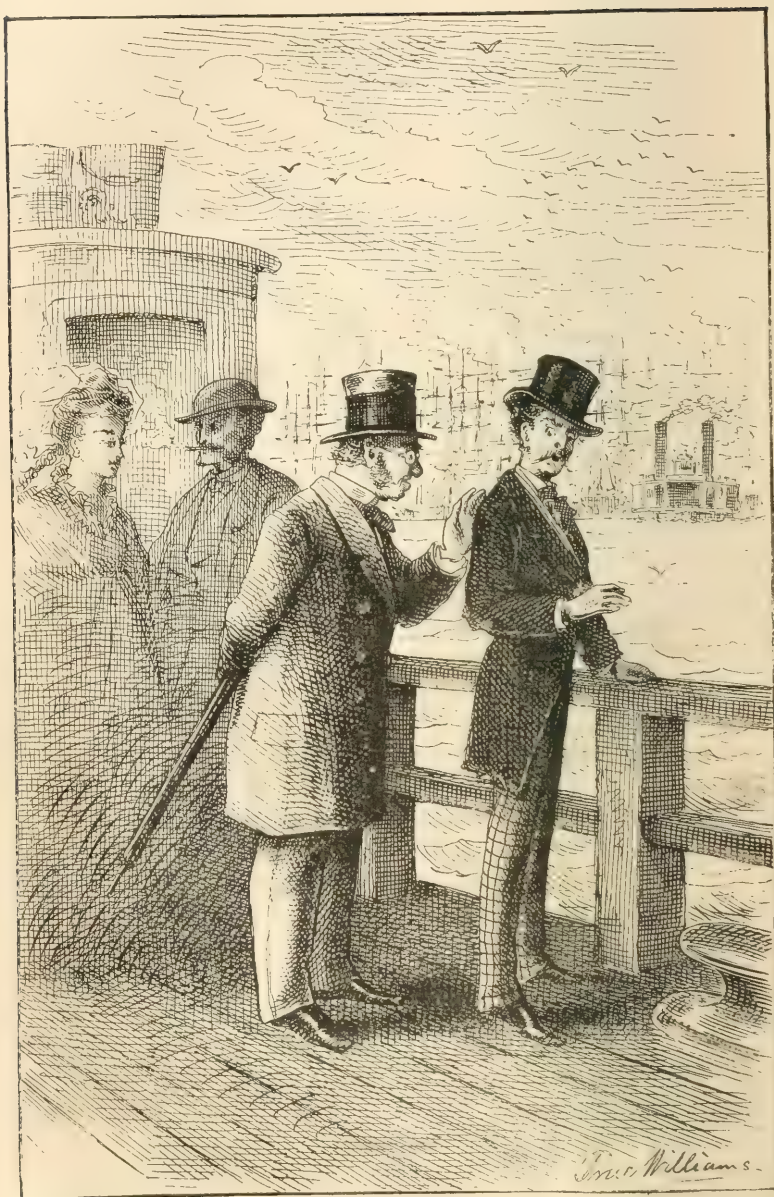
To return from this little digression, it sometimes occurs to me that perhaps too many are trying to be middle men. If I raised potatoes and another man raised corn, or I made hats and another man made boots, I could buy of him on credit, and he could buy of me on the same terms; and if my need of his goods about equaled his need of mine, and there were no difference in prices, it wouldn’t make much matter how long settling day was put off. But if I and another man try to make a living by trading jack-knives with each other, and run in debt all the while for our board and clothes, some one must suffer when accounts come to be handed in all round. Is it not about time that a good many gentlemen began to think seriously of going to work and doing something? For we can’t all be merchants and bankers and brokers and dealers in real estate. There’s a good deal of square work to be done about a country, and some one’s got to do it!

But it is not my intention to wade very deep into political economy just now. Some day, perhaps, I’ll strip myself for

it, and then you'll see what a great mind you've been fooling with all this while ; at this writing my business is with facts, and not with theories. As I was saying, though I had not been worth a cent for some years past, and had flattered myself that I could by no possibility lose by this crisis, the insatiable rabble "failed" me the very day that I arrived home.

What man or what men, what firm or what infirm, what individual or what nation, could stand a "run" if he or it had nothing to pay with? I ask this in trumpet tones. As a matter of course I had to fail. And I glory in it. That my creditors will get nothing causes me very little regret, for it was simply their absurd action that caused my suspension. And the losses which they brought to my door, the sacrifices entailed upon me by their stupidity, are direful. My credit would have been good for several months' wear and tear had they refrained from the fatal run. I lost by this panic a chinchilla overcoat, velvet trimmed, on which I counted to a certainty. As it was, I sent my linen duster to an obscure tailor in the suburbs to have a fur collar put to it for the winter ; and having heard that there is warmth in newspapers, that they make an excellent substitute for bed-clothes, I ordered it lined with supplements, so that when called to join the innumerable caravans that move on to the shadowy realms of Newspaper Square every morning, I might wrap the drapery of my Evangelical Alliance about me, slap a chip hat on my head, and sit me down in the silent horse-cars to scientific dreams!

These wretched moths! I was in sad need of a dress-coat, too. There was my old one on which I counted so confidently always, made nearly twenty-five years since, but again the correct thing by the rotations of fashion. I only wore it at weddings and funerals, and it spoke well for the habits of my friends that I had occasion for it but seldom. Hastily called on the other day to perform the last sad offices for a friend who was about going to that undiscovered country from which no bachelor returns, I got it out. The moths had eaten off one of the tails! Now I don't like dress-coats



AN OLD FRIEND.

and do not feel at ease in them. I have a feeling of being a sort of whittled down when I get one on,—you know what I mean, a feeling as though one had lost something. This coat in particular I didn't like, and had often wished it in a place quite the opposite of that where it is said that moths do not corrupt; but I was really vexed to find it ruined. Not so much for the value of the coat, understand, as because of the impossibility of getting another. By a tacit understanding with my tailor you see I was always expected to pay for the old suit before getting a new one. This enabled both parties to start in fresh, and gave me a little start. But this panic interfered with even the oldest financial arrangements.

You see that I date from Hoboken. The main reason for this is I am living in Hoboken. I sought these classic shades where the lively clatter of beer-glasses is only broken at midnight by a shrill shriek for the police, that I might be beyond the reach of the proud oppressor. And the first day I stepped on the ferry-boat, to bury myself in the bosom of my far and free home, I was confronted by my tailor! I never make advances to any one. If a man wishes to cultivate my acquaintance he must speak first. This tailor did.

"I sent you your bill some time since, Mr. Paul," he remarked. To which I replied that I was obliged to him for thinking of me; that I would do as much for him if ever opportunity offered.

But he pursued the conversation, and asked why I did not do anything about it.

"What would you have me do?" I asked, mildly but firmly, for it is always better to humor lunatics.

"Why, send the bill to be receipted," he said.

Now, did you ever hear such midsummer madness in mid-autumn? I looked upon him pityingly, not in scorn, understand, not in anger, for I am slow to wrath, as well as slow to pay; never allowing my naturally hasty temper to lead me to do anything so injudicious as paying quickly. And I remarked:—

"I will send you these breeches to be resealed, sir: these which I have on. If you look with a critical eye, you will notice that when the zephyr toys with the plain unvarnished tail of that coat which you pressed upon me in a moment of too happy confidence, breaches are revealed which need repair—the pair do. Sliding over the granite hills of Massachusetts, sitting on the beach of Canandaigua Lake where the pebbles principally have jagged edges, the teeth of the Sonnenberg dog—all have done their reprehensible work, sir. And these breeches stand more in need of receipting than does your bill, sir."

And I bowed and said good-morning to the gentleman. I never did like to be interviewed, and a minute is enough to give to any man; *ergo*, six seconds and six-ninths of a second enough to give to any tailor. He did not seem to half like what I said, but if there is anything in mental arithmetic, no blame attaches to my skirts; why did he "fail" a fellow? If he hadn't joined in the run he wouldn't have found out that he couldn't get his money and still would be reckoning my little bill among his good assets. And if the world had come to an end in the meanwhile he would have been happy to the end and just as well off now. But who would have thought of meeting his tailor on a Hoboken ferry-boat? Just my luck, though. And come to find out he lives in Hoboken. There are certain dispensations of Providence which it is useless to attempt to guard against unless one can resolutely make up his mind to live in Gowanus. I don't think any tailor with an adequate sense of what he owed to the community could bring himself to live there, no matter how much individual residents were owing him. And I am going to Gowanus.

You see, though, how I stand reverses. The clothes on which I counted for the winter were gone. But I did not despair. I was not disheartened, the story of Bruce and the spider was fresh in my recollection, and I was buoyed up by the hope that I might yet succeed in sticking some other tailor. Other men have met with reverses equal to mine,

time after time, yet have struggled on, and by persistently keeping one object in view have finally succeeded in getting a good living and died rolling in debt. I expect to resume and go on if I can only find other people who are willing to trust. On some street I have seen a sign,

G. D. HAPPY, TAILOR.

The idea occurred to me, Would that tailor be so G. D. Happy, if I transferred my trade to him? Only time can tell. In the meanwhile I set about trying to effect a "pooling" arrangement with some one who was perfectly able to pay for his clothes—and did. This idea I borrowed from the united action of banks that stood in a position not far removed from mine.

This may seem light and trifling on my part. But I have an object in view. I wish to make it plain to the public that I did not fail because I wanted to ; that no business mismanagement can be laid to my charge, insomuch as my suspension was only caused by the single fact that I happened to be owing a good deal more than I could pay ; that it was only a stupid, senseless, idiotic, chowder-headed, and wholly absurd "run" that broke me ; and that I mean to act honorably, and resume and go on, if I can find any new customers—if I can find any tradesmen who want a new customer, I mean.

They told me down town that Commodore Vanderbilt, Russell Sage, Daniel Drew, Jay Gould, John Tracy—all the big "manipulators"—were nearly broken. I regretted to hear it. To know that they are not entirely so is a dash of bitterness in my cup, which I scarce think I deserved after all I have gone through on my own account. For years these noble representatives of the green board—if ever there was a green board it is certainly this Stock Exchange Board—have divided their time between "watering" and "milk-ing." Not satisfied with ruining the small operators of the

street, whose money has gone to feed their greed, they have ruined the roads under their control, multiplying stock and scrip while adding no real value to the property, until a doubling of the currency of the country would not meet the need made by their unwarranted issues.

The interests of stockholders have in no case been represented or cared for. Every road has been run as though Wall Street were its beginning and its terminus—as though nothing was to be carried by it but their own selfish ends. And if, after sowing so much wind and water, they at last reap the whirlwind and the deluge, who shall sympathize with them? who shall cry nay? To see their colossal hulls lying stranded on the same rocks where they have piloted and piled up little craft without number, I would cross from Hoboken or Brooklyn any day, and lunch at one of the down-town dairies!

It is usual to make Commodore Vanderbilt an exception, and speak praisefully of the manner in which his roads are run. How are they run? So as to produce large dividends on doubled and trebled stock, it is true, but at the expense of the country which they penetrate and the victims whom they stick. Commodore Vanderbilt's control of the Hudson River Railroad has set and kept Westchester County back twenty years. The residents along the line of his roads are considered by him simply as tributaries to his treasury. How the most may be gotten out of them and the least given in return is the sole problem which has agitated his venerable scalp for years.

In no respect does he keep his roads up to the requirements of the age. Cars, engines, and stations—the whole equipment of his vaunted properties—may generally be written down as a disgrace to civilization. As he ran steamships so runs he railroads. The line which of old he maintained—or rather forced the traveling public to maintain—between New York and Aspinwall had, for dirt and discomfort, but few parallels in the navies of the world, and is still remembered with hot curses by Californians. When he

at last gave his steamers up they were fit only to be broken up. And when Providence finally reaches for the Commodore, and he is summoned to go where the question of broad and narrow gauge will perhaps not be left wholly to his own option, it will be found, I apprehend, that the rolling stock of his roads needs nearly complete renewal.

If instead of doubling his stocks and doubling the dividends thereon he had met the requirements of the traveling public in some respects; given them cleanliness instead of filth, decency instead of the other thing, safe transportation instead of traveling made hazardous by niggardly economy in the matter of switch and signal men, established reasonable rates of commutation and convenient trains instead of charges and time-tables which have driven the proper population of New York State over into New Jersey—had he done all, aye, or any, a few even of these things, then might Commodore Vanderbilt be called, if not a railroad king, at least a railroad man, entitled to the esteem and good-will of other men.

As it is, he simply stands an example of avarice to be shunned, of selfishness to be execrated, and if by any of the righteous mutations of Fortune his wealth were to shrink and crumble into nothingness, so far from words of sympathy and commiseration falling upon his prehensile ears, even his satellites would turn contemptuous backs upon him, and join in the universal verdict that it but served him right.

For my part, I have never felt ready to accede very hearty admiration to, or hold up as a model for the rising youth of a Christian generation, a godless old man whose whole pursuit in life has been the advancement of self, irrespective of the woe which the consummation of his plans worked upon others. Nor have I ever felt it necessary to hand in my allegiance to the far-seeing business capacity which located a great freight depot a mile or two away from the water's edge and planted a gigantic passenger depot in a narrow and cramped space in the dwelling part of the city, against the remonstrance of thousands of property holders whose lives

and interests were thus imperiled. When the destruction of life which the red demons under his control have wrought, in consequence of his obstinacy in the location of that depot, is taken into account, I scarce think that I would care to assume the account, unless it showed more of a "credit balance" than I can now figure out for it.

We laugh periodically at the story of the Frenchman who went home one night and told his wife how he had doubled his fortune that day by simply marking up the goods which lay on his shelves. Yet we have witnessed this same remarkable method of increasing wealth go on, under our very eyes, for years past, without so much as a smile. It worked very well while the goods lay there and were counted in assets at prices marked, but now that an attempt has been made to sell them, there's a different look to it.

When goods come to be sacrificed under the hammer, it rather looks as though a trip-hammer were at work on them. And at the auction of the old pots, kettles and such, which formed the bulk of my estate, 'twas a trip-hammer indeed, for a trip out of the country became immediately imperative when the result was reached.

Do not think that I have no sympathy for those who failed. For I have. But my sympathy for the few is lost, whelmed, merged, in my sympathy for the many—the many who had money to lose. The widows, orphans, and confiding congregations, for instance, who invested their little all in the bonds of some chimerical railroad because they saw them advertised in religious papers, and the promoter of the enterprise was a church member in good standing; because it was demonstrated to them by specious advertisements with something approaching to Gospel solemnity and accuracy that the interest was greater than on Government bonds, and that the securities were equally safe; because a great, and good, and pious financial mind advised such investment—the selling out of their good 5-20s and the purchase of these damnable 11-44s!

When memory runs back to these advertisements, I think

of the placard outside the side-show of a circus, where a man stands at the door, and explains to the women and children that the outside picter is nothing to what they will see if they'll please step inside and revel in the sight of the Blessed Original, much larger than he's painted, a singin' psalms, likewise merry glees, and a performin' beautiful upon the 'arp.

I do not wish to be unkind nor unjust, but merely to demonstrate why my sympathy doesn't bubble up and gush out and gurgle forth and splutter over the few individuals who have lost money—that belongs to others. And now having let off a conscientious blast, I can retire to my virtuous couch and enjoy the sleep of the just, much relieved, like any other wind instrument.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

WHICH GOES WAY BACK TO BLACK FRIDAY.

THIS panic, which in addition to much other suffering precipitated the preceding chapter upon the human race, brings Black Friday—some of which I saw and much of which I rejoice to say I wasn't,—vividly to mind, and also affords an opportunity of working up a little old material, of which I at once avail myself. That there was a break in gold one memorable Friday, most men know; but the cause of the break has never been very generally understood. At this distance of time, and as I violate no confidence in unbosoming myself, there can be no impropriety in satisfying the public mind on that point.

The fact of it is, I threw *my* gold on the market. The bulls were not expecting this movement, neither were the bears,—neither was I, for that matter. But great men break out on extraordinary occasions without showing many premonitory symptoms.

It was very evident at an early hour, Friday morning, that something must be done. There sat Boutwell, at Washington, like a bump on a log, and wouldn't do a thing. I telegraphed him, and prepaid the dispatch. My telegram too, was endorsed by the men whose names are indispensable to the slightest movement of the metropolitan bowels. To be sure and get them right, I just cut a string from the prospectus of a new scheme for tunneling the Jersey marshes as the readiest means of securing quick transit to the upper end of New York, and pasted them on the back of my dispatch: W. M. Vermilye, Elliot C. Cowdin, Cyrus Field, Wm. But-

ler Duncan, Peter Cooper, S. L. M. Barlow, Sheppard Knapp, George Opdyke, etc. etc.; they were all there.

These prominent members of society joined me, as has been explained, in telegraphing Boutwell to sell his confounded gold and keep us no longer in suspense. And, as already intimated, none of them shared in the preliminary expenses. The Secretary replied by letter that he had none to sell. I telegraphed back:—

“That’s a lie, but I’ll lend you some. Or you can borrow a little from one of the special agents of the Treasury.”

Instead of thanking me, he sent word through the custom house that he declined my offer,—alleging as his chief reason that he did not know what the borrow might bring forth. I asked Mr. Murphy, who is commonly supposed to know all the insides of the administration, if the secretary of the treasury had a cold, or simply went back on the Bible in that way because he was a cabinet officer. Mr. Murphy said he didn’t know exactly; the naval collector had left no definite instructions about it, and he found no precedent of the custom in such cases, in the records of the customs; but he thought he might venture to say that at last reports from Washington the secretary of the treasury was about well. Plainly enough there was little or nothing to be done with such idiots as these, so I determined to sell my gold.

With a view to some contingency of this kind, I had for the past six weeks been converting my insecurities and a considerable amount of fractional currency into gold, and at once precipitated this amount on the market. Imagine the effect! No news of what I contemplated had leaked out, and the result was startling. Gold went down so fast that the only ones who could catch it were those who started on some hours before and were standing under; they caught it—bad. The country was saved. What did it matter that *I* was ruined? The man who wouldn’t ruin himself every day of his life for his country’s sake, and get up in the night to do it, if necessary, doesn’t deserve office!

An eminent merchant took me one side. “John Paul,”

said he, "I'm proud of you. Can I call you countryman of mine—in short, are you a Scotchman?"

"No," I replied, "but between you, me and the post, I have played on the Scotch fiddle in early youth."

"That amounts to the same thing," said he, a pleasant smile breaking over his benevolent countenance. "Let me do something for you. Let me take you into my house."

"As partner?" I asked, thinking that in that event I might be induced by vigorous persuasion to resign my proud position as president of the Adding Machine company, and descend to dry-goods.

"No," replied he, "as clerk. Salary \$600 a year, no turkey talked at Thanksgivings, and an agreement that you can leave or be discharged at any time without notice. No bundles can be carried out of the store by any of the employés under any circumstances, and each must submit to be searched every evening before leaving, by a special policeman. Hours from seven in the morning to seven at night, ten minutes for refreshments at noon time. These are the invariable rules of my establishment. I may as well add in this connection that I never give certificates of character or recommendations to persons leaving my employment."

"Mr. Merchant," said I, "on the whole I don't think I'll hire out."

For all my independence in talking with my old friend, however, I felt a little down in the mouth. It was not quite clear to my mind that Grant had settled down in Washington for the winter, and I didn't know but that I'd have more of his traveling expenses to pay.

So I went down into Wall Street to see if I could pick up any money. It seemed to me that where so much had been lost, there must be a little lying round promiscuously.

Ah, the scene that Wall Street presented that Saturday morning! The dead and wounded lay thick as leaves in Vallambrosa. Lame ducks are bad enough, but out and out dead ones, after a day or two come to be in very bad odor.

Those unhurt were terribly frightened, and ghastly faces

glared at me as I stepped blithely from my omnibus. *They knew who did it!*

Well, I had no regrets. Fiends in human shape, who conspire to put gold up so that you can't touch it with a forty foot pole, deserve no better fate. Bloated bond-holders, wealthy aristocrats, who buy railroads, run steamboats, and have napkins on their tables three times a day—trample on them! But I sympathize with their families, many of whom when the day of misfortune comes, have nothing left but a million or so of dollars, accidentally set aside a week previously. Though I do not believe in intruding private charity where public relief is notoriously ready to stand back, I would almost *any* time consent to make a sort of a pot of it, and share the last cent of these poor families without a murmur.

Than "Virtue is its own reward," nothing truer was ever written. It has no reward from outside sources, and, unfortunately, the consciousness of well-doing won't buy tight-legged trousers, welsh rabbits, or any other of the necessities of life. Instance in point: I called on various members of the gold clique, and put the case fairly—told them what a service I'd done the country, how instrumental I'd been in breaking gold, and represented my consequent state of destitution, intimating that some return was due me, and that I'd be grateful to them if they'd put me in the way of turning an honest penny. Oddly enough not one of them considered himself under any very striking obligations to me.

Mr. Gould remarked that an honest penny was not in his way, that it was not safe for one to come in his way, that he himself would give it a severe turn if it did; and Mr. Fisk said that if I really wanted an honest penny I must go to Mr. Tweed for it. I interviewed other parties, brokers, old friends of mine, men whom I was brought up with and have lent money to, besides giving them my countenance—I interviewed them, with an average result about as follows:—

"What do you want of us?" would be asked as I entered.

"To buy some stocks for me."

"Have you any money?"

"*Have I any money?* Do I look like a person of that character? If I had, do you think I'd come down here with it?"

"Then we can't do anything for you."

"Can't, eh? What's to hinder your buying me any stock that looks likely to go up twenty or thirty per cent, at the lowest, letting it go up, selling it at the highest, taking out what it cost and your commissions, and giving me the balance? I don't ask you to give me any money beforehand, and you make your commissions and have the satisfaction of doing business in any event."

None of them saw the profit that must result to them from this thing, which simply shows that they are not business men. There's not a woman who reads this article but can see with half an eye—unless she has a wall, or a Wall Street eye—that they're sure to make commissions if the stock goes up, and have it on hand for collateral if it goes down!

One of the parties called to me as I was going out:—

"Are you a life insurance agent?"

"No."

"A subscription-book agent?"

"No."

"Secretary for any foreign aid society?"

"No, why do you ask?"

"Because I thought no other sort of a man could have such cheek."

I have since thought he meant *chic*, which is French for style. However, notwithstanding the combination to crush me, they cannot prevent me from operating. This is the way I do it: When I see a stock which I think is going up, I enter the price and the number of shares I would probably buy, down in a book. If it goes up, I can calculate the profit to a nicety. If it goes down, I can calculate the saving effected by not buying, so you see I have a sure thing either way. Putting both sides together, I find that I make and save about one million dollars a week. This is much better than doing business on a "margin." Talk of "meandering

through a meadow of margin"—you should see a broker go through such meadows when he gets a chance!

The day that gold broke, several ladies of the Black Crook troop appeared in Wall Street—out of uniform, however; owing to their having clothes on, they were not generally recognized. Some curiosity was expressed as to what side of the market they stood on. The public should not have been in doubt, for these pillars of society certainly afforded them an opportunity of knowing how it was before the Fall, and if surface indications may be relied upon they worked—or played—in the bare interest.

This is all nonsense, is it? Well, if any of the noble army of martyrs can afford to sit down on a hot July day and write a whole chapter of sense, for the pay promised me, they may; I cannot. But I will throw in a grain or two of solid sense now by way of giving good weight and making a neat finish of it.

For months before this great break came stocks had been going up steadily, at the rate of nearly one per cent. a day. Did anyone ever take out a pencil and quietly figure where stocks would get to eventually if they kept going up forever? A break must come sometime in the natural order of things. And if you wish to make money in speculation, O reader, listen to me.

When a friend comes and whispers in your ear that a certain stock is going up to a frantic figure, just wait quietly and let that particular stock and the whole list go up; watch carefully from day to day, and when you think they have got to the top notch and an immense decline is inevitable, rake together all the available money you can, and—no, don't go down and "sell short," but just take the money you have raked together and go out in the country and buy an uncleared farm with it; you will thus lose it all quite as certainly, but with much more mental comfort besides enjoying better physical health the while.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

IN WHICH A FOND REMINISCENCE OF A POPULAR PÈRE IS INDULGED
IN.

MENTION of the Gold ring brings up in the glowing glass of memory a recollection of a very pleasant visit I had from a rather distinguished prelate about that time. Now it is no strange thing for me to have calls from eminent divines, but there were some circumstances about this call which impressed it upon me particularly.

One evening there came a rap at the door of the magnificent apartments which I then occupied, corner of Bleecker and the Bowery, opposite the neat but not gaudy residence of Mrs. O'Flaherty, who I take it was a German musician, from the fact that over her door was a sign on which was written in legible letters:—"Fluting done Here."

"Come in," I said, in the pleasant yet patronizing tone I always assume in addressing newspaper men, clergymen of the established church, and others who think themselves at liberty to ask you all sorts of queer questions at unseasonable hours.

My valet entered in the usual gorgeous livery of my household, bearing on a silver tray a card which the footman had just given the butler for transmission to me.

On the card I read in neat Roman characters:—"Père Hyacinthe."

"Ask the Père to step up one pair of stairs, and refresh himself with a ham-sandwich, which he will find on the left-hand corner of the grand piano in the blue drawing-room, and then to take a nip from the black bottle that stands on the

ormolu table in the red reading-room," I said to the valet in Arabic. "I'll be down as soon as I have finished this book of Cushing on the Alabama business."

I'd have seen Hyacinthe if instead of a pair he'd been three of a kind.

A few moments later I descended to the blue drawing-room, where I found the reverend father hastily replacing the cork in a green bottle which stood behind a statue of Psyche on the mantle-tree; he had found where I kept my private tippie, you see.

"Père," said I, taking my distinguished guest by the hand, "I am delighted to see you."

"John Paul, my boy, you do me proud," said he. Notwithstanding all reports to the contrary, let me assure you that Mr. Hyacinthe speaks English excellently well, barring a slight brogue.

As you will readily imagine, we had a pleasant interview, discussing the Economical Council, the succession to the papacy, the great gold ring, will nitro-glycerine explode, the Cardiff Giant, and several other current topics of that day. As regarded the difference between himself and Pio Nino, he said that a very mistaken idea prevailed. Coolness first began because he objected to kissing the pope's toe—he'd as soon think of kissing the pope's nose, he explained. Then there were minor matters on which they disagreed. The Père didn't like the idea of clerical celibacy. "Why do they call us 'fathers' if they deny us the privilege?" he very pertinently asked.

I suggested that it might be because it was farther from the truth than anything else they might be called.

He didn't like the idea of having to shave his head either, he said. In warm weather the flies lit on the bald spot and bothered him, and in fall and winter it kept him with a continual cold in his head.

I remarked that this latter seemed altogether in accordance with the eternal fitness of things: that being vowed to piety, he should be the greater part of the time on his sneeze.

Furthermore, he thought they burned too many candles at Rome; no wonder an Economical Council was called! People asked for light, and the church responded with candles only. While sticking to the wax in this way the church was really on the wane. Notwithstanding his being in charge of the "see," Pio Nino was blind to the real interests of Rome. As for the pope's bulls—he snapped his fingers contemptuously. "He's been bulling the market for some time," he said, "but the bears are getting it their way now. I've put out a long line of shorts myself. They've watered our St. Peter stock as well as your St. Paul, (holy-watered, I suppose he meant;) their earnings are falling off rapidly, and if they don't pass their next dividend, I'm a Dutchman."

As he manifested considerable anxiety to know what I thought of his course, I told him very frankly that I thought he had either gone too far or not far enough; that he had a perfect right to pound away at the walls from the outside as much as he pleased, but that I didn't see that he had any right to go gophering about on the inside.

"Your head is level, very level, John Paul," he remarked, looking meditatively at the green bottle on the mantle-tree, "but it's my little game. I can do the business easier and better laying for them this way."

Regarding the appointment of consuls, about which so much row was being made on the score of unfitness, he thought the selection should be pleasing to the public. "You will thus get a lot of political bummers out of the country," he said, "who could be persuaded to leave in no other way. And the salaries after all are not much—your people could well afford to double them if the appointees would but stay permanently out of the country."

I asked him "what he thought of Grant and the Gold ring, that being the prevailing topic just then.

"*C'est une bilque*," he whispered, "Grant was not partie to it, I think, but what for he eat, he drink wiz dese men? now it comes zat he pay vot you call the piper. Ze Piper's headache, by gar. He go wiz one *vaurien* to one box in ze thea-

tre now he find himself in one tight box, by gar? Suppose Jacques Fisque, he ask me to go viz him show myself to the *publique*—you suppose that I shall go, eh? *Pas pour Joseph, pas, pour Joe! non, non!*”

It should have been explained that when excited, the reverend father drops into French. I will not, however, attempt to produce at length all that he said. The gist of it was that the president of a great republic owed something to his office, if not to himself, and that if he chose to cut in with notorious mountebanks, he must take the unpleasant consequences, which sooner or later result from such association.

To tell the truth, Father Hyacinthe had been bored by “interviewers” to such an extent that I refrained from asking him as many questions as I should under other circumstances; and he evidently saw that I had an important letter to write in answer to an application from the Rothschilds for a sixty day loan, which could not be neglected.

Before going he expressed himself as rather pleased with the Fifth Avenue Hotel; but thought he might possibly have to draw on the treasury of France when his bill was presented for settlement. It was a neat compliment for the hotel men to print on the daily bill of fare:—

Happy, happy, happy Père,
None but the brave deserve the fare.

But of all the attentions showed him, he most appreciated, he said, the drive that Darling gave him behind his team.

“Did he hitch ’em both up?” I asked.

“He astonished the Bloomingdale with a buggy and Père,” laughed the jolly Father.

He was loud in praise of those ponies. They went along so evenly and smoothly, he said. They didn’t appear to be doing much all the while, but they kept lifting their feet up and putting them down again in a sort of careless way that told. He thought that with such a pair as that, he would be one of the happiest pears that ever fell from the tree of grace.

“And now,” he said, taking his hat in his hand, “before I go, to come to the real object of my call, where can I get a square American drink?”

This was entirely off my beat, but I suggested that perhaps the Rev. Mr. Frothingham, on whom he had expressed an intention of calling after leaving me, could probably post him; if not Dr. Bellows certainly could.

All this occurred five years ago. Hyacinthe has married since then, and married an American widow at that, by this act of undoubted heroism, fully vindicating his claim to be one of the boldest reformers of the day. But after all I don't know that he has suffered as much for opinion's sake as Savonarola did. When I last heard from Mr. and Mrs. Hyacinthe, there were three of them.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE TRUE STORY OF MY MEXICAN MINES.

SOME one among my many million readers, unfamiliar with the part which I have played in negotiating numerous loans, upon all sorts of personal property and in sums varying from five dollars down, may querulously ask, Why doth this man talk of finance and speculation? What knoweth he, bred in the lap of luxury, rocked in a cradle of roses, as 'twere, and fed on the very pound cake of life, what knoweth he of the subtle ways of speculation?—of commercial shipwreck and financial disaster?

Let me candidly confess that what I do not know about it all is not much worth knowing. And by way of making this plain to you, I will right here give a specimen leaf from the folio volume of my experiences.

Some eleven years or so ago I went to California. Why I went there I have never been able to determine. There was no necessity in the case—certainly nothing in the world is easier than *not* to go to California. But I went. With reckless economy I chose a new route; the voyage was tedious and protracted but profitable. For during its continuance I had ample time to reflect upon the errors of the past and form good resolutions for the future—chief among which resolutions was one to never again attempt the same line of travel. Of all the resolves entered into at the various critical periods of my life, this latter one I fancy is the least likely to be broken, insomuch as the line itself broke very soon after I swung myself out to San Francisco on it. Transit by Nicaragua was transitory indeed. But, behold,

this voyage and the adventures which attended upon it, are they not all chronicled in another part of my book?

At the time of my arrival in San Francisco the mining excitement was at its height. Joint stock companies under every conceivable name for "developing" mines in the most extraordinary localities were every day organized, the list of the incorporations regularly filling a column in the morning papers. Nearly the whole coast was staked out into claims. People bought anything and everything that was offered as "feet." The man who blundered over a boulder fell into fortune, for he could come into town, report that he had found a lead "as good as the Gould and Curry," and sell out at any price he pleased. (Gould and Curry, a mine situated on the famous Comstock Ledge, then selling at \$5000 a foot and paying a dividend of \$150 a month, was the favorite standard of comparison.) Tunnels were run through granitic mountains, shafts were sunk nearly to the centre of gravity, until square miles of ground looked as though it had been bored over by gigantic gophers. Especially was this the case in Nevada, through which State one cannot travel even at this time without incurring the risk of falling into pit-holes from which there could be no resurrection.

Those were flush times indeed. Had the scheme suggested itself to a glib-tongued operator, a company could have been organized with innumerable millions of capital, to tunnel the moon or prospect the larger planets in the expectation of finding horn-silver or, at least, pyrites in the centre. All was bustle, confusion, extravagance, and anticipation. In the very city of San Francisco mining claims were entered. No man's cellar was safe against the persevering prospector. Even the dead were disturbed. A company called "The Lone Mountain Gold and Silver Mining Company" was organized for the purpose of working a fancied vein in that silent cemetery. Fortunately the lead gave out at an early period, or the poor pioneers who for uneventful years had slumbered beneath the clover and daisies, would have been turned out from what they had considered their last resting-

place, to take compulsory glimpses of the moon. Tunneling the tomb of an ancestor in search of the precious metals may seem too outrageous for belief; but I solemnly assure the reader that the company above mentioned was actually incorporated and that ground was broken. Yea, I will even own that I had stock in it myself.

There were no bounds to the excitement and enterprise of the frenzied treasure-seekers. An aerolite was found one morning within the custom house grounds. Before night-fall there were a dozen holes drilled through and through it, and nearly half its substance was chipped off to be submitted to the subtle tests of the assayer. Never before, never since, was there seen such a frenzy. Picks were at a premium, and spades were indeed trumps. Digging became a duty, and the husband and father was considered neglectful of his family if he failed to respond to the call. When it is considered how many holes can be dug in the earth's surface without finding gold, one ceases to wonder at the many failures which followed.

But the great States and Territories of California, Nevada, Oregon, Arizona, Idaho, and Montana did not afford a field wide enough for mining ambition. Mexico stretched out her golden arms. Mines that had yielded millions of dollars under the crude manipulations of native hands were to be had for mere songs—for the promise of a song. Mines that were opened, mines that stood ready to be rifled, like the legendary pigs that, in the good old days, ran about the streets of London ready roasted and clamoring to be eaten.

Did you doubt the stories? Lo, were not the pages of Ward's History of Mexico unfolded to your gaze? Was it not there put down, in the plainest black and white, how the San This and the Santa That had turned out treasure faster than all the mules that the country contained could pack it away? These mines, abandoned by their improvident owners, only needed the *open sesame* of capital at their doors, to again unlock their riches. If they yielded so enormously by the imperfect native method of treating ores, what will

they not yield under the improved system which American skill and capital can command? cried the sanguine soul of the speculator.

Wood, water, and labor—the great requisites in a mining country—were plenty and cheap. The mining laws were in favor of the worker. What wonder then that there was a rush for Mexican investments! Those who had made money at home sought to double it abroad; those who had lost expected to make up their losses and more in this new field of enterprise.

My seat was among the latter. Reaching California when speculation was at full tide, I was just in time to launch my little boat on the top wave, and get the full benefit of the ebb. A friend gave me “points;” he had the “inside track,” he said. And he had, as I found to my cost, quite the “inside track” of *me*. The stock which he kindly sold me, with the assurance that its certain appreciation would enable us to visit Europe together, fell on my hands to a merely nominal figure; my name appeared on the delinquent list at the Brokers’ Board about the same time that his was registered in Paris.

But I was not bereft of friends by my misfortune; I found scores of friends—sympathizing friends. One, in particular, expressed a great desire to see me get even. The way that he proposed to get me “even” was decidedly odd—though, after all, but an application of the hair-of-the-dog-that-bit-you principle. A benevolent old Spaniard with one eye was in town to dispose of a mine which he owned in Durango. There were 1800 feet in the mine (putting my foot in made it 1801); he wouldn’t sell the whole of it, not even to his best friends—he couldn’t, he said, in justice to his family. But he would sell half at \$100 a foot, for the sake of raising the money to purchase and erect the needful machinery.

The mine was called *El Tigre Colorado*—Spanish for “The Red Tiger.” He had a drawing or plan of the mine with him, beautifully executed and highly colored—the reason, perhaps, that it was called Colorado. There were galleries

and chambers, and columns and pillars without end; it all looked not unlike a five-story hotel. The columns and pillars, he explained, had been left there in accordance with a law of the country, which insisted upon that solid support. Even if the rest of the mine "petered out," those pillars—nearly pure silver—could be taken out, and made to yield millions! The course of the vein—he called it *veta*—was marked and accompanied with marginal notes. Here it was only four feet wide; there it branched out to twenty; here it would not yield more than two or three hundred dollars a ton; there, where the *veta* was widest, as many thousand. It was easy enough to calculate the profit to accrue from first workings.

The mill which it was proposed to erect would crush and work thirty tons of ore a day; but suppose it only worked twenty. The ore would easily average \$1000 a ton; but suppose it only yielded \$500? Twenty times \$500 was \$10,000. Allow \$250 for expense of working—there you had a clear profit of \$9,750 a day. Counting twenty-six working days to a month, and you had \$253,500, which gave a dividend of about \$140 a month to the share. Or suppose it were only \$100?—the fortunate possessor of twenty shares would even then have an income in gold of \$24,000 per annum. Was that to be sneezed at? And the investment was *so* small! Who could resist the temptation?

I, for one, could not; a present Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States could not; any number of widows and orphans and young men ambitious of matrimony could not—my friend who indorsed the character of his friend, the benevolent old Spaniard with one eye (and who, we afterward ascertained, got 100 shares gratis and ten percent. commission on all he sold for his pains), was persuaded to use his influence to procure us stock: we "went in" with avidity. Fortunately the Fool-killer did not come round about that time, or I should not be here to tell the tale of how we came out.

Well, machinery was bought and shipped, and the old Don

went down to superintend things. This was in July. He assured us that about Christmas we might look for returns. And we did look for them—but I anticipate. His single eye fairly shone with philanthropy and promise when he wrung our hands on the wharf at leave-taking; and as he waved his snowy cambric from the hurricane deck—he was very faultless in his dress as became an old Castilian—he shouted something in Spanish, which was undoubtedly meant for “Good-bye till I see you again!” The machinery went with him, and both were safely landed at Mazatlan.

Every steamer thereafter brought us most excellent news. The machinery was almost at the mine; and at the mine everything was prepared for its reception—the beds were placed for the batteries, the engine-house was nearly completed, and the gist of all was that we might expect dividends about Thanksgiving time instead of Christmas. The mine looked better and better every day, he said; he had got the old works connected with the new—we would see what he meant by reference to the map of the mine which he had left with us—and the result surpassed his most sanguine expectations. He had laid bare a stretch of metal 600 feet in length and 6 feet wide, which assayed some \$2500 a ton, and would not work less than \$2000; and with a fine burst of that poetry for which the mellifluous *lingua Hispaniola* is noted, he wound up by saying:—

“Compose yourselves, my children, and prepare to be astonished. I will send you some specimens which will cause you to open your eyes wide as your beautiful plaza.”

Consequently we were jubilant, and paid the little assessment of \$20 a share, which it was found necessary to levy, without a murmur; and so the months wore on. Christmas came and went. The news was always excellent, but that was all. Once the Don sent us a drawing of the mill and works as they would appear when completed, with the American flag flying from the roof, and the smoke of the furnaces rolling to the skies in great volumes; but there the news ended. We could not exactly understand how, with the

machinery so near the mill all the while, we never received intelligence of its actual arrival; nor why a little detail of facts was not indulged in instead of these glittering generalities; and an assessment of \$30 a share, coming pat on the last assurance that we all might consider ourselves millionaires, made some of us look grave, and set the older ones thinking. The result was that a purse was made up, and one of the stockholders appointed to go down and look into things. With admirable judgment the gentleman—my friend—who sold us the stock and acted as a sort of *factotum* for the old Don throughout was selected for the mission.

By return steamer we heard from him. Everything was lovely, and all that we had to do was to possess our souls in patience, pay our assessments regularly, and our fortunes were made; and the next steamer brought up the gentleman himself. When questioned closely there was a vagueness about his answers which suggested a suspicion, and another meeting of stockholders was called. It was then ascertained that our ambassador, discovering that the mine was some three hundred miles in the interior, and only to be reached by muleback, never stirred out of Mazatlan, contenting himself with sending us the statements transmitted to him by the old Don, from whom he received another gift of shares in the Red Tiger of Durango. His reports turned out to be nothing but echoes!

So we dispatched another envoy—a practical, hard-pated, thorough-going old Englishman, familiarly known as “The Baron.” For three months we heard nothing at all from him. At the end of that time the Baron landed from the steamer, and the cause of his silence was soon explained. On arriving at Mazatlan he found that not a pound of the machinery had ever left that port for the interior. The Don had mortgaged it for all it was worth, and there it lay, subject to the order of a private money-lender. On inquiring the way to our mine, the famous Tigre Colorado, the citizens of Mazatlan stared at him in surprise; they had never before heard the name! So he purchased a mule and saddle and

pushed for the interior, where he hoped to find the population better posted.

After many hardships and much soreness of flesh he succeeded in reaching Tamisula, a town which we had been told was five leagues distant from our mining property. Here he inquired if any one in those parts knew any thing about El Tigre Colorado. "*Si Signor*," cried one of the natives, clapping his hands; and, turning to a crowd of by-standers, he explained with a caramba or two that here was one of those fools of Americans come down to look for the mine sold them by Don Enrique. Volunteering his services as guide, this same native set off with the Baron. The Tigre Colorado proved to be located on the top of an inaccessible mountain—I forget how many feet above the level of the sea—where it defied both mule and man. As near as I could make out from the Baron's report, the facts of the case were about as follows:—

In the first place, it was impossible to get to where the mine was said to be. In the second place, if one could have got there he'd have found no mine. In the third place, could one have got there, and had he found a mine, it would not have been worth the working. Never was there a more complete swindle.

Retracing his steps, our Baron set out in search of Don Enrique. At last he found him on a plantation which he had purchased, incurring debts in the Company's name and selling off the produce in his own. What was raised on the place I do not now remember, and do not know that ever I knew, but whatever it was the crop was all disposed of long before the Baron arrived. But not so the debts. The Don had paid nothing to his hands, and they were on the eve of an outbreak. In a brief speech to the excited mountaineers the Don introduced the Baron to them as a plenipotentiary who had come to pay off the outstanding debts of the Great American Company. The consequence was that the unsuspecting and unwitting Baron alighted from his mule in the midst of some hundreds of peons, all clamoring for money.

He not understanding a word of Spanish, and they not speaking a word of English, it was some time before one party to the discussion knew what the other was at. That point once explained, however, the "plenipotentiary" very concisely and clearly stated to them that he came *after* money, not to *pay* money; that he had nothing but bread and cheese in his capacious wallet. On this, off they rushed to Don Enrique, howling like a pack of wolves.

He counseled them not to believe a word of what the American said; that was the way these sharp, shrewd traders always talked; they must persist in their demands, and not be put off by empty words. So they returned to the charge. The poor man reiterated his assertions, and endeavored to explain the matter. As well might he have talked to the winds. Satisfied that he was endeavoring to cheat them out of their just dues, and in reality had stores of gold and silver in his saddle-bags that was of right theirs, they set upon him in wild fury, and would have beaten him to death had it not been for the opportune arrival of a file of soldiers. As it was they pounded him so severely that he was confined to his bed for a month, and landed in San Francisco with his eyes still poulticed and the sense of hearing in one ear totally destroyed.

A few of the company were not yet satisfied, and made me liberal offers if I would undertake a Mexican mission for the representation of our common interests; but not having a head for skillful financiering, still less a head for the punching that the Baron's experience so plainly prognosticated, I declined the appointment with thanks; and that was the last of El Tigre Colorado.

But it was not the last of my Mexican ventures. Throughout the whole of the affair above narrated it will be seen that we plainly invited our fate. Buying a mine that not a soul of us ever saw, on the representation of a stranger whom none of us knew save by the indorsement of one with whom we were almost equally unacquainted, and shipping machinery in the dark—was ever there seen such folly? But here came

an opportunity to retrieve my fortunes and avail myself of the experience gained at such a cost—picking my path through the future by the aid of the stern-lights of the past.

A brawny ex-captain of the British army, who had long been sojourning in Guaymas as British Consul or something else that carried with it buttons and consideration, came to San Francisco with his pockets full of maps and papers pertaining to two noted mines—mines that had a history, that were mentioned in Ward's Mexico, that were famous in the annals of the country. Moreover, he bore with him letters of introduction from Mexican magnates to San Francisco financiers—careful, prudent men, whose lead the multitude deem it safe to follow in all cases. There was no chicanery about this concern—here I speak by the card—for the organizers and officers of the company were all among my best and dearest friends. We all went in together—and I considered myself extremely fortunate to get *in*.

This was a very different affair from the Red Tiger. Here we knew what we were about; had documentary evidence to begin on, and no lack of capital to go ahead with. One of the best theoretical and practical miners on the coast—a graduate of the famous Gould and Curry—was selected for superintendent. He took stock. Engineer, blacksmith, carpenters, firemen—all were Americans and practical miners; and all of them took stock. There was no one connected with the Company in any capacity whatever who did not manifest confidence by putting in capital—the last test.

The machinery which we purchased was of the most expensive and improved kind; nothing was left undone or unbought that could in any way contribute to that success which none doubted. Stores for the men, garden seeds, soap, sugar, calomel, raisins, pepper, canned fruits, pickled lobsters, and oysters—all the necessities of life and many of the luxuries of the season were shipped in profusion—a year's supply. We watched our argosy go out with triumphant hearts, and our eyes might have been taken for diamond editions of the Pleasures of Hope.

That the reader may not think that we built entirely without foundation I append the prospectus, cut with some remorse at the sacrifice from the little pamphlet once so dear to me, and which I have long preserved as carefully as one does a memento of a girl who has jilted him, a token exchanged when all was love and confidence. I only change the names slightly :

PROSPECTUS OF THE HUMBUGGIO MINING COMPANY. *Capital Stock* \$206,700.
4,134 *Shares, each share representing one Spanish foot, at* \$50—\$206,700.

The property consists of 800 varas of the Mine called "Nuestra Senora del Humbuggio," and 578 varas of the Mine called "La Motherinlawo;" altogether 1378 varas, or 4134 Spanish feet. 2800 are offered for sale at \$50—\$140,000; the remaining 1334 feet are reserved by the proprietors.

Will be paid for the two Mines in cash, the sum.....	\$50,000
For the erection of Reduction Works and for working capital will be required the amply sufficient sum of.....	62,000
Leaving a reserve fund of.....	28,000
	\$140,000

The sum set down for Reduction Works and Working Capital includes everything required for the successful working of the Mines, so that Shareholders only have to pay \$40 per foot.

The sum of \$15 upon each foot, or share, will be paid on subscription, and the balance will be called in by the Directors of the Company in installments when needed.

The sum of \$32,000 will be paid for the mines on delivery of the title-deeds, and the balance of \$18,000 will be gradually paid, according to the assessments made. The ores are argentiferous, charged with gold; are docile in their reduction, and will average at least \$125 per ton; the expenses of their extraction and reduction by the barrel process may be estimated at about \$25 per ton.

At a distance of one mile and a half from the Mines there is a suitable place for the establishment of Reduction Works, dwellings, etc., never-failing and healthy water being supplied by a creek, while timber, fuel, and pasturage are in abundance close by. A wagon-road may be made from the Mines to the Reduction Works at an outlay of a few hundred dollars.

A steam-engine of sufficient force, and a twenty-stamp battery, with the corresponding number of barrels, will be required for the reduction of twenty tons of ore daily. This amount of ore can be extracted from the Mines at present, but may be greatly augmented in a few months, when the present workings have been expended. During the erection of the machinery the Company intend to reduce the ores in the Mexican patio process, so that the proceeds of the Mines will pay at once a profit of from \$150 to \$200 a day.

The Mines of the Company are situated in the celebrated Jesus Maria, in the Sierra Madre, or Mother Mountains, in the State of Chihuahua, Mexico, close to

the boundary line of Sonora, at a distance of 250 miles from the ports of Guaymas and Agiabampo, on the Gulf of California. There is a wagon-road for about two-thirds of the distance; a couple of hundred of pack-mules can be had at a few days' notice, and the entire freight from San Francisco to the Company's Mines will not exceed \$100 per ton.

The climate of this part of the Sierra Madre is delightful and healthy; provisions are low, and labor is abundant and cheap.

The above Mines hold out a most profitable investment in the Sierra Madre, which is generally admitted to contain the richest mines of the Mexican Republic.

Do any wonder that with such a prospectus, which in every word and syllable stood to us as does the Koran to the Faithful, we were jubilant and exultant? The stock had then cost the original subscribers \$25 a share. A little changed hands at \$100—very little, however, for few would sell at any price. And this firm and favorable feeling was immensely strengthened by the first letter of the superintendent, who wrote that he found the mine better in all respects and more promising than had been represented; that it *was* better than Gould and Curry—and he being an old employé of the latter Company, it seemed likely that *he* should know.

For my 100 shares I was offered \$100 each in gold—\$10,000 in all. It had cost me but \$2,500. The temptation was strong to sell, but who likes to fling fortune away? However, I wrote to the resident Guaymas correspondent of a newspaper with which I was connected, who I knew had just returned from a tour of inspection to the mines of Chihuahua, telling him my offer, and asking his advice. He most emphatically and decidedly advised and exhorted me not to sell. *Such* a mine he had never seen; Golconda paled its ineffectual ores in comparison. And the surroundings; the wood, the water, the climate! Well, I refused the offer, and held on.

Our Secretary went down there and spent two or three months, returning in a great state of excitation, with his pockets literally "full of rocks," as specimens. He had seen the wealth of our possessions with his own eyes; there could

be no doubt about it; and he bought stock right and left of all who could be persuaded to part with any.

By-and-by came news that the mill was up and ready to run. But unfortunately it was the dry season, and the mill could not run without water. Anon came the rainy season, and then the mine could not be worked because the shafts were full of water. It struck me that if the mill could not be run at one season because we had no water, and the mine could not be worked at another because we had, returns might be rather indefinitely postponed. But this little objection was explained away; a hydraulic ram would moisten the mill, and a tunnel would drain the mine. And again all went merry as marriage bells.

We received regular letters, and not an unfavorable one among them all. One steamer brought a letter, but not the usual accompanying report. This, however was susceptible of explanation by the complaint that they were out of gunpowder. How could they make a report without it? A barrel or two was shipped, and reports were at once resumed. At last came one which startled every stockholder into ecstasies. Three hundred and fifty tons of ore, averaging \$125 to the ton, were ready for the mill. The next day the batteries were to commence their poundings and the quicksilver its subtle work of amalgamation. "Look for a shipment of \$25,000 or \$30,000 by the next steamer!" wrote the superintendent.

I was now offered \$150 a share for my stock—but no. This was my opportunity, and I was resolved not to lose it. Bets were offered that the shares would go to \$500 in six months; to \$1,000 within the year; that a dividend of \$5 a share would be declared within sixty days. Who would be such a fool as to sell under such circumstances?

I was such a fool as not to!

In due time came the steamer—bringing intelligence that the three hundred tons of ore worked did not pay expenses, owing to some difficulty in its proper treatment, and that we must not expect a shipment for some little time. Then I

was perfectly willing to sell, but the buyer was not to be found.

Still, we were not disheartened; assessments were levied, but all paid them cheerfully—for we had confidence in the mine. And this confidence seemingly brought its reward when we soon got a hurrah letter—a regular Fourth of July sort of a document—from the superintendent. “I have the pleasure of informing the Humbuggio Company,” he began, “that the mine is in *bonanza*.” (“Bonanza” really means smooth sailing, a fair breeze, etc.; but is used by the Mexican miners to express very rich ores, or “shoots.”) Specimens of the *bonanza* accompanied the letter—lumps of soft, blue-looking rock, not much harder than clay, all spangled with beads and threads of pure silver. Unfortunately, however, it seemed that just as the shaft was well timbered up for extraction of ore in large quantities, the water rushed in from some old works and drove the miners out. So another delay was indicated.

And so the thing went on for a year and more—hope and disappointment alternating, yet a secret trust underlying the stratum of despair, which moved us all to pay the regular assessments with tolerable composure.

Once embarked in an enterprise of this kind, your position is somewhat like that of an eel in a mud-pipe—there is no backing out, and the only way is to wriggle on in the hope of getting out at the opposite and larger end. Justice compels me to say that assessments could have been levied with no greater regularity by any set of directors than they were by ours. As regularly as the month came round the stereotyped advertisement appeared in the proper newspapers that, at a meeting of the Directors of the Humbuggio Gold and Silver Mining Company, an assessment of \$2.50 a share had been levied upon each and every share of the capital stock of the Company, and that all shares on which the assessment was not paid before a certain date would be advertised for sale at a given time in accordance with the by-laws of the Company. Two hundred and fifty dollars in gold is not to be picked each month of the year on every bush.

For the first time in my career I found that I had a definite aim in life—to clear up my assessments as fast as they became due. It was nip and tuck with me between holding on to my stock and being sold out; but by great industry and prudence I managed to keep a little ahead and my mouth above water. Not so the mine; it was flooded the greater part of the time; but a tunnel which was being driven through an interminable mountain would effect the work of drainage—when completed. The mountain being of a peculiarly adamantine construction progress was only made at the rate of about six inches per diem; but, as there were only four or five hundred feet to be tunneled, that didn't matter much. It was simply a matter of time.

In the meanwhile dissatisfaction was felt with the superintendent, and his removal was decided upon. The fault, it was claimed, was all his. Comparing the sanguineness and universal approbation with which his administration was accepted with the result, it sometimes occurred to me that the fault perhaps lay in the mine. But no—several of the stockholders, practical miners, who had examined the mine, and were familiar with its every inch, were confident of its value, and that only gross mismanagement could have thus far prevented returns. So another superintendent, an original subscriber to the stock, and a man of extensive experience in various mines and mills all the world over, was appointed and sent down. He, too, was highly elated on arriving at the scene of action. Of course he found fault with everything that the former superintendent had done, and remodeled and reorganized all the workings. More, he wrote up offering to take all the stock that was offered for sale, and urging and imploring all his friends to buy in.

Just as the new superintendent got fairly in the saddle, the resident director at Guaymas and original projector, the ex-captain, died. At a meeting which was held in consequence one of our directors piously spoke of the untowardness of the poor Captain's being taken away just as everything looked so bright, lamenting that he could not have

been spared to witness the successful fruition of the great enterprise. To my mind it seemed that the regret was equivalent to an aspiration for the immortality of the deceased party ; but still I hoped.

Under the new management Humbuggio stock "looked up"—being flat on its back it could not well look any other way—and I had an offer for mine which would have let me out a little ahead. The temptation to take it was sore upon me. For I began to say to myself that the established fact upon which we all had been accustomed to build so confidently, that the mine *had* yielded immense sums of bullion, was rather an argument against its promise than otherwise. It proved that the natives knew something about mining, and the inference was, that they would not have abandoned work had they not found that it could not be continued with profit. It occurred to me that if *they* could not make the mine pay, and our first superintendent with *his* eminent character and Gould and Curry experience, could get nothing out of it, the chances were that the mine was indeed impracticable, if not valueless, and had been abandoned for that very reason. And one morning I started out, strong in my common-sense deductions, to find a purchaser.

"What, sell *now*!" cried a friend whom I met and conferred with, "after holding on so long; absurd!" I gave him my reasons. He explained them all away. The upshot of it was, that when the man who had made the offer for my stock called on me to learn the decision, I refused. For the second or third time during my Humbuggio probation two fools met.

But why prolong the details when the reader must already have anticipated the *dénoûment*. The second superintendent was found fault with and dismissed, and a new one appointed. My good friend the secretary, after a severe fit of sickness, brought on not so much by his own disappointment as by the fact that he had innocently been the means of causing his friends to incur losses which they could ill afford, took the steamer for Guaymas and a mule for the interior, affirming

his determination never to return until the enterprise was successful.

"Then good-bye forever, old fellow!" I said, as I shook hands with him on the wharf.

The mine was then deeply in debt, and the rainy season was at its height. But, rain or shine, the assessments went on with unvarying regularity. These I paid with a Christian composure, hoping against hope, and loth to sacrifice what had cost me so much for so little, until one fatal day the end came. The good Bank of California, which had stood my faithful friend through thick and thin, refused to make any further advances. The wonder to me was that they had not nipped me in the bud long before, for the stock was, and had for some time been, hypothecated to them for twice what it was worth. But all bankers are not blood-thirsty, and occasionally you meet one who consents of his own accord to temper the wind to the shorn sheep. Turning my stock over to the Bank of California—the only institution I knew of that was able to carry it any longer—I fled the country and reached this glad haven, where assessments cease from troubling and the speculator who repents of his stupidity is comparatively at rest.

I have not heard from the Humbuggio directly since leaving San Francisco. Once a man, who said he came directly from the mine, called upon me to give the latest news from there; but I yelled for a policeman immediately he made his errand known. In an accidental and indirect way I have heard that they "struck a horse" * soon after my leaving, (whether they struck any more asses after I got away from them, I cannot say), and that the mill has since been running on custom-work. I expect yet to hear that, diverted from the glorious purposes for which it was originally intended, it is grinding mule-feed for the rude ranches of the primeval people who inhabit that damnable country where Juarez and the devil hold alternate sway.

* "Striking a horse" is the mining phrase for suddenly coming upon a ledge of utterly barren rocks.

"We have not abandoned the enterprise," wrote a friend from there some time since; "we are simply lying on our oars. Lying on and *about* their ores, is the only thing the wretched owners of those worthless mining properties have been known to do since a time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.

In conclusion I have very little to say. I have merely given my experience, and the reader can draw his own deductions. I simply wish to warn the multitude of their uncertainty in general, and disabuse them of the idea that mines which will turn out millions of dollars a year, are often sold for a few thousand in cash.

My little investment in the Humbuggio cost me first and last just \$10,000 in gold—more money than ever I expect to see again in the whole course of my natural life. From the periling of such an amount at one dash I would of course have shrunk with horror; but it was taken by installments. It is almost incredible how speedily one's life-blood can drain out in a tiny trickling.

Lay your money down on the green cloth and you know precisely what you are to lose. Stake it on a mining venture and you are entirely at sea in that particular. For it is not only the *first* step there that costs. The sly sapping of the inevitable assessments, is as insidious but as sure as the encroachments of rust or the wearing of rock by a constant dropping of water.

My other little mining adventures in dear delightful El Dorado cost me about \$5,000 more in gold. And the first dollar I ever received from any connection with mines, came from this article narrating my experience. Not only was it the first, but I regret to say that it was also the last. And now, when you further know that I have "operated" in Wall Street at different times with different results, perhaps you will think that I know something about speculations, and of this kind of gambling am enabled to speak by the cards!

CHAPTER XL.

COMPRISING MUCH USEFUL INFORMATION ABOUT NEWPORT.

WHEN it was suggested that I make my book a sort of a "guide book," touching on all of the summer resorts in turn, I stood aghast. Saratoga I knew something about and could tackle with confidence. But none of the other places had I visited in years. Explaining this to my confidential advisers, they said it made no difference whatever; that I could write from previous recollections, or bring anything I had written down to the present time. So if the dew of youth is not very fresh on this chapter, you will understand how it is.

Fortunate in having friends at Newport, I was invited to "Moss Bank," just five summers ago. Imagine a house built mainly of brick, with brown-stone cappings, three stories high, with a mansard roof, surmounted by a cupola in which hangs a bell dug up from a mound on the northerly bluffs, supposed to have been buried by the Danes in one of their early visits to the island; two piazzas running around the house, shaded by innumerable vines, the blossoms of which waft perfume through the halls, and also afford sustenance to the beautiful and celebrated Japanese caterpillar, whose bite is certain death. On these piazzas French windows open, for the convenience of guests, and any wandering burglars who may happen to be in the neighborhood. Blinds and doors hang on patent hinges, impossible to open from within, but yielding readily to the slightest attempt from without. The approach is terraced; on every side you have seen how the hand of art can assist the pencil of nature,

and right here you see how the foot of the proprietor can assist wandering vagrants down hill. Just imagine, I say, a house of this kind, and you have in your mind's eye a perfect idea—of what “Moss Bank” is not.

On the contrary it is a pleasant little cottage, looking on the bay, provided with bay-windows, bay-horses, facilities for bathing and *bèzique*, a billiard table, a cellar full of empty bottles, and all the other elements of solid comfort and civilization.

Newport is a delightful place, with only one great drawback—the trouble of getting to it—unless you happen to live in Boston. Starting from New York by steamboat—the pleasantest way of traveling yet invented—you arrive between two and three o'clock in the morning, being called to turn out just as you are getting ready to go to sleep. This may be well enough for early birds, but to one of my habits 'tis not suggestive of “larks.” Setting out from Boston, however, you get in at all sorts of nice hours, and find breakfast, dinner, or tea,—just as you choose to elect,—awaiting you. This is where the law of compensation comes in. I, for my part, had rather forego Newport to all eternity than live in Boston one season for the sake of contiguity. This is one of the few points of difference between me and Emerson. Yet I am aware that quite a number of very good men have lived and died—especially died—in Boston.

Newport, like Long Branch, is a sea-side resort, but here similarity ends, and contrast begins. Newport in itself is a pleasant place; it has walks, drives, natural advantages of scenery, associations—a history, in fact, which is better far than a race-course. Long Branch, on the contrary, is the nakedest concern that ever stood on two legs, or less. Nothing is raised in the vicinity but the visitor's indignation at finding himself there. And the country round about always reminds me of the spiritualist's description of hell:—“A long, low reach of sand, little fresh water, no trees, and a right small chance for crops.” Its greatest drawback, however, is its being within easy reaching distance of all the

common and uncommon idiots whom the metropolis affords—moddy slips over there to misspend the Sabbath. All manner of quacks, in law, religion and physie, go there to swash in the water and advertise themselves. On every side you see show, spangles and brass buttons. As well join a circus for the summer as go to Long Branch for the season.

Newport, on the other hand, represents solid wealth, comfort and elegance. There is little plating. Visitors do not jingle their sixpences in one another's ears in vulgar ostentation. Persons not prone to offend by a display of wealth go to Newport; I patronize no other seaside resort. Setting aside the fact of its being nearer to Boston than to New York, its natural advantages are excellent. It has a fine sea beach, fine walks, fine drives, fine cottages, and several very respectable and tolerably well filled cemeteries.

The cottages along Ocean avenue are modest little affairs, built simply for summer use, and shut up with the coming of the first frost. On the average they do not cost more than \$100,000 each, though some range from \$200,000 to \$300,000. Now there's no use in spending so much as this on a house to be occupied only three months of the year—\$100,000 is quite enough for a man of simple taste and economical habits, and his neighbors will respect him quite as much as if he laid out more.

As to who has the handsomest cottage on the avenue, I shall not attempt to decide—though perfectly competent to. The Peruvian minister's is a snug little affair, costing, with its grounds, in the neighborhood of \$300,000. You know it when you pass it by the peculiar Bark of the dogs. Belmont's is a good one to halt at; Morton's is rather neat for a tailor, and Gardner Brewer's is not ineffective in the distance—these brewers have accumulated money wonderfully since lager became a fashionable drink. None of the places, however, exactly suits *me*; I prefer one where I know there is always a room at my disposal. Mrs. George Francis Train's cottage is on the ocean bluffs, getting full benefit of the big sea breezes. Probably with all that blowing around her, she

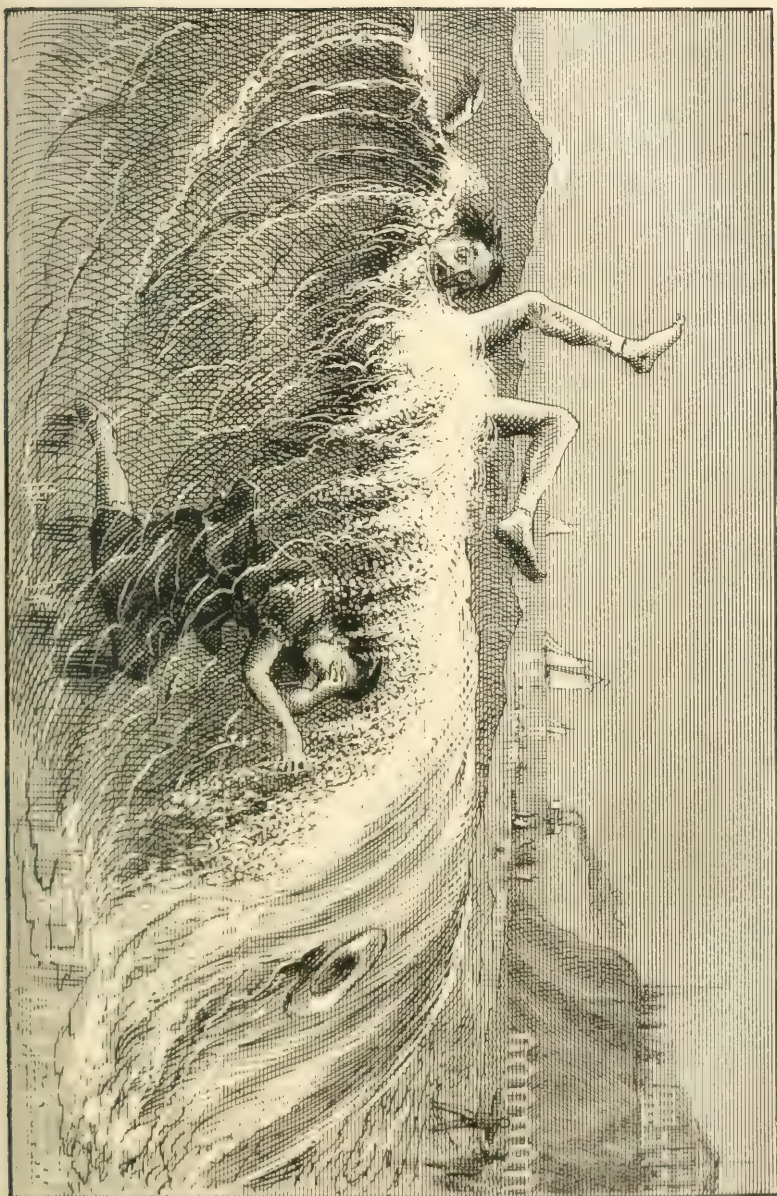
scarcely knows whether George Francis is at home or not.

The amusements of Newport are, to a certain extent, stereotyped, but one can vary them to suit his own tastes. I, from youth up, have been accustomed to play a vigorous game of seven-up before breakfast, by way of exercise. Thus, the first morning of my visit at Moss Bank, I woke from my refreshing slumbers, and challenged Prof. Osgood of Allfours academy, Highbridge, Jackfriars, to play three games for a quarter. In less than three minutes I was ingloriously skunked. So much for honest industry and getting to work early in the morning. By the way, if ignorant of the noble and health-giving game above mentioned, or, if knowing it, you incline to look upon it with scorn, just get a copy of Jean Ingelow, and read her beautiful and stirring "Songs of Seven"-up.

About 11 o'clock a. m. a drive on the beach to see the bathers is in order. This is fun, if you don't go in yourself. An experiment at Long Branch, some years ago, quite satisfied me. The companion of my toils and pleasures fainted dead away, and in a manly but desperate effort to rescue her from the undertow, I, too, shipped more water than I could stand. The consequence was that we were both dragged out in a most limp and ignominious condition, she with her mouth full of sea-weed, and her back hair gone by the board, to be borne away on a shutter! I, with mouth full of sand and strange oaths, was shoveled to high water mark and left there, like a stranded clam, to dry and repent at leisure. A bath-tub since then affords all the salt-water facilities I want.

Looking at the thing from an outside point of view, it would seem to require a deal of stern self-sacrifice in a girl to go into a bathing house gorgeous and come out a guy. I'd almost as soon think of retiring from the gaze of an admiring crowd to burst upon their astonished view, soon after in nothing but my bones. And the most symmetrical of men and maidens look rather queer and sloppy when they come out of the water.

Late in the afternoon a drive on the avenue is the thing.



There you may see any number of "slap-up" gals in "bang-up" chariots. Some drive pony phaetons. I notice that a pretty girl never drives alone or with one of her own persuasion in the matter of sex, while an ugly one either drives singly or in company with some girl a shade uglier, if possible, than herself. Is this on the principle that misery loves company? The avenue, when sprinkled, makes a very pleasant drive, and the scene is decidedly a gay one, notwithstanding the scarcity of fours-in-hand. Where are they all? I looked to see nothing less than three of a kind shown on any hand, but very few of the gay youth seem to hold more than a pair.

One thing that embalms Newport in my memory is a sailing party, given by a lady correspondent of *The Great Moral Organ*. The bright and beautiful who were of the party I will not mention by name, but there were many of us, and a pleasanter party the sun never shone on. Nor did it shine exactly in this instance. A dense fog was setting in when we got under way, and the wind, sou'-south-east when we started, gradually veered around to south-east by south, half south, a little northerly, I thank you. But by bowsing down the cat harpings, lashing the spanker to the main royal truck, letting the gaff-topsail jibe, hauling taut the weather ear-ring, and rigging a futtock shroud athwart the star-board jib-boom, marlinspike-wise, we managed to clear our hawse and stand weatherly out to sea with a wet sheet and a flowing clew-line. It was thought at one time that we should have to get an extra pull on the bight of the larboard cat-head, as a bark was seen bearing down on us, about four bells of the dog-watch. But we got out of the mess by jamming a dead-eye in the fore-foot, which relieved the fore-castle some, and gave us a better look to windward, after which a pull at a small flask in Prof. Osgood's port pocket brought us up all right and set the heel of the mizzen-top-mast a-shivering.

It may be that I've got the sea terms and nautical maneuverings a little mixed, but they're all there; arrange them to

suit yourself, if you think you can make better sense of it than I have. If you don't think we did all these things, ask 'Capt. Bill,' known as the handsomest skipper of Newport, and particularly patronized by ladies on that account, though as a pilot on a fishing excursion he is less of a success, being comparatively ignorant of where to find flounders, and knowing next to nothing of the secret haunts of the wild tautog.

One of our ladies had a reputation nigh upon world-wide as a linguist and deeply read scholar, and with her I had a delightful time of it. For the moment I knew she was to be of the party, I got out a few of the books I always carry in my traveling bag and read up on metaphysics, German philosophy, geometry, arithmetic, and the other things. The result was that she didn't get me once. Our conversation was carried on principally in German, out of deference to the rest of the company, who were not very well up in Hebrew. It of course made very little difference to me in what language we spoke, though my strong suit is Kanaka. I regret to say that in this beautiful and exceedingly liquid tongue the lady is not so proficient as I should wish. Thus, when I said to her:—

"Ora matake payee, oo-oo," she replied:—

"Did it hurt you much?" when the correct thing to have said was "muckee-muckee."

But one can't know everything, and I suppose she had never eaten a missionary. In metaphysical matters we didn't exactly agree, though as regards main truths there is less difference between us than you might suppose. We both believe that there is a great deal of human nature in men and women, and that one should never take the risk of losing his jack in a wild and probably futile attempt to make game. As to the origin of evil, we are divided. I think it began in Boston, but she locates it in Cambridge. On the glacial theory, too, we split—I holding to the theory that before the invention of Catawba cobblers there could have been no use for such an amount of ice, and that in the economy of nature nothing is produced to be wasted; while she contends that

the vast fields of ice were not thrown away, as they may have been meant for the backsliders of the primitive church, and—but I will violate etiquette no further by details of a strictly private conversation. Perhaps I have already gone too far.

The English yacht *Cambria* was lying in the stream, and with that noble disregard for private rights characteristic of all true Americans, we boarded her. We found her fast aground on the h's which the crew had inconsiderately dropped overboard. A privateersman she could not be, thus destitute of these letters of marque! Mr. Ashbury was aboard, and we had quite a pleasant and intelligent conversation with him regarding the different build of American and British yachts. He thought we built our vessels too narrow in the beam and with too much drag aft.

"Mr. Ashbury," I remarked, "can you conscientiously say, on your word as a British sailor, that you think the main chains of a fore-and-aft rigged vessel should be on a line with the cat-head, instead of standing flush with the lanyards of the main swifter—perhaps a trifle abaft rather than forward, but certainly not on a dead line with either of the companion ways or the starboard gangway?"

He said that conscientiously he could not.

"Then, sir," I said, "you confess the proud pre-eminence of Yankee shipbuilding; and, mark me, sir, boast, proud Briton, as you may, long after your tarry top-lights are shivered, and your top-gallant eyebrows are crumbling in the dust, the American jack-stay will float proudly at the taffrail of civilization!"

And with that I hitched up my trowsers and came away.

CHAPTER XLI.

IN WHICH WE SHOOT NIAGARA, WITH A GOOSE QUILL, AND GET
AWAY COMPARATIVELY UNHARMED.

A REASON very much akin to that which forbade my discoursing with astounding intelligence about Newport, interferes to prevent my letting out any unusual information as regards Niagara Falls. I have not been there since the new Suspension Bridge was built. On mentioning this to my publishers they assured me that on the whole I ought to consider myself a remarkably fortunate individual, for many persons had to write about Niagara without ever having been there at all, and certainly it would seem that I ought to lay over these latter a little. So I overhaul my note book again and date back.

It is really singular how few clothes one wants on a journey, if he's good looking, and how little money he can get along with, if he has only style and a moderate amount of cheek. An eminent tourist was explaining to me recently how he traveled from Chicago to New York without its costing him a cent—indeed he came out a new hat ahead when he arrived at his destination. He got on the cars in the first place, without money. Of course the conductor could not put him off till a station was reached, and express trains don't stop to pick people up at farm-houses as accommodation trains do. So he got quite a lift at the start, and the conductor gave him a little more of a lift when he landed him. But he got aboard the next train that came along. At the first station they came to, that conductor put him off. But



THE PLEASURES OF RAILROAD TRAVELING.

he had got so much further on his journey. And in little less than a week he got to New York—showing how much a man can accomplish by perseverance and industry. As for meals, he told people along the road that he was a granger, and every farmer responded with warm victuals. At the last station an amateur agriculturist gave him a new hat, and would have given him work through haying time, but the tourist declined. As for getting kicked off at each station, he didn't mind that much after he got used to it, rather enjoying it than otherwise; but he did confess that it was sort of rough in the beginning. He says he intends, if ever he makes the trip again, to have himself cane-bottomed, so as to enjoy the scenery more.

If it were possible to be kicked and stay at home, getting along just as far in the direction which one wished to go, I think I should adopt the alternative. The only railroad traveling that has any comfort about it, is walking along the track in the country of a moonlight evening, a pretty girl on your arm, and no train due for a couple of hours.

Always choosing lines of water travel when possible, it irked me to discover on this occasion that we were running parallel to a canal, and that the trip to the Falls could certainly have been accomplished with less haste if not more speed. Of course there is a popular prejudice against canal-boats; but why? They are quite as sure as slow, and I never heard of one's running off the track or "turning turtle" down a steep embankment. Nor do they race and burst their boilers, and do other such actions as those. Verily the tow-path is a peaceful path, and the tow-lines fall in pleasant places.

The canal has given nomenclature to many of the villages along the railroad. There is a Brockport, and a Lockport, and a Middleport, and several other ports, which a canal-boat could make in case of a storm. And it is positive luxury to contemplate the *dolce far niente* air of life on the canal, bringing up memories of Venice, gondolas, and gondoliers. I should not like to be a canal-boat, nor a canal-cook, nor a

tow-horse, though possessed of a tow-head. But give me a comfortable position as canal-captain, with nothing to do, and plenty of time to do it in, a full crew, a speaking-trumpet, and a regular salary, and I have no hesitation in saying that the measure of my ambition would be filled.

A very few minutes after leaving Suspension Bridge you come within view of the famous Falls. There is nothing to be seen but a body of water tumbling over some ragged-looking rocks, a cloud of spray rising, and you think to yourself, what a tempest in a tea-pot. Your anticipations all dashed with disappointment, an inclination comes to sue somebody for breach of promise. You take a mortal dislike to Father Hennepin, and rather regret that his name and fame were not committed to the hands of incompetent printers, who would have handed him down as Terrapin to the remotest generation. But the next day you visit the Cave of the Winds, and then—

Just hold me at this point, and by the exercise of mild violence, if necessary, prevent me from anticipating. Standing here in the streets of a primitive looking little village the roar of the Falls is in your ear—and you say to yourself that its magnificence and all that, is in your eye. On every side of you hang those Indian bows and arrows—manufactured by machinery in an industrious Massachusetts village—and canes which you fondly hoped to leave behind at Saratoga. The same ridiculous reticules, improbable watch-cases, and impossible slippers confront you. You are besought to buy vases and crosses and cups cut from “Table Rock,” and *do* buy them, though knowing in your soul that Table Rock was all cut up into ornaments years ago, and that these are wrought from a peculiarly soft marble found in Vermont. “Finely chiseled!” remarks the seller, as he packs up a bow-legged Venus and a hump-backed Hercules to your address—and indeed it occurs to you that you have been!

A sort of pretty-waiter-girl system obtains at the stores and it works on unmarried men like red-pepper on cucumber-bugs. These sirens show themselves at the windows, like

Eve before the Fall—I do not mean that they wear Paradi-siaical costume, but simply that they stand before the Fall—and thus the bachelor is enticed to enter; he has no intention of buying; simply wishes to look around and make up his mind what would be most pleasing to his family—his little boy, for instance. Sundry things are shown him; and the result is one often seen in churches—those who come to scoff remain to pay! “Thank you, madam, I’ll call again” has no charm to soothe the feminine breast in this locality, and so he is reluctantly constrained to invest in some article of personal apparel or adornment which he cannot wear himself and could not give away to a friend without provoking a breach of amicable relations that could never be healed. You will behold your bachelor, for instance, staggering away under a birch-bark sucking bottle, a pair of baby’s shoes made of wampum, or swamp ’em, and a glass mug said to be blown from Table Rock, on which is inscribed, “To dear little Willie, from his dear’papa,” and papa is spelled with two p’s. The thought occurs to you, if of a contemplative turn of mind that “dear little Willie” will be a little dry by the time that mug and his own, come in conjunction. But men can’t be mean, and honest industry must be sustained, be the consequences what they may.

“Oh, what a fall is there, my countrymen,” is just what Christopher Columbus remarked when he first discovered Niagara. That the Falls were discovered by Father Hairpin or Father Hennepin is a popular delusion. The great mass of thinkers and drinkers could not well be farther from the truth. The fact of it is, not only were they discovered but they were also christened by Christopher, “Niagara,” which is a Spanish word signifying “Large mill Privilege.” Having navigated the river thus far he thought he wouldn’t go any farther that night, and so camped out on Goat Island, wisely concluding not to take his vessels up the Falls that evening. Next morning he felt so provoked at not having done it the evening before that he concluded not to do it at all, determining, after mature deliberation and consulta-

tion with his captains, to go into the laundry business for which the place afforded excellent facilities.

Columbus did well until he went into the Suspension Bridge business. Then he failed. Being an honest man he only charged fair rates of toll, and never attempted to swindle the unfortunate Americans who got caught over on the Canadian side after twelve at night, by shutting the gates on them and charging double toll home again. *His* suspension followed soon afterwards, and the bridge has now passed into the hands of an incorporated company, who, having neither conscience nor honor, nor anything else which interferes with the material prosperity of man, have got enormously rich as a natural consequence, and are cursed by all who fall into their clutches. Any one of the guides for a consideration will show you the top-boots that Christopher wore when he waded between Goat Island and the mainland, and perhaps the musket with which the great discoverer undertook to shoot the rapids.

It is a very costly elephant to see, this great lop-sided Niagara, and you exclaim to yourself in astonishment, Verily, how wonderful are the works of nature,—and how dear! There is so much to see and so much to pay. You see a guide on every hand and have to pay him at every step. He charges you for pointing at a thing and makes another charge if you touch it. He charges you for going and he charges you for coming; he charges for putting you into the water and he charges for pulling you out; he even charges you for charging you to be careful. But there are certain things that must be done, and Lundy's Lane battle-ground is one of them. To do it you have to climb a tower with steep, winding stairs, till you are too dizzy to know whether you're going down in a hand-basket or up in a balloon. Then you have to listen to the prolix story of an old Englishman, who says he was there or thereabouts at the battle, until you yawn and wonder why in the providence of God he was not killed at the time. For a long story up a five-story tower is a little more than human patience can bear. And there is nothing

to be seen all the while but a field planted with corn and promising anything but a favorable yield. Coming down stairs the view betters, for if the day be favorable you catch a glimpse of pretty ankles as the young ladies of some other party skip gaily up.

Then there is the "burning spring," which blazes like a tar-kiln if you touch a match to it, and smells like the left wing of the pit, whether you do anything to it or not. The boy who shows it off runs a tube down into the waters and then strikes a lucifer. A bright flame kindles; he puts a finger over the aperture, splitting the jet and shooting the flame off in different directions without experiencing so much as a single singe.

"Why does it not burn him?" I asked, of no one in particular.

"Because he has not taper fingers," replied a young man wearing blue-glasses, who evidently had been standing round for a week or two waiting for that opportunity.

Then in the evening there are "hops"—on the Canadian as well as on the American side of the river. The Kanucks have a peculiar style of going through the mazy—a hop, skip, and jump movement, suggestive of kernels of corn on a hot skillet. To me it seems rather strange that people should dance at Niagara. They can do that at home. Are there no quiet country villages and barn-floors, where nothing else *can* be done, that they must come here to caper nimbly to the lascivious pleasing of the flute, fiddle, and loud bassoon while the great cataract is sounding its solemn base in their ears, and making the ball-room floor vibrate with the mighty tread of waters which never have had a master?

But what would Augustus Adolphus, who of course puts in a part of his vacation at Niagara, do for the display of his new trowsers, if he could not teter through the Lancers with them? And Matilda—but why mention the weaker vessel. She is but the natural result of Augustus. Given the one, you are sure to have the other as a logical result. Poor Matilda! I am sorry for her; sometimes I

believe she has a soul to save, and if she has not, it is her misfortune more than her fault. She was educated at a fashionable school, where young ladies are crowded up a regular ladder, and occasionally *boosted* two steps at a time to hasten things, the only idea being to get them turned off as soon as possible. Their chief end and aim in life—impressed upon them from earliest infancy—is to “get established.” To get established means, in their circle, to get “married.” Not to marry a man whom it is possible to love and honor, not to accomplish woman’s destiny, and raise up children who shall be an honor to the State, but simply to have a brown-stone front, a carriage, and a weak back.

As for dancing, has any one ever seen John Paul cut a pigeon wing or throw his graceful form in the mazy to the lively *trois-temps*? No? Ah, well, then you have something in life to live for. People come from far and near to recreate themselves with the pleasing spectacle. The chief characteristic of the performance, is length and strength. In consequence a good deal of time, and corresponding space are required. To see me go down the room steering the chaste *Cornelia*, you’d think me a three-decker, with a light-sparrred craft alongside and the wind several points abaft the beam. The brigs, brigantines, schooners and smacks of the ball-room make way, knowing that otherwise they’d be cut down to the water’s edge. A collision under such circumstances would be a catastrophe. I am happy to say that only one occurred during the wild career of my first evening at Niagara, when I arose in my strength, like a giant flushed with wine, and threw things. The unfortunate couple whom we struck were coming down on our starboard bow, while we were going large before it—a whole tropical breeze. We struck them amidships, and I carried away a chignon on my cutwater, while the *Cornelia*’s outriggers and stun’ sail booms were covered with white waist cloths, shirt collars and other standing rigging of the lesser and weaker vessels. Not heard of subsequently, it is conjectured that, rudderless and dismasted, their top-hamper clinging heavily to their sides, they must have gone over the Falls.



JOHN PAUL JOINS IN THE MAZY DANCE.

But what is the use of dancing at all unless you do it up with a vigor which shows that you enjoy it? For my part, dancing chiefly for exercise, I contrive to get plenty of it. Sometimes though, I mainly doubt if it be the chief end and aim of human existence to work one's self into a heavy sweat—pardon me, I intended to say into a state of intense perspiration—and then limp off to bed like a wet rag, to wake the next morning fatigued and unrefreshed. What is the use of putting on clean collars and stay-laces, simply to wilt them down? And, as a general thing, I have noticed that people do not bouquet worth a cent in ball-rooms. Is this fact generally known! Even Arabella, who, under ordinary circumstances, is a jolly japonica, a happy heliotrope, a tender tuberosa, a very violet of fragrance, after a dozen round-dances does not exhale the aroma of Araby—nor what my spirit fondly believes is the normal essence of Arabella. This I mention in no captious spirit, but simply for the benefit of young ladies. They should take time to cool off between galops, waltzes, and such things. Great guns are never exercised too frequently: after a certain number of rounds, it is always the rule to run in, and rest, and sponge them.

There is some dispute as to whether the Canada Falls or the American Falls is the finer. Without pretending to be a very good judge of water I still make bold to say that either of them would turn a very good sized water-wheel, and in any event the question is of little importance, since we shall some day annex the Canada Falls and a good many other things, and then there will be no bother about it.

Those who go to Niagara and do not go through the Cave of the Winds miss a great deal of discomfort—and a fair knowledge of what the Falls are. It is all very well to sneer and make jokes about them, and “guess they don't amount to much after all,” when standing on the solid earth, but come to stand under them, the thing is different. Then they've got you in the door, so to speak. In company with quite a party of ladies and gentlemen, I made the trip, and with your kind permission will tell you what we saw in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XLII.

AND NOW WE WIND THROUGH THE CAVE OF THE WINDS.

TIME: a past summer, whose grasses long since were gathered, whose leaves, then fresh and green, have since had several burials beneath the snows of successive winters, and quite as many resurrections.

SCENE: the piazza of the Cataract House, at Niagara.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ (*place aux dames*)—Bella, the brunette, graceful and stately as a mountain pine; Sappho, the blonde, whose eyes have caught the color of the morning skies; Violetta, the bewitching, who has always had her own way, and can never be persuaded to have any one else's; Roxanna, a delegate from New England, whose bump of self-poisedness and go-aheadativeness is large and well-defined. In the fore-ground sits Narcissus, his attention about equally divided between Sappho and his patent-leather boots; on the right wing strides Don Miguel, swarthy but courteous; on the left, mounting guard against any raid upon the chair which he has temporarily quitted, John Paul may be seen, his classic profile showing in studied relief, against the white pillar whereon he leans. So much for the grouping.

"Who is for the Cave of the Winds this morning?" speaks the cheery voice of Mrs. Japonica, *chaperon* of the lady part of the party.

"I," and "I," and "I," and "I," and "I," and "I," and "I," cry all. Not a dissentient voice among the group.

"Put to vote and unanimously carried," remarks Narcissus.

"*Si*, it is one vara good plan," says Don Miguel, brushing the ash from his first cigarette.

"Then order out the barouche," continues Mrs. Japonica; "how many are there of us?"

"We are seven," replies John Paul.

"Too many by twice; but the distance is short, and it is scarcely worth while to get up another carriage. You young people must walk; we old fogies will ride."

By this the barouche was at the door; Mrs. Japonica, with her body-guard of matrons, got in; "forward" was sounded, and the train was soon in motion. In accordance with all military precedent, the light infantry of the young marched in the van; the heavy artillery of the married brigade following on lumbering wheels.

The walk from the Cataract House to Goat Island follows down and along the rapids, crossing the bridge where a toll, varying according to age, size, sex and condition, is demanded of each person. There is little of interest to be seen on the way if we except the water, of which there is quite enough to satisfy the most exigent duck; but the summer having been a particularly rainy one, water was not at all new and scarcely attracted remark.

"This way to the Cave of the Winds," said a number of sign-boards, and there was no difficulty in finding the place. The first station--the ante-chamber, so to speak--is a frame-building, looking not unlike a barn; here you prepare for an introduction to the inner mysteries.

The preparation consists in divesting yourself of the magnificent habiliments, the purple pantaloons and fine linen, in which you have been accustomed to disport yourself before the critical feminine eye, and putting on the garments which the guides if not the gods have provided for you. These being cut to suit the length and breadth of average humanity, the fit is not remarkably perfect if you chance to be either over or undersized. John Paul, being cast in a diminutive mould, looked very much as a bean-pole would arrayed in a purser's shirt. Nor is the material of these garments that which your tailor commends to consideration on the ground that it is "imported." Blue gingham trousers, fastened

round the waist with a cord like that which the Trappist monks wear, an oil-skin pea-jacket, bound with a similar girdle, and a flapping oil-skin hood, buttoned so tightly around the neck and under the chin that at the expiration of five minutes you imagine that by some singular mistake your head has been popped into a stew-pan, constitute the upper rigging. Moccasins of white felt are bound upon your feet, and the attire is complete. This is the court-dress which you must don if you seek audience with the Winds.

The dressing-rooms are not quite so comfortable as the ones you have been accustomed to. The floor, instead of with a carpet, is covered with sand and broken clam-shells; the wash-bowl has a large hole in the bottom, and the pitcher is without a handle. A looking-glass is provided that you may start out with a cheerful sense of the repulsiveness of your personal appearance; but this being cracked in several places aggravates your unsightliness, and distorts you into a monster of so frightful mien, as, to be hated, needs but to be seen! And there being no bell about the room you are forced to make yourself seen, if you find it necessary to have a reef taken in the slack of your trowsers, or want a shingle nail to supply the place of a missing button. The comb and brush at the disposal of the guests, are suggestive; but not being particular about the parting of your hair just now you conclude that you will not use them.

One thing not over and above pleasant about the affair is that your gingham trowsers are wet and dripping. A large fat gentleman has just jumped out of them. There are several sensations in life more pleasant than thrusting your legs into wet trowsers. So thought Narcissus. He barely got a foot in before he started back with a yell of dismay: "Thunder! I'm subject to rheumatism and neuralgia. If I put these wet rags on I couldn't stir for a week!" And he at once decided not to go. It being necessary that some one should watch our money, diamond sleeve-buttons, and shirt-studs, Frodsham watches and chains, it was at last arranged that to him this responsible post should be assigned. At

last the toilets were made, and after stopping a moment to get breath and allow Don Miguel to relieve himself of a huge Spanish oath and a clam-shell which was in his moccasin, the gentlemen sallied out into the hall.

The ladies were not visible.

Rat, tat, tat at the door of their room:—"Ladies, are you ready?"

The door opens about two inches and the nose of Bella is visible, with the eyes of Violetta peeping over her shoulder:—

"Oh, we can't come out in this rig with all those people looking at us; tell those men to go away!"

We, in our uncommon attire, were mistaken for nothing but "men!"

But aside from us there was quite a crowd around. One of the sights of Niagara is to see the procession of pilgrims, male and female, starting for that Mecca of the waters known as the Cave of the Winds. Multitudes go over to the island expressly to witness the exhibition.

As the naughty, naughty men would neither be persuaded nor ordered away, the ladies finally came out, timidly, and casting furtive glances around to see if any body was laughing at them. Their movement was sideways and deprecating, like that of a crab when first trying locomotion in a new shell.

I have spoken of the procession as one of pilgrims; the simile is a good one, barring the lack of cockle-hats and staves, for the shoon are here, and oil-skin would pass current with even the unimaginative mind for sackcloth, while the gray sand which sprinkles the garments, answers for ashes.

Hand in hand, down steep, winding stairs, the party goes, the ladies occasionally tripping in their unaccustomed style of slippers—but never falling—some one always standing ready to catch them.

The ledge of rock, level with the foot of the Fall, reached, a stand is made and the order of advance determined on. There are two guides—Palinurus, who has been at the busi-

ness for fifteen years, a grizzled old veteran, and Aquarius, younger, with a weakness for the gentler sex and diving. It is arranged that Palinurus shall lead with Bella, John Paul to follow next with Violetta, then Don Miguel with Roxanna; Aquarius bringing forward the rear and covering the flank with Sappho.

“Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,”

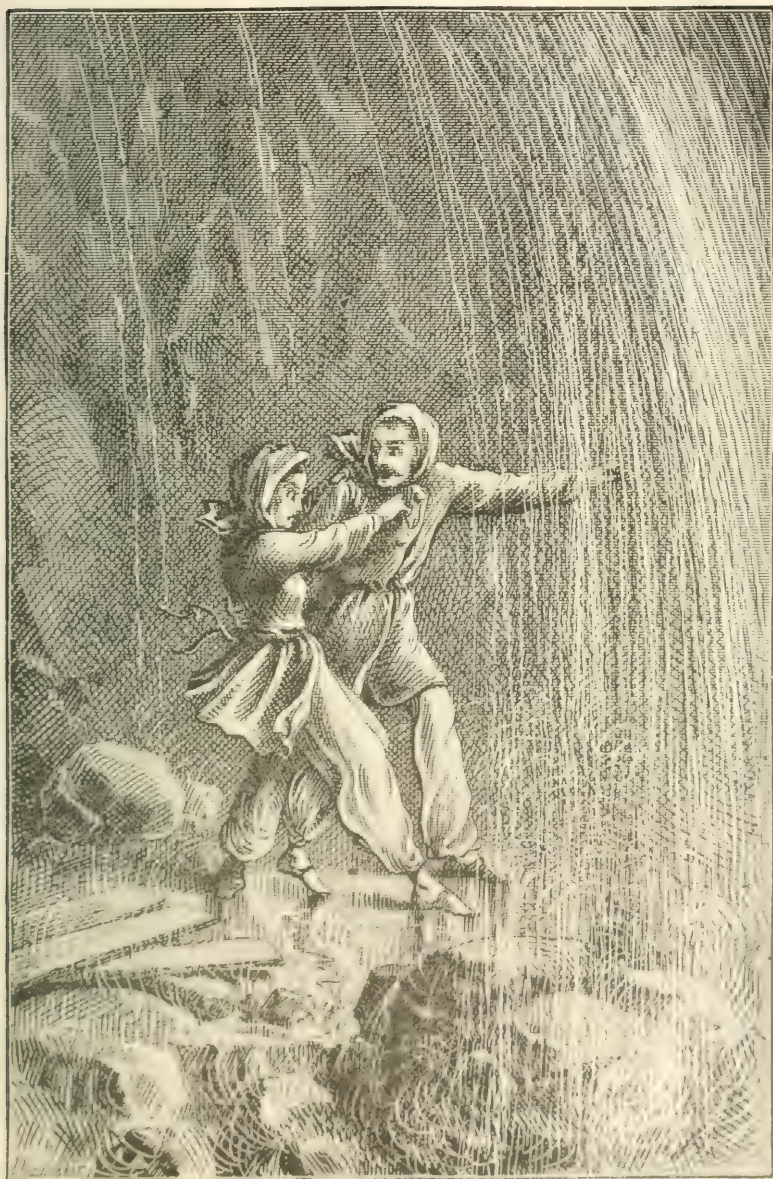
sings Bella, lightly, as she skips along the plank walk whose further end is lost in mist, gayly as though treading a ball-room floor. Violetta walks slower and trembling, so that the advance couple are behind the Fall and lost to view before she and John Paul come up. The others have stopped to tighten their girths, so that there are none to aid this timid couple if they come to grief. They are now at the very foot of the Fall—and what a fall! The great volume of water thunders down, dashing the spray into poor Violetta’s face and blinding her. A noise as of ten thousand siege-guns is in our ears; the winds, roaring up from the chasm and whirling and twisting the spray into fantastic shapes which seem the ghastly guardians of the entrance, snatch away our breath.

A scream of terror from Violetta. “Oh, I can’t go on! let me go back, I shall die!”

But the worst is half over. No time for remonstrance or talk about swapping horses now. “Come along!” and by main strength John Paul bears Violetta along.

“Let me go back, I tell you!” and the little hands are clenched and let out straight from the shoulder, while the little feet kick a livelier measure than ever they moved to in dancing measures.

But the Rubicon is passed, and we are behind the Falls. The scene is sublime and terrible as well as wet. Through the curtain of waters which falls, shutting out the outer world, the sun looks like a great emerald. The winds howl and rage until you fancy that Ulysses must be around with the ox-hide bag which Æolus gave him, and that again its



"LET ME GO BACK, I SHALL DIE."

mouth has been indiscreetly loosened. Talk of Euroclydon, white squalls, tornadoes and pamperos, indeed, the breath is now fairly blown out of your body! And so counter are the currents of air that the best disciplined wind-mill would not know which way to turn. You are quite as much at a loss. A feeling of helplessness comes over you; for the first time you comprehend your own nothingness and the terrible might of Niagara.

Heretofore you have seen it from altogether another standpoint; safe on the firm earth, with the blue sky above, birds singing in the trees, and all the lovely panorama of nature stretching around you, the whole seemed a great show-piece, gotten up for your amusement. Niagara was simply a tumbling harlequin on a somewhat larger scale than the usual one. Now, however, it is different, and you realize how materially circumstances alter cases. Then you had them; now they have you, and it does not seem at all certain but that they'll keep you permanently. Before you have been in the habit of patronizing them, of lamenting that they are not mineral, that they might be bottled and turned to some practical account. Now *you* feel very much like crawling into a bottle, and the impression is paramount that a pint one would hold you. The cataract leaps at you like a hungry lion—no; blot out the simile, it is tame! A whole desert of lions could not swallow you as these unchainable waters would, sinking you to such unfathomed depths that scarcely the trump of the archangel could reach you. For the moment you seem at their mercy, and feel that mercy you do not deserve. After scoffing at the waters you have crossed their threshold, entered their most familiar home—annihilation is the least punishment which you can expect.

You are lost—literally as well as in wonder and awe. After leading you against the dead wall of rock, over which the waters are leaping, the plank walk has come to a sudden end. You can scarcely scale the wall, for it is moist and slippery, as well as a hundred and fifty feet high, to say nothing of the *chevaux-de-frisc*—which may be freely trans-

lated into water-horses—which guard the summit. Palinurus and Bella are not to be seen. They may have fallen into the hell of waters which is seething and boiling at your feet. The thought is not a pleasant one. Palinurus is a stranger, certainly, but he is also your friend and guide, and just at present, though lost to sight, is to memory dear. For Bella you have a special regard. All this while you are straining eyes and ears, but between the driving spray and howling winds can see and hear nothing, which does not tend to lessen your embarrassment. Violetta would be fainting if she did not consider it her bounden duty to scream. Regardless of the fact that you have not the customary thickness of broadcloth on, her fingers tighten on your arm until, though conscious that it is virtue's self which pinches, you are tempted to wheel around and remark, "This is vice."

"Wait here a moment," says John Paul; "I will go ahead a few steps, and find the road or Palinurus."

"No, don't leave me! I'm sure I shall die! Oh, I do wish I was at home!"

John Paul wishes so too; he is not accustomed to such precious responsibilities. For the first time he realizes the peculiarity of his position. If Violetta should be lost how could he meet the reproaches of her mamma? She is an only child. A jury of his countrymen would convict him of daughter-slaughter in the first degree. He might file a caveat, but would it stay proceedings? Of course the only thing to be done if Violetta went under the Falls would be to go over after her; chivalric custom would demand the sacrifice. But how absurd that would be! How much better, how much *nicer*, to just hasten home to the hotel, and write a splendid obituary for the newspapers—perhaps turn off a neat copy of complimentary and elegiac verses!

† But the darkest hour is always just before day. Relief is at hand. "This way!" shouts Palinurus, suddenly looming up like the Flying Dutchman from a mist. Following his lead we cut across the Fall, and soon strike a good plank walk again, where Bella stands laughing and clapping her

hands. That young lady does not know what fear is ; if she felt inclined for a shower-bath just now you'd see her step out under the cataract as coolly as though she had never taken any other.

But there is more trouble on the side we have just left. Sappho is fainting, and Don Miguel, having his hands and arms full of Roxanna, can lend Aquarius no assistance. To support one woman is about all that one man can do in this world, and more than a sensible man cares to undertake.

"*Sacré !*" mutters the Don between his set teeth.

I do not know what the word means, but am told that it is Spanish for "Come here a minute!"

Palinurus dashes over to the rescue, and two pair of stout arms bear Sappho over to a place of rest and safety. Her blue eyes beam out after a while, and her lips resuming their red, unclose to murmur, "Oh, it *was* dreadful!"

"You're about right there, Sappho," says Violetta.

Now it is comparatively plain sailing, and very good head-way is made. The pilgrims' path, however, is in a measure one of penance, as the rocks have cut holes in their "shoon," and the result is similar to what it would be had they put unboiled peas in them at starting. At the first I mentioned that the shoes were "felt"—now the pebbles are.

Once out from the valley of the shadow, John Paul became quite blithe and jubilant. "Picking my way along these rocks," remarked he, "I find that I develop the sagacity of a chamois goat in combination with a grasshopper agility, moral attributes, and physical qualities the latent existence of which was never before suspected by myself or my most intimate friends."

Seated on a moss-covered rock, watching the waters, and talking over the perils passed, calm and contentment shone on every face. Anon John Paul, taking off his hood, wiped the perspiration from his bald head with a bunch of dry weed, and sententiously delivered himself as follows :—"This, my friends, is emblematical of life. Fair and smiling at first setting out, doubt and danger beset us ere the meridian was

reached. The sun was hidden from our gaze, and, missing its bright face, we thought it quenched, but it still shone beyond the mist. Safely we passed through the tumultuous winds and blinding waters. Faith guided our steps—”

“You’d not have done much without me,” put in Palinurus.

“And now, behold, we have gained the smooth waters beyond. So is it ever. I tell you my friends, that there are more linked analogies between the seen and unseen world than we short-sighted mor—” Here, rising with his subject, he at the same time scrambled to his feet.

“Take care!” shouted Palinurus; but it was too late. With philosophy on his lips, philanthropy in his heart, and his left leg gyrating like the loose arm of a pair of callipers, John Paul slipped into the smooth waters whose praise he had just spoken.

Being a heavy body he sank like a stone. After him dived Aquarius. Finding no available hair to seize, the diver caught him by the garments just below the small of his back, and landed him safely on the rock.

“Go on, Mr. Paul,” said Sappho, “that was a very nice little speech you were entertaining us with.”

“No, thank you,” replied Mr. Paul, “I’ve done.”

A short distance from the shore were some rocks, on which several couple were seated.

“Let’s go out there!” said Bella.

The proposition was unanimously agreed to, and again the train was in motion; the chamois picking his way along the rocks with care now, and displaying none of the bounding propensities which before characterized his career. A stoppage soon occurred. As is well known one refractory woman or mule can halt a whole train.

Palinurus and Bella had taken the initiative and were wading out to the rocks. Violetta measured the water and the distance with a keen eye; her mathematical bumps dilated;—“It’s above Bella’s waist, and it would be up to my chin. Don’t let’s go. We might get drowned!”

"No danger marm," said Aquarius.

"There is, I tell you, and I won't go." She spoke so persistently that Sappho hesitated and began looking around for a life-preserver, while even Roxanna stood undetermined. As for Violetta she planted herself resolutely on the rock.

"Will you not come wiz me, ladees ! there is not of danger," urged Don Miguel.

"No I *won't* go ;" and the positive pilgrim stamped another hole in her shoes by way of emphasis. As for the others they put off and reached their destination in safety. True to his charge, however, John Paul sat patiently down and waited a turn of the tide in the feminine mind.

Leave ladies alone and the chances are that they'll do as you want them to. Remonstrate or reason with them and you might as well attempt to stir a cathedral from its foundations. The way that Bo-Peep was advised to do with her sheep is the only way to deal with the "opposite"—I had almost written *contrary*—sex.

In two or three minutes Violetta announced an ambition to wade out to the rock where the others were, she could not be happy without it. So Palinurus came over, she waded in, and harmony and good-will once more obtained.

Out on the rock the party was variously entertained. Palinurus related the strange things which had occurred since he had officiated as *valet de chambre* to Niagara. Among other things, how several young ladies had been carried over the Falls with their best clothes on, and how one fell from Table Rock, the body being recovered after a number of days in a dreadfully mangled condition—all of which was very cheerful information and highly provocative of hilarity, especially among the ladies.

Then Aquarius exhibited divers feats of diving. He would "turn turtle" off the rock, curling his legs over as he went down like the tail-feathers of a drake, bringing up weeds in his mouth and fragments of shells in his hands. These treasures were in great demand, and each lady packed her cavalier with a load, giving a stirring injunction that on

no account should the precious relics be lost. The gingham trousers being unprovided with pockets the question of transportation assumed a decidedly serious phase. Don Miguel stowed his hood full of shells and wadded his chest with small boulders—making a treasure-chest of it. John Paul, who was intrusted with Violetta's treasures, concealed them in some mysterious way, and on being asked about them simply replied that they were safe.

On reaching home Violetta's heart was made glad by the delivery at her room door of a bushel or two of shells and cobble-stones. Don Miguel, however, having lost his in the water, was soundly berated on all sides. Were the truth known, John Paul quietly dropped the stuff confided to him back into the water on the other side of the rock, that Aquarius might find something when he dived for others next day. On the beach and about the hotel he picked up a few fragments of rocks and crockery, which looked about the same and answered Violetta's purpose quite as well—better, in fact, for there was one curious bone in the collection which could not have been fished up in the river. Thus did John Paul do his devoir and nobly vindicate his trustworthiness.

From one of his profounder diversings Aquarius brought up a bump on his head. It is odd that none of the ladies wanted to secure it to remember the occasion by. Asked if it hurt him he replied, "No, he didn't mind such things much, he was used to them, it made him feel good rather than otherwise." Here you have a striking illustration of the advantages of early education.

The road home is much more comfortable than the one out. The guides kindly volunteered to take the party through the cave again, if any of them wished "to repeat," but none professed a desire to. One heat—or rather one chill—was quite enough. The fact is, that after having been in the water and through the water and under the water for an hour or two, dry clothes and the warm sun suggest themselves as comforts peculiarly adapted to the season. Some-

thing hot would not be objected to by even the most devout disciple of Father Mathew.

"On ordinary occasions," remarked John Paul, as the train wound its way over the little foot-bridge in front of the Falls, "I scorn the intoxicating bowl, and am particularly down on all beverages which cheer without inebriating; but at the present moment I *would* consent to take a little mild stimulant, not to gratify the depraved craving of a vitiated appetite, but simply for the preservation of my teeth—which are in a fair way for rattling out of my head."

From this little foot-bridge you have an excellent outside view of the Falls. Strange thoughts come over one as he gazes. For thousands of years these waters have been plunging on in their mad career, and yet their voice is as loud, their tramp as defiant, their sweep as resistless as ever. The rocks are hoary with mosses, but no symptom of old age shows on the crest of the cataract. Generation after generation has passed away, forms of animal and vegetable life have been blotted from existence, stars have faded from the sky, yet the waters continue majestic in might and full in volume as the first day that they were created. Good-natured, too, they are all the while; wouldn't much mind carrying you over, if you happened to drop in their way, and they never seem afraid of getting wet by falling into the river.

There is nothing like moral reflections occasionally. They relieve the mind of the writer and give the reader a breathing spell.

After gaining the shore the party was treated to a beautiful rainbow. Some were disposed to view it as gotten up specially for the occasion; but I am informed that the sight is by no means an uncommon one. This was a very fine bow, indeed; one of the successes of the season. Some of our art critics might have slightly objected to the tone and coloring, but it is certain that they could have found no fault with the drawing; as the arch was perfect.

"What makes the rainbow round?" asked Sappho, thoughtfully.

"Is that a conundrum?" inquired Bella.

"No, I should really like to know," returned Sappho. "Perhaps you can tell me, Mr. Paul."

"Certainly," replied that gentleman, clearing his throat and assuming an oracular attitude. "Rainbows are formed in the regions of the heavens opposite to the sun, by the refraction, reflection, and separation into the colors of the prismatic spectrum which his rays undergo in the drops of falling rain."

"But it is not raining now," remarked Roxanna.

"No," said Bella, "but it is spraying, which amounts to about the same thing if you have no umbrella."

"But what makes the rainbow *round*? *that* is what I want to know," said Sappho.

"Have I not explained to you, Miss Sappho, that the refraction, reflection, and separation of the sun's rays into the colors of the prismatic—"

"Yes, I know, but bother your prismatics; you got that out of the dictionary," said Bella. "That accounts for the colors, but we want to know what makes rainbows *round*."

"Because they look better round than square, I suppose," said Sappho. "Beaux are always 'round—sometimes when it would be more convenient to have them away."

"My explanation was certainly very lucid," remarked John Paul, with an injured look. "If after listening to it you can not understand why rainbows are round I am very sorry for you, but my duty is accomplished." Indeed there was cause on his part for anger and indignation. For he knew no more than the man in the moon "what makes rainbows round"—nor does he to this day.

But for all that he went on with his moral reflections. "Strange that the rainbow should have kept its colors unfaded since first they were painted on Creation's morn, and—"

"*Not* so long as that," put in Violetta, "only since the flood."

"Since water ran and the sun shone," persisted Mr. Paul, "science assures us that—"

"I don't care what science assures ; I'll believe what my Bible says before anything else, and you're an infidel if you talk so ; and I wont walk home with you—so there now !" and Violetta went back under the protection of the guide, leaving her philosopher and friend to wonder if he was indeed lost to grace forever.

"You'll remember the guide?" said Aquarius, at parting.

"Certainly," I replied, "while memory holds her seat in this distracted brain," and the party moved on.

"Why, he expected you to give him something," whispered Sappho.

"Did he?" replied John Paul, absently ; "it didn't strike me so."

The journey to the dressing station was a very silent one. The ladies were thoroughly tired, and needed a deal of assistance getting up the steep stairs ; but the ascent was safely accomplished at last. On calling for Narcissus he was found to be absent, and suspicions were entertained that he had decamped with the money and jewelry ; but after a while he turned up all right, with a smell of lemon-peel on his lips. He accounted for it by saying that he had just eaten an orange. The long, single curls which young ladies wear clinging to their shoulders like honey-suckles looking rather limp, and their hair generally being out of crimp, the necessity of getting home as soon as possible was suggested by Mrs. Japonica and acceded to unanimously. The most tired of the excursionists rode in the carriage, but a few who wished to show their indefatigability walked.

Dinner was enjoyed that day, a *carte blanche* being given for wine. "How did Roxanna get on without her *chaperon*?" asked Mrs. Japonica after the dessert was brought on.

"Oh, capitally," cried Sappho, "she had a chap of her own!"

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE RECORD OF A WEEK'S WILD DISSIPATION AT THE HUB.

MY mind is very much improved. I have been to Boston! There are several ways of going to Boston, and each has its special disadvantages. If you go by railroad, you are stifled by dust and smoke, and obliged to lie awake all night in a sleeping-car. If you go by the Sound, you are obliged to get up about as soon as you lie down, at Fall River. The boat reaches this place just as you've begun to dream that Jerusha Jane is willing, that her obdurate papa has relented, while her mamma, though not carrying her animosity so far as to stand in the way of her dear child's happiness, obstinately refuses to live under the same roof with you. Just at this moment, when the clouds which before hung over your life have become but a thin saccharine vapor, ready in another moment to be precipitated and condensed into that full and round globule of sweetness, the honey-moon, at this very moment—at this most bewitching hour of the night—comes a pounding and trampling at your state-room door, and you are dragged forth to take the cars for Boston.

"Blast Boston!" you say. This is wrong and illogical. It would be much better to dam Fall River, for then the boats would not get in so early.

I do not know but that it would have been better for me to outline a word up above there by some such skeleton as d—n, for as we approach Boston I feel more than ever before the need of being truly proper. And the homonyme of my word is always indicated by a "d," a dash, and an "n,"—

why, I will not undertake to declare, since it is simply identical with condemned. But I never remember to have seen the synonyme printed "cond—d." It would look an awfully wicked word if it were? By the custom referred to, the best of persons are set to swearing whether they will or no in an attempt to properly fill up the blanks left for blasphemy. One's ingenuity is taxed; the profanity assumes the proportions of a puzzle, and one begins tumbling over a hat full of bad words to find profane pegs which fit these special holes. And after all there seems to be but little real method about the exhibition of the words. Thus, I might uncensuredly write of a carping critic that he damned me with faint praise, but reporting the language used by one of those irate hackmen with whom we occasionally have to do, I must put it that he d—d my eyes,—no matter how faint the praise with which he accompanied the objurcation. Yet 'tis likely the hackman the while bore in his heart less malice towards me than the critic did, and really cursed me in less degree,—damaging me but mildly in comparison. Even if I had glass eyes he couldn't break them by mere verbal projectiles. And why not indicate the injury done me by d's and dashes in the one case as in the other? More harm is done by these blanks and asterisks, I fancy, than would come of printing the word or phrase in full. They serve simply as finger-posts to fix the attention of a reader carelessly running down the page. If a word be indeed profane or indecent, why set anything to stand for it? An attempt to compromise the matter is simply ridiculous. Quite as well might you think to serve the interests of modesty by hastily slapping hat and boots on a black-bearded ruffian, innocent of other attire, and leading him into company.

There, that duty done, let us pursue the path along which purity points and where virtue waits us.

Railroad traveling never very pleasant, has one special terror connected with it, if one takes a train before day-break. Young ladies in the dim gray of the morning, half asleep, are apt to straggle along, and dump themselves in your lap.

I never did like *that* ! And then they find out their mistake, discover that you are not a cushion, and get up and go away, which, on the whole, is rather more aggravating, if anything, than their sitting down.

You fall into a doze, imagine you're iniquitous, and the next thing you know you're in Boston.

A nice place it is, chiefly inhabited by nice people. The hackmen don't swear, but wear black hats, and will drive you anywhere for fifty cents. No liquor is sold, but a little may be obtained most anywhere, for "mechanical purposes." People don't say "Let's take a drink," but "Let's lubricate."

I saw nobody drunk in Boston, but I did see a good many who seemed very much discouraged. One very nice looking old gentleman was trying to tell an ash-barrel the way to the state house. He mistook the ash-barrel for a stranger, and took for granted it wanted to know the way to somewhere for strangers always do in Boston. And Boston people are polite. They are always ready to tell one the way, and will go along and point it out to you if there seems any doubt about your finding it. But they lubricate a little too much considering the ineffable essences of things, the propinquity of the Red Slayer, and the crookedness of their streets. Of course, with so much lubrication none of them ever get tight, though, naturally enough, some of them come to run a little loosely in the grooves at times.

There's a deal of fun made about the Common, but I don't see why. It's apparently as nice a bit of ground as you'd wish to see and an admirable place for the young people to go and relax and unbend their minds. After the severer studies of the day are over, they wander hand in hand by the pond, or seat themselves on white pine benches, under the noble oaks, chatting gaily about the Nebular Hypothesis, the Darwinian Theory, the Divisibility of Matter, and other pleasant little social topics. One can improve his mind a good deal by simply walking about the Common and hearing the young people converse.

I regretted much that there was no Jubilee while I was in

Boston—everybody regretted it, in fact. “If you’d only been here Jubilee week!” they said. “If you only *had* heard the Anvil Chorus!” To tell the truth, I did especially regret missing this, for I’m a pretty good hand at “old sledge” myself, and on more than one occasion have made a prominent resident of Boston open his wondering eyes at the beauties of this game as by me developed. But I saw the Coliseum. “That’s where we had it,” said a young student, in a low reverent voice, as he turned for a moment from a scholarly lunch of cold baked beans to point the site out to me.

There is one good thing about Boston. You can’t get lost in the city. Take any street you please, follow it to its end, and it brings you out where you started from.

I saw Fanueil Hall. It seems quite a satisfying place for a small tea-party. But of all the public buildings of Boston, I prefer the court house. One reason is because it stands so near the Parker House,—you have but to step across the street from the lubricating room, and you’re there. Its grounds are small but well and economically laid out. There is no ostentatious display, no gilded pomp and show to distract your mind and keep you from improving it as, I regret to say, is the case with the Common. A statue of Franklin is the most noticeable piece of ornamentation. The hand is stretched out as though anxious to know what you’d take if you got a chance. Bostonians of the present day stand in a similar attitude when they ask each other to lubricate. I noticed Whittier doing it to Longfellow. I didn’t hear a word, but knew very well by the motions what was going on. The base of the pedestal has several reliefs in bronze, to show little boys what they can do if they are honest and industrious and brought up in Boston. In one of them the philosopher is portrayed flying a kite in a thunder-storm, his night key tied to one end of the string to keep it from getting away with him. This is perhaps to inculcate the need of being on the key vive when one’s playing with lightning. In another place he’s pulling a proof from a press similar to

the ones on which the Boston dailies are now printed—Good Benjamin would no sooner have thought of having a Hoe in his establishment than of harboring a rake, and the solid Bostonians of the present are equally opposed to innovations. The whole thing seemed to me instructive and very improving to the mind — especially the lesson that nobody should fly kites in a thunder-storm without an umbrella over him and the kite. As the first man who discovered an innocent use of night keys Franklin is entitled to considerable praise. The moral of his life in an inscription on the pedestal is in Latin, of course, the little boys of Boston being more familiar with that language than with English.

I never could read Boston Latin, though I have not infrequently astonished Parisians with the strength and purity of my Boston French. So I bargained with a little boot black who happened along to shine me up and expound the Latin for five cents. “Born in Boston ; Died in Philadelphia”—there was nothing more of it. But I suppose they think there’s enough of a shining lesson contained in that.

The moral of it is that if a young man wants to amount to anything in the world he must be born in Boston. Nothing can be plainer, and my soul brimmed over with sadness as I thought of the great mistake which I made on starting out in life and cannot now rectify.

It could not have become generally known that I was spending a few days in Boston, for none of the poets or real estate agents called on me. So my time was principally spent in playing dominoes for beer with philosophers, and draw poker for a penny-ante, with Unitarians. But I learned a neat and handy way of dragging a pair of aces suddenly out of your boots, and came within an ace of making the acquaintance of some very remarkable men. For instance, Wendell Phillips, whom I met in the street, looked at me and seemed about to speak, but discovering on a second glance that I was nothing but a white man, slightly tanned by fishing for sculpin, thought better of it and passed on. I saw Emerson in a lunch-room several times, but he was



THE NIGHT VISION OF BUGABOO BEN.

always in a deep fit of abstraction over a red-herring, and only asked me to pass the mustard,—never a word said he about lubricating. I was sorry he didn't show himself more sociable like, for I did want to ask him about that Red Slayer of his, and what he thought of the infinite ramifications of the inscrutable.

And I met General Butler,—in a crowded car, however, so there wasn't much chance for conversation. This was unfortunate, inasmuch as he was returning from his fishing place, near Gloucester, and I should have liked to discuss the relative merits of live and dead bait with him,—to ascertain for a certainty whether he uses spoons in trawling. I have a pleasant way of always hitting on just the right topic in neighborly conversation; and the General perhaps would have been interested in a little poem of mine, written when there was talk of nominating him for the Presidency, which I happened fortunately to have in my pocket.

ABOO BEN BUTLER.

Aboo, *Ben Butler (may his tribe be less!)
 Awoke one night from a deep bottledness,
 And saw, by the rich radiance of the moon,
 Which shone and shimmered like a silver spoon,
 A stranger writing on a golden slate
 (Exceeding store had Ben of spoons and plate;)
 And to the stranger in his tent he said:—
 "Your little game?" The stranger turned his head,
 And, with a look made all of innocence,
 Replied: "I write the names of Presidents."
 "And is mine one?" "Not if this court doth know
 Itself," replied the stranger. Ben said "Oh!"
 And "Ah!" but spoke again: "Just name your price
 To write me up as one that may be Vice."

The stranger up and vanished. The next night
 He came again, and showed a wondrous sight
 Of names that haply yet might fill the chair—
 But lo! the name of Butler was not there!

* Aboo is the Persian for Bugaboo.

Gloucester is the place of the General's nativity ; famous for its fish and its fleets the world over. It was to it that he paid the eloquent tribute, so often quoted, in which we are told how the morning drum fish, following the sun flower round, keeps company with military posts and circles the earth with one unbroken strain of beats. It is to the appliances of the Gloucester fishery, indeed, that Mr. Emerson refers in the sonorous lines :—

“ And morning hastes to ope her lids
To gaze upon the mackerel skids.”

The Sage of Concord is fond of extolling native talent, but to my thinking this habit does not detract from the charm of his poetry. Born and bred in New England, his introspective mind naturally turns for its imagery to things with which he is familiar, and the only difficulty in understanding him comes from the popular fallacy of looking up in the clouds or across the country for an interpretation which would be plain enough if one just drove down and spent a day at Concord. Thus, it is in praise of Concord sleighing that the poet speaks when he says :—

“ If the read sleigher thinks he sleighs,
Or if the sleighed thinks he be sleighin',
They know not well my subtle ways,
I pass and keep and turn aga-in.’

Nothing can be clearer. If the sleigher of other latitudes whose principal knowledge of sleighing is through reading about it in books, imagines he is sleighing when he is but bringing a sad attrition upon his runners by rasping slowly along over a heavy frost, he knows nothing at all of the subtle ways that a Concord sleigh has with a boss driver hold of the ribbons ; it passes you, turns back and does it again, keeps “ a-doing of it,” in fact, to borrow a familiar expression. I don't know, though, that I care much about sleighing. For steady going pleasure, the whole year round, give me omnibuses.

A noble tribute the Poet pays to native talent when he alludes to :—

“The hand that grained the doors at home,
And rounded off the State House dome.”

And again, in the lines:—

“Earth proudly swears the Coliseum,
Is the best place to jubilee 'em.”

And what can be finer than the touching simplicity of his lines on leaving New York by the Fall River Line:—

“Good-bye, proud world, I'm going home
To Boston.”

But time presses, and much as I would like to linger it is imperative that I too go home, and my home is not in Boston. I may move there some day and go into business as a stone-cutter, for I think they ought to have another statue of Franklin.

CHAPTER XLIV.

HORACE GREELEY'S FUNERAL, AND A PERSONAL REMINISCENCE OF THE MAN.

TIME scatters assuaging ashes over all the angry heats of human passion and the offices of death are no less gentle and kindly. When the grave closes over a victim, forgotten are all the wild hates, the mad jealousies, the unfounded prejudices, and remembered only is the undeniable good which shone in the living man.

But a few days before, the busy hands of brethren, the length and breadth of the land over, were intent on stripping, with industrious vindictiveness, from Mr. Greeley's brow, the laurels he had so hardly and so honestly won; scarce a single leaf was permitted to remain. On the day of the funeral, the whole floral kingdom was put under tribute to do him honor; no wreath too rich and rare to adorn his pale forehead; the choicest exotics were all too poor to cover his coffin.

Justice is denied to the living, but adulation is heaped upon the dead. The public is a capricious child, indeed; one moment, to gratify an idle whim or resent a fancied slight, it breaks its favorite toy or crushes the life out of its darling; in the next breath it mourns the loss in a magnificence of grief, and bows its head in an agony of self-reproach.

Two eminent clergymen discoursed most eloquent and musical praise over the dead body of Mr. Greeley which lay in the chancel, but to me they did not drown—I could not forget—the calumnies so lately echoing in the air. There

on the altar lay the prostrate body of the victim ; around sat the priests who officiated at the sacrifice,—journalists of all degrees of eminence who shot the barbed arrows home,—with white handkerchiefs to their eyes.

The fraternity of the press are vastly sympathetic when a brother dies. It is a pity, perhaps, that in order to earn the good-will of the guild, it is needful that one should die.

Sitting in Dr. Chapin's church that December morning, it occurred to me that either these eloquent clergymen were desecrating their desks by the utterance of untruths over the dead, and should descend in degradation from the pulpit, or that a great part of the congregation should arise in terrible shame, conscience-smitten, and confess themselves liars.

I could not forget that the very public which then blocked the thoroughfares in pious desire to kiss the hem of the dead philosopher's garments, but yesterday, as it were, shouted in frantic delight over the silly caricatures which held him up to a world's ridicule and scorn as an incongruous combination of mountebank, knave, fanatic and fool—cheering most the shaft which their instinct told them went nearest and surest home. I could not forget that the same journals, now devoting pages to his panegyric, but lately gave broader columns and more conspicuous type to prove him wanting in most that goes to make up a man—deficient in honesty as well as in ability—arrogant, intriguing, time-serving, a traitor to the country he professed to serve, an infidel in his faith, a libertine in theory, if not in practice.

Had Horace Greeley been one-tenth part the monster which this partisan fancy painted him, he might well have doubted that a Redeemer lived for him, instead of proclaiming, in his last moments, that glorious belief in tones of triumphant faith !

And for what offense was Mr. Greeley arraigned ? Why was all this obloquy heaped upon him ? Simply because he, a man of the people, came before the people, to ask an office of civic trust which lay within the gift of the people. Had he not earned something of the people ? Did he not deserve something of the people ?

But the old cry went up, mainly from the gaping mouths of the "Press:"—"He wishes to desert his past; he has an ambition beyond his profession; take warning, O ye young men of the journalistic Israel!" As a general thing I am opposed to figures of speech, but it would have rejoiced me had a Cambronne of the occasion arisen with the pithy, fitting answer which Hugo has embalmed.

Tell me, is it forbidden to the "butcher and baker, and the candle-stick maker" to travel out of their records, to aspire out of their professions? Is the tailor chained to his goose beyond power to mount upon its wings? Is the soldier condemned to sit forever beside his smoking, stinking cannon? May not the tanner rise on the steeping-vats of his dead hides to higher things? Let history answer! And may not an educator of the people aspire beyond his inkhorn? Is there no place in the councils of the nation for the philosopher and the thinker?

It was good to see the great popular recognition at the funeral. But it came *so* late, *so* uselessly. And to my mind there lay a solemn mockery under all the splendid pageantry. For it seems but yesterday that we all saw this man, whom a nation now mourns, a man whose every heart-beat was in the best interests of humanity, tied to a "Journal of Civilization" like a malefactor at the cart's tail, and whipped through the high-ways and by-ways of the continent. Little wonder his heart broke!

"The lesson of Horace Greeley's life to young men"—this is the text from which both pulpit and press are preaching; and on which it is likely they will dilate for some time to come. The cynical might say, "Yes, young man, go forth into life, earnest, hopeful, and working. Give the marrow of your mind to feed your fellow creatures: struggle on in poverty for years when immediate wealth stands ready to your grasp, if principle do not forbid you to clutch it; live honestly, soberly, temperately; give weary days and toilsome nights to the advancement of the interests of humanity, and when you come forward to ask a recognition of men, then

will you be hooted down into the grave, your gray hairs trailed through the mud, your coffin covered with flowers, and 'Angels ever bright and fair' sung over you."

But enough of this,—the moral needs no pointing. It was simply my intention to give an account of a personal interview—the only one I ever had with Mr. Greeley, in the thought that from it a clew may be found to the sense of personal bereavement which so many feel in the good man's death; for I imagine that my experience may have been the experience of many. It was in 1858, I think, I came to New York, not much more than a boy, with a vague idea that I might distinguish myself in journalism or literature, and a firm faith that Horace Greeley would feel a strong personal interest in my fortunes. I had been writing "verses" from the country which were published over my name in Harper's Weekly, and for one thing I wished to know what verdict he would pronounce upon them. Perhaps, too, I had a curiosity to see the great journalist.

Any way, I made my way into his little room at the *Tribune* office, a copy of the last number, containing one of my sad effusions, in my hand. He was seated at his desk, his nose nearly touching the paper on which he was writing. When I entered, he raised his head turned round in his chair, and looked at me over his spectacles. With some embarrassment I explained my business—or rather want of business—and showed him the specimen of my work.

"Ah," he said, taking the paper in his hand, "poetry!" I used to write poetry once myself—but it was *very* long ago." By this time I was so frightened at my audacity in the invasion that I could not say a word. "These are very fair verses," he said, reading them over to himself, half aloud, "but *they are not well printed. The alternate lines should have been indented more.*" Below you have the verses—printed just as they met his eye and evoked his practical criticism. I reproduce them now, not so much to illustrate his patient kindness in reading them through, as to show how finical he was as regarded the "setting up" of an article.

MORTE —PASSING AWAY.

THE death-bell is swelling, ask not whose knell telling,
 But kneel ye and pray;
 The sad rhythmic roll tells some Christian soul
 Is passing away.

What caste matters not, the soul has forgot
 Its tenement since;
 And little they care in realms of the air
 If pauper or prince.

The Paraclete pray, as Christ taught the way,
 But count ye no beads;
 And vex not with show—crimped crape is not woe—
 Away with the weeds!

Tread softly and slow, speak gently and low
 'Tis a couch that ye near:
 Our neighbor reposes; with June's freshest roses
 Entwine ye the bier.

No need of vain weeping, the wearied is sleeping,
 And happy his lot!
 Have done with misgiving—pray, but pray for the living,
 The dead need it not.

Alike with the sod the mantle of God
 Is thrown o'er the sleeper;
 In the portals of morn an angel new born
 Now weeps for the weeper.

Still swings the death-bell! ask not whose the knell,
 But kneel ye and pray;
 For with each measured roll some good Christian soul
 Is passing away.

IN MORTE VITA.

Mourn ye for the bride, when, wooed from thy side,
 She stands by the Groom?
 The one ye call dead has gone to be wed—
 The altar the tomb.

The swart-visaged Night is usher of Light,
 And herald of Morn;
 From darkness and fear, a pall and a tear,
 The Dayspring is born.

The diamond once hid by earth's confined lid
Is freed from its clay,
Transfigured to gem a King's diadem—
It "passed" not "away."

Who wails the decree that sets the gem free,
Its prison-bed riven?
Is death not a birth? say not "Last of Earth,"
But write First of Heaven.

Oh! strangely mistaken, a truth bids us waken,
An error is rife;
Bewildered by breath, we call the change Death
Which angels name Life.

Then he engaged me in conversation, drawing me out until I insensibly found myself talking with him as familiarly as though he were my father, and unfolding to him all the hopes and plans that reveled in my gushing bosom.

"The great mistake that young men make is in leaving the country, and coming to the city," he said.

"But *you* came to the city, Mr. Greeley," I remarked.

"Yes," he replied, "and (after a moment's abstraction) sometimes I think it was a very great mistake. But, if I could have got a half dollar a week more I should never have left the country." "Why," he went on, "if I were to advertise in my paper to-morrow for fifty men to go on a pirate ship, and for five men to work on my farm, there would be five hundred applications for the situations on the pirate ship and not one for the farm. Would you believe that?"

"Yes, sir," I made answer in all seriousness, "I think *I* had rather sail a pirate ship than work on a farm."

I shall never forget the amused twinkle in his eyes as he noted the emphatic earnestness of my reply. He turned round and resumed his writing. "Go on talking," he said; "I can work and listen too."

So I went on, and told him what I wished to be, and how willing I was to work early and late, and how I wanted an object in life—something to occupy all my time and thoughts.

"Then you'd better get married, young man," he said, wheeling round in his chair.

Right here I bethink me of an anecdote which Mr. Raymond told me, not long before he died. The tender affection Mr. Greeley had for his wife is so well known that no cruel construction can be put upon his words, and I merely repeat the story to show how little averse the philosopher was to a joke. Mr. Raymond was telling me of his early experience in New York, how, after working on the *Tribune* for some time at \$8 a week, and finding that no advance of salary was spoken of, he advertised for a situation as school-teacher, and received an offer from North Carolina, which he determined to accept. Walking over to the post-office with Mr. Greeley, he told him, for the first time, of the change he contemplated, and the place he intended to go to. "Don't go to North Carolina, Raymond," said Greeley in his thin, piping voice (I quote Mr. Raymond's words), "I married my wife there!" As is well known, Mr. Raymond remained in New York.

To return to my interview. Mr. Greeley concluded it by asking me to come to his house, that evening, when he would have more time to talk to me. Punctual to the hour, I was there—it was in 15th street, if I remember rightly—and for three mortal hours I think I bored that good man. But he was patient and considerate all through. I remember, however, that he effected a diversion by calling his daughter:—

"Come here, Ida, you have not had your grammar lesson yet."

"I can't find my grammar, papa," she said.

"Oh, never mind, bring me the first book you come to; I can teach you grammar out of any book," was Mr. Greeley's answer.

Well, to make a long story short, he finally dismissed me to call upon him at the *Tribune* office the next afternoon.

The next morning, walking down town, I had an "inspiration," the immediate exciting cause being a city railroad car, whereon was painted the notice, "Colored people allowed in this car." So I marched into Mr. Greeley's room in the afternoon, with a sheet or two of foolscap covered with verses. Here they are:—

"COLORED PEOPLE ALLOWED IN THIS CAR."

Indeed, this permission is worthy of praise!
 You'll allow our dark brother to ride—if he 'pays—
 Though of course we must seat him aloof and afar—
 Swart Night from blonde Day has a separate car.

Where this condescension shall cease, who can say?
 Perhaps, the next thing, we'll allow him to pray,
 And the sexton of Grace—with a grace rather new—
 Will pocket his sixpence and show him a pew.

By the way, I've a curious longing to know
 How the races were classified ages ago.
 I wonder if Noah—that primitive tar—
 When he launched the vast hull of his water-way car,
 Placed a notice outside, that was good for the trip,
 Permitting the "colored" to ride in his ship;
 Or did a conductor mount guard in the ark,
 Admitting light skins and excluding the dark?

And I wonder if God, when the morn he unfurled,
 Thought of placing a label like this on the world;
 When he fashioned and grooved each orb in its place,
 And the great solar train went whirling through space,
 Was there placard affixed to planet or star
 Like your "Colored people allowed in this car?"

There's an old-fashioned car, of a build rather queer,
 Unadapted for comfort—dark, dampsome and drear,
 And it starts from a depot perhaps you have seen
 Where the ivy grows rankly, the willow waves green;
 It goes from our shores but it comes not again—
 All ranks and complexions are one on this train.

You start, my fair friend; I confess 'tis not right
 That the Ethiop race should thus ride with the white.
 Ho! gather your shroud and shrink to one side—
 No need to converse though together ye ride;
 This train travels swift—at the first station-star,
 Perhaps they'll appoint you a separate car!

Or you may not complain—I doubt on the whole
 If hue of the skin can give tint to the soul;
 And 'twere better by far that no scorn-shafts you fling—
 Who knows what queer changes that morrow may bring?

Thus De Vere and old Pompey—my point to explain—
 Might knock at St. Peter's and both knock in vain;
 Or it might someway hap—I'll give you the doubt—
 That one was admitted, the other ruled out.
 And which were the favored is not very clear—
 Pompey's worth might outbalance the blood of De Vere!

Ere we part, my fair friend, let me give you a hint,
 Since you value yourself on your skin and its tint;
 When you've taken this train that is waiting for you,
 And the shores of Eternity loom on your view,
 You may just chance to stand the wrong side of the bar,
 While your "colored" companion's "allowed in the car!"

Well, Mr. Greeley read the verses through patiently, and said he would print them in the *Tribune*. As for my immediate plans he advised me to go home, and, in the intervals of work, study hard during the winter; to read the newspapers carefully, and endeavor to acquire a good prose style of writing, as he could promise no permanent employ on his paper in poetry. "Then, in the spring," said he, "come to me, and I'll see what I can give you to do on the *Tribune*."

But I drifted away to the West in the spring, and it was years before my thoughts recurred to journalism as a profession.

However, I followed his advice as to "reading newspapers carefully,"—that is to say, the *Tribune*. Every copy that came to the village I read with hungry eyes—to see my "verses." Thought I to myself:—Verily, how will these townsmen of mine arise to do me honor when they shall see my poetry in the *Tribune*, with perhaps a few editorial remarks about the poet!

But my eyes were never gladdened by the sight. So, some months afterward, I wrote Mr. Greeley, asking whether my verses had been lost or forgotten. His answer was balm to my breast—when I succeeded in deciphering it. This it is:—

"NEW YORK TRIBUNE OFFICE, May 5th, 1857.

"MY DEAR SIR:—In the first place, a young man who writes to a busy editor, who has no time to consult gazetteers, with-

out giving the State as well as village from which his letter is dated, does not deserve an answer. Besides, you misspell my name, for which there is no excuse. But I will answer you: Your verses are neither lost nor forgotten. If used now they would simply be printed—not *published*. I am awaiting an opportune moment to *publish* them, as it is likely a case will soon appear in the courts which will give them point.

Yours truly,

HORACE GREELEY.

To C. H. Webb, Esq., Champlain (I suppose), N. Y."

Whether or not a case ever occurred to give my verses point, I do not know, but certainly, if ever printed in the *Tribune*, I did not see a copy. And, notwithstanding quite an extended connection with metropolitan journalism, I have never since spoken familiarly with Horace Greeley, though I always contemplated calling my old acquaintance with him to his mind, when an "opportune moment" should occur. Alas! the moment never came, and never can it come, on earth! Perchance hereafter I may have an opportunity to interchange the recollection with him, in a world where lives are less busy than here. And if I meet him in Heaven, I shall surely ask him if he remembers the red-headed boy who bored him so long, long ago. I do not think he will receive me unkindly. And now you know why I have always held Horace Greeley in reverence, and have never, in any journalistic endeavoring, written a line, or even a word, which I thought could give his great heart pain,—for that he *was* sensitive, all know now.

CHAPTER XLV.

IN WHICH RECORD IS MADE OF A VISIT TO PLYMOUTH PULPIT AND
THE VISION WHICH SUBSEQUENTLY VISITED THE VISITOR.

“LET us go and hear Beecher,” said a friend to me, one cold and rainy Sunday evening. “We can probably get a seat to-night.”

Now, going to hear Mr. Beecher is a very good thing to do, and the world in general would do it often if it didn't involve going to Brooklyn. But this latter is as bad as a foreign journey—worse, in fact; I know a good many young men of unperverted tastes who had much rather go to France than to Brooklyn. If Brooklyn and Mr. Beecher would but move to the New York side of the river, how much better it would be for both! The population of the one and the congregation of the other would be materially increased, and besides they would be so much nearer the new post office, to say nothing of getting further away from Prospect Park. Another drawback about going to hear Mr. Beecher, is the difficulty of getting a good seat;—when you see it stated that his congregation are packed like sardines you may accept it literally, and understand that they really are packed in an aisle.

There is no difficulty about finding the church; all that one has to do is, cross to Brooklyn, follow the crowd and he is sure to bring up all right. But it is as well to choose a pleasant day as a rainy one for a visit to Plymouth church; the weather makes no difference in the attendance, nor in the difficulty of finding a seat. System obtains; those

not so fortunate as to own pews are obliged to wait in the vestibule until the proprietors are seated, and then they are politely shown to the vacancies—no seats are reserved after the opening. I don't own a pew, but I look as though I did, and the consequence is that there's no trouble or delay in my case. Walking blandly in while the organ is playing the overture, I take the best seat in the most comfortable pew that is vacant, and if the proprietor and his family happen to come in, am very useful and ornamental in the way of passing them hymn books and finding the hymns. There is nothing like a little modest self-assertion at times. Is one's soul to be lost, or his back broken by sitting on a harsh stool in the aisle, simply because he does not happen to own a pew?

My friend, however, lacks my noble independence of action, and so we became separated at the door. And he met with the reward which generally awaits modest and patient merit in this world, for an usher, noticing his subdued air and evident disposition to be grateful for anything that was given him, called him forward and assigned him to a three-legged stool in an obscure corner of the church, where he roosted in great discomfort the whole evening and didn't hear a word of the sermon.

My seat, on the contrary, was a cushioned one, in a sort of a Pullman palace-car pew, and it was my further good fortune to fall upon a note, evidently intended for a young lady of the congregation, in one of the hymn-books. As it is said that Heaven helps those who help themselves, I helped myself to it, and had no difficulty in getting at all the facts involved long before the last singing was through.

There is a quiet force about Mr. Beecher which impresses one from the beginning. It is generally the custom of clergymen to commence rashly, sail in too brashly, so to speak, and worry themselves out on the first heat. Not so Mr. Beecher. He prefers to ride a waiting race—pardon the language of the turf, but my velvet jacket yet bears the dust of the Saratoga meetings. His speech and manner are temperate, even to tameness, at the send-

off, but some way you feel and know that he's got it in him; below all the measuredness you detect a stride and a quickness of action and a quivering of muscle which induce you to wait patiently till he lets himself out, and would lead you to back him against the whole ecclesiastical field were the thing open to bets. He seldom does much on the first quarter, only warming as he approaches the turn, but going around the turn and coming in on the home stretch there's action enough for you, and he makes a rush for it at the score.

The text this evening I do not remember, but the sermon was about the loaves and fishes, or rather economy as enjoined by the divine example in commanding that the fragments be gathered up on that occasion. The argument was excellent and close, and I do not know when I have enjoyed a sermon more; a declaration which should, perhaps, be qualified by the frank admission that as a general thing I do not enjoy sermons at all. Denouncing the too prevalent idea that economy is meanness, he characterized that impression as a vile growth of the system of slavery, under which one man spent what hundreds sowed and reaped, predicting the abandonment of the mistaken idea with the downfall of that institution. Certainly if he who had the wealth of nature—the profusion of the world—the power to boundlessly create at his command, thought it best to save the pieces, economy is peculiarly the duty of all creatures who have only an unfortunate capacity for consumption.

The sermon was pleasantly illuminated throughout, by the reverend speaker with illustrations from his own life as well as from that of the Saviour. Speaking of the miracle of the mountain, for instance, he narrated an incident in his own housekeeping which particularly impressed me. It was in the early days of his career, and his income was smaller than it is now. In company with his wife he occupied two furnished rooms up three flights of stairs. Precisely what the furniture consisted of I do not now remember, nor do I know that it was material to the moral of the story; but the reverend gentleman ran over the list of tables, chairs and crockery in his usual eloquent manner.

One evening, at the close of a warm, sultry day—I condense the legend somewhat—a man came driving through the town with a barrel of cider on a cart, indicating a disposition to dispose of it by the glass or gallon. Feeling like freshening his nip with the exhilarating beverage, Mr. Beecher took a white delf pitcher in one hand and a ten-cent piece in the other and started for the street, intent on purchasing. But at the door he paused. Economy stayed his elbow, whispering that he could not afford it; and back went preacher and pitcher—both dry. So impressed was I by this beautiful piece of self-denial, so touchingly narrated, that I resolved to go and do likewise the first opportunity that offered; to make economy thenceforth the guiding star of my life.

Unfortunately I couldn't well begin that evening. Seldom without an appetite except when invited to dine out with friends who live in boarding-houses, on this occasion the brisk trot to the ferry—taken on the supposition that the cane of the man behind me was an air-gun—and the sniff of salt air caught in crossing, made me unusually hungry. The door of a restaurant stood open, the savory smell of oysters, the sweet influence of stews was in the air, and I asked myself could I afford one?

On the whole, I thought I could. Never yet did I want anything which cost twenty-five cents and have twenty-five cents in my pocket that I could not afford it. So I entered, and very soon there was a pretty stew going on in which I was immediately interested. Anon, seven devils assailed me in the shape of soft-shelled crabs, and 'twas a game of seven-down. Repentant, but satisfied, I betook myself to my chambers, thinking how easy it is to make good resolutions, how difficult to keep them. Determined to retrench, I lighted a cigar and threw myself on the lounge to debate where and how to begin.

“New cider! Ne-w c-i-d-e-r!”

I was startled from my reverie by the cry. It seemed a little queer that cider should be peddled about the street at that hour of the night—Sunday night, too, and the Excise

Law in full force; but I was thirsty, and without stopping to discuss side issues—the question being a cider one—I seized a pitcher, curiously enough a white delf, and started for the door. But on the threshold I paused; memory of the late sinful extravagance plucked me by the sleeves; the stew stood up and the soft shells rose in hard judgment against me; I thought how nobly Mr. Beecher acted under a similar temptation. The man had halted his cart.

“Cider?” said he.

“Can’t afford it,” I muttered, and marched back, thirsty but triumphant. Setting the pitcher on the table, I reached up to turn the gas down a little—just as well economize in that, whispered conscience—when a slight brush of my coat-sleeve threw the pitcher to the floor, and it was broken into twenty pieces. It was a new pitcher and cost half a dollar.

Wondering if it would have capsized so easily had there been anything in it—cider, for instance—I took a drink of water, swallowing a Croton bug or two, and betook myself to bed, not altogether satisfied with the success of my first experiment at economy.

At breakfast the next morning, while glancing over the customary cheerful list of suicides, murders, burglaries and seductions which form the staple of news, my attention was attracted by a paragraph headed “Death of a Family under Singular Circumstances.” As there were only five in the family the item would have had little interest had not my eye lighted on the word “cider,” several times repeated. Struck by the coincidence, I read the paragraph through and found that a cider-vender, his wife, and four children had been found drowned—their bodies much swollen—in a barrel of cider.

“How this sad thing came about,” wrote the reporter, “human ingenuity cannot determine. It is vain for finite man to attempt to unravel the ways of an inscrutable Providence.”

Prompted by I know not what motive—it was not that I thought the cider would be sold cheaper than it was offered

the previous evening in consequence of what had occurred—economy had nothing to do with the movement—I seized my hat and started for the house of the inconsiderate cider-man.

It was indeed a sorry sight that met me on arriving there. In a bare ~~and~~ unfurnished room of a dilapidated hovel, on a darksome street, a man, a woman, two girls,—aged respectively eighteen and sixteen—(~~scarcely sweet sixteen, under the circumstances~~)—and two boys, the elder twelve, the younger about five, were laid out in a ghastly row. The inevitable reporter was there, with busy, business air, and had just written, “No cause can be assigned for the rash act,” when a letter addressed “To whom it may concern,” sealed with shoemaker’s wax, was found posted in a crack of the wall. Investigation of the document revealed that it was written on the fly-leaf of some popular tract, the fragmentary title, “—member the Poor,” being just visible. Whether the injunction originally read *Remember* or *Dis-member*, none could say. The handwriting was bold, but jerky and irregular, as though done under strong nervous excitement.

“D. T.,” muttered the company, uneasily; but a glance at the contents dispelling this idea, it was determined to read the letter.

“I have seen better days,” it began.

“Is it not wetter days?” asked the reporter, looking over the reader’s shoulder.

Regardless of the interruption, the reader went on—“but those were under another administration. Formerly I had no difficulty in getting work, but of late I’ve had nothing to do, and a large family to help me do it. Such was not always so. Economy has brewed this batch of bier. My wife did dressmaking, and turned all her time to account until her customers, one by one, informed her that they had concluded to economize—it was a Christian duty—and do their own sewing. My elder daughter had an excellent situation as cook, housemaid and laundress in a large but pious

family. True, she did not get any wages, but then she had constant employment, until one day the lady of the house gave her notice that she, with the help of her daughters and an orphan niece, who was going to make her home with them, had concluded to do the work herself and save the expense of a girl. 'Economy was a religious duty,' she said. My younger daughter was engaged as maid to a lady, but somebody pounded a pulpit cushion to pieces a-laying down the virtues of economy, and the lady thought it a Christian duty to do up her own back hair.

"'I do believe,' said poor Bessie, when telling me about it, 'that if myself and sister took to shameful ways for a living, the ladies would say it was a Christian duty to do it themselves, and would just step in and take the bread out of our mouths!'

"My elder boy got a box of blacking, and for a while turned a very decent penny in the Park; for all that the policemen nagged him and told him to 'move on' whenever they thought there was a chance of his getting a job; but by-and-by the fellows that he used to shine up, before they went to meeting, for five cents, found out that economy was a Christian duty, and took to blacking their own boots. Little Johnnie there—the one with the red hair—he was hired by a toyman to sit in the show-window and ride a spring rocking-horse all day for a penny an hour—extra compensation if kept at it after the gas was lit. But one day the toyman came down and said that he had discovered that a penny saved was a penny earned, and that economy was a duty, and so he took his own little boy out of school, putting him on the horse and Johnnie off. Johnnie felt right bad about it, too, for he had become attached to the horse, and knew his ways exactly.

"Well, for all that the family was at home on my hands, I managed to keep things going by peddling cider. But all of a sudden the trade fell off; my old customers shook their heads and said they could not afford any. This soured us. Last night, I knocked the head out of the barrel, and we all

laid our heads together—and you see what came of it. Johnnie kicked a little at first—he never did like cider, and he hadn't had anything else to eat for three days—but he got used to it after a while and drowned quite decently.”

A “P. S.” was added, short but earnest, with the last two words in italic:—“Don't let the funny reporter say that my wife was becider self.”

Judge of my feelings as I stood beside the remains of that unfortunate family, mingling salt tears with the cider that woefully dripped from their clothing. “Guilty of murder—an accessory before the fact,” I gasped, in self-accusing horror, and, with a nervous glance over my shoulder to see if pursuit was near, plunged into a dark alley-way. Nemesis, in a blue uniform, was behind me, and shouted:—

“Stop! I want to take *you* in!”

Instead of stopping, I made a straight wake down the street until felled by a sudden blow. Picking myself up, I turned round to the feller, and squared off, intending to make a fight for it—

Of course, to find that I had been asleep on the lounge, had rolled to the floor, and was simply pegging away at my astonished room-mate, who had just come in. A story of this kind without such an ending could scarcely be considered orthodox. That such a catastrophe as entered into my dream attended Mr. Beecher's early economy in the matter of cider, I do not believe; but the chance that it might have done so, counteracted, to a great degree, the effect of his excellent sermon and example. I have come to believe that, though it may be well enough to black one's own boots, it is better to give the job to a ragged-nosed boy, and, while he is earning his coffee and cakes, make a dollar yourself by doing something in which you can shine to more advantage—writing for the newspapers, for instance. Each to his own vocation, and depend upon that, though saving sixpences is one way of acquiring a competence, earning shillings is better. Patronize others, in all trades and businesses, as liberally as you desire others to patronize you; make all the money you can, keep as much of it in circulation as possible,

and remember that the superlative of miser is miserrimus.

It may be thought that at this point I shall say something about the "Clerical Scandal." No! This chapter was written years ago, but what is said of Mr. Beecher's preaching remains as true now as it was then. That all the foul rumors affecting the great preacher's reputation will be dissipated into thin air, I fervently hope, but cannot delay my book until the result is reached; nor do I know that I would step very swiftly forward to shy stones were he proven guilty.

It has long seemed to me that a great mistake is made in the treatment of clergymen. That ministers are men never occurs, apparently, to the ladies, either young or old, of a congregation. Nor is it the custom to treat them as though they were women, exactly; the impression seems to be that a clergyman is neither man nor woman, but a sort of non-descript creature, neuter in gender, standing on a plane far removed from all human passion, and to be approached and played with by either sex with impunity. It has always been evident enough to my mind that a man is nothing but a man, whether he wear a farmer's frock or a parson's gown, and it wouldn't gratify me particularly to have even a man in woman's clothes kiss my wife more than twice a week. If the kiss be simply a fraternal one, and no business is meant, and church discipline makes it necessary that one of the flock shall be kissed—occasionally—why, let the minister kiss me! I can stand it if he can. But so far from desiring outside help in such affairs, I consider myself quite competent to do all the kissing that it is healthful for any one woman to have.

Aside from the fact that—estimating at its full the terrible temptation to which clergymen are exposed—I am disposed to be lenient, can anything blot out the good Mr. Beecher has done to the world at large? Will not that remain, though it be established that he himself walked not in the path he pointed out to others?

At the present writing, I prefer to stand quietly one side. Some bard several years since won sudden and short fame

by metrically declaring his sympathy for "The Under Dog in the Fight;" on the heels of his success I tuned my harp, tightened my fiddle-strings, and set up a howl (which applies just as well now) for

THE OUTSIDE DOG IN THE FIGHT.

You may sing of your dog, your bottom dog,
Or of any dog that you please,
I go for the dog, the wise old dog,
That knowingly takes his ease,
And, wagging his tail outside the ring,
Keeping always his bone in sight,
Cares not a pin in his wise old head
For either dog in the fight.

Not his is the bone they are fighting for,
And why should my dog sail in,
With nothing to gain but a certain chance
To lose his own precious skin !
There may be a few, perhaps, who fail
To see it in quite this light,
But when the fur flies I had rather be
The outside dog in the fight.

I know there are dogs—most generous dogs
Who think it is quite the thing
To take the part of the bottom dog,
And go yelping into the ring.
I care not a pin what the world may say
In regard to the wrong or right ;
My money goes, as well as my song,
For the dog that keeps out of the fight !

CHAPTER XLVI.

ABOUT DR. CHAPIN AND DR. FROTHINGHAM; NOT TO BE SKIPPED BY THOSE WHO WANT LIGHT ON THEOLOGICAL POINTS.

WHEN I once start in on church-going there's no let up to it till the year is out or my Sunday clothes come to have holes in them. So after beginning with Beecher, it seemed to me only the square thing to show myself at the Church of the Divine Paternity and take a jolt along with Dr. Chapin. The experiment was eminently successful, for I had the satisfaction of hearing one of the best sermons ever I heard in my life. And any weak and erring mortal who does not think that I am a good judge of sermons can lose all the money that he is seriously willing to put up on that proposition.

In my belief that the sermon to which I refer was super-eminently good, I am strengthened by the opinion of a lady nearly seventy years old—who in all that while has scarcely spent a Sabbath at home. She too declares that a better sermon she never listened to. And inasmuch as she is one of the Presbyterian pillars, and but consented “to appear for this one occasion only” in an unorthodox church, under protest, her declaration should surely carry some weight.

The subject was the healing of Blind Bartimeus, and it was capitally handled throughout. The attempt of the multitude to repress the blind man's informal approach, and the renewed earnestness with which he pressed on and cried out, breaking through the ceremonial rails with which they attempted to fence the Saviour in and the people out, was

dwelt upon with much force. And another point was made in the fact that Jesus made no attempt at proselytism before healing—the blind man simply asked to have his sight restored, and it was given him in one merciful word. He was not told that it was sinful to be anxious about his sight when he had a soul to save, nor was a tract thrown into his hand the moment his eyes were opened. Left to the suggestions of his own gratitude, he followed Jesus,—and I hope he did not, on the next occasion when a poor outsider came clamoring for mercy, join with the crowd to bid him hold his peace, asserting that such conduct and such a noise on such an occasion were vastly improper. Indeed, the sermon was an excellent one, and it is only by the exercise of stern self-control that I resist the temptation to transcribe it entire. Even the most orthodox of my readers would scarcely object to its teachings, for the good old lady, of whom I have already made mention, remarked to me at its close, in the greatest surprise:—

“Why, there was nothing in it to show that he is a Universalist!”

Nor was there, beyond the fact that the sermon was much better than one is accustomed to hear in pulpits where dogmas and abstractions furnish the theme, and that it inculcated love to man as well as worship of a spirit.

Have you ever heard Dr. Chapin preach? No;—well, you should, for the manner is peculiar to himself, setting aside what he says. A side door opens, and in bustles a short little man, with the most business-like air in the world. His walk is brisk, and for all external indications he might be an auctioneer mounting his desk, instead of a clergyman stepping into a pulpit. The business air does not leave him while he sits listening to the voluntary on the organ; on the contrary, were he a lecturer, it would be said that he was counting the house and estimating how many dead-heads were probably in. He reads the hymn in a devotional tone—his elocution is fine—but he opens the Bible and turns over its pages in a quick, nervous way, as a merchant might the

leaves of his ledger, when anxious to find a particular entry and pressed for time.

There is nothing very striking at first about his delivery ; he reads a chapter and gives out the text very much as many other ministers do—with the one exception before noticed, of being a good reader—then he bends down his head over his notes (he is near-sighted), and the work is quietly begun. But it is when an inspiration seizes him, and he warms with his subject and leaves his notes, that you come to see that he is not as most men and ministers are. The gift of the improvisatore has become his, poetry and passion both possess him ; and eloquent sentences, seemingly unstudied, curl from his lips in symmetrical waves of smooth and perfect rhetoric. You rather tremble for the result when he shall “let down” ; but the drop comes at once,—there is no tapering off, no bathos ; in the most easy and natural manner he bends his head again over his notes, and goes on reading. At the close, as the last syllable of the sermon is spoken, he shuts to the Bible with a sort of slap, as though he had preached it all out, and says, “let us pray,” very much as a man having finished his day’s work, would say, “let us quit.” I don’t know but that one would tire of the mannerism after a while, but the effect certainly is piquant at first.

From liberal Orthodoxy up to Universalism I stepped gingerly, but the next bound brought me slap into double distilled Unitarianism, and for a number of Sundays I exposed myself to the blasts which whistle through Lyric Hall, for about the time of my joining his congregation, Mr. Frothingham—probably getting an inkling of what threatened—went to work and sold his church. The Rev. O. B. is a great favorite of mine—as he is of all who hear him thrice. The first time is rather a shock to one’s nerves if one has been accustomed to the quiet platitudes and tepid milk of a country pulpit, for instance. The next time you take the douche in comparative quiet, though now and again you can but wriggle a little. And the third time it feels so good and

bracing that you sit under the spout, of your own accord next Sunday and wouldn't miss it for anything. His congregation is small, but he never loses one of them. Their faith in him and admiration is something sublime. I know one lady who keeps a statuette of him in her trunk, another on the mantel-shelf, and photographs plastered all over the room, bowing herself before each one a dozen times a day in silent adoration. He is just the opposite of Dr. Chapin, in every respect save the physical resemblance of being near-sighted.

In no sense of the word is Mr. Frothingham a popular preacher, nor would he ever become one. A deep and original thinker, the attraction lies in his thought and not in his manner,—it is what he says that charms and not the way he says it. In consequence, one could never tire of him. His delivery is not bad, but it is earnest rather than elocutionary. In gesticulation he never indulges, he is too absorbed to brandish even a finger; in the most impressive passages his voice sinks rather than rises; he becomes possessed with but one thought. Eminently progressive he suggests ideas to his hearer. The comprehensiveness of his sermons is not bounded by what is spoken. He puts one end of a thread into your hand and leaves you to unwind the spool at your own leisure and in your own fashion. With Chapin you can come up after awhile, but it is impossible to catch Frothingham. He keeps ahead of you, let you make as long legs as you may.

There is no fear of the pupil outrunning the master, and to travel alongside of him even, is a stint beyond the powers of most young men. Chapin has gone about as far from the centre as he cares to swing, perhaps as far as he thinks it safe; with him the circle is nearly complete, and he does not travel beyond certain limits; he preaches plain, practical common sense; a mantle of poetry clothes the outlines, but it is common sense still. Frothingham is more sublimated; he grapples with great philosophies and thinks it fun to float among the shapeless mists of transcendentalism. Some of his sermons are rather astounding; he mounts among the

stars, and then kicks the ladder down behind him. Keep fast hold of his coat-tail and you're all right, but let go for an instant and you find yourself way down below, standing in amazement, wondering how he got up there, how long he intends to stay, how he'll get down and where you've been all the while. Never fear for him though. An accomplished scholar, armed at all points and carrying his own wood, water and provisions along with him, he is perfectly competent to take care of himself anywhere. If he feels like it, he'll let himself down to your level again,—perhaps to fasten his beak and talons in your wool again and snatch you up with him higher than he flew before. All very well if you have pluck and the pin-feathers hold—if they break you must take care of yourself. But to give you a current example:—

“Ye pay tithes of mint, anise and cummin, etc.”—see Matthew xxiii., 23.

That was the text of one of Mr. Frothingham's late sermons,—one of his startling sermons, when he reminds you of a rhinoceros in a cabbage garden, ripping up the young sprouts with that terrible horn of his. Unfamiliar with the text, I never before knew what the “short cummins” are, which we hear complained of. Then it became plain to me: members of the early congregations were not promptly on hand with their early contributions of anise, cummin, etc.—they were short—hence the phrase, “Forgive our short cummins, etc.”

What do you think of an assertion like this? “Political economy, with a little science and no God, will do more for mankind than religion, with no science and three Gods.” Again: “It is easier to be an orthodox churchmember than to be a kind neighbor.” The latter proposition is true perhaps; but most men find it remarkably difficult to be either. He does not admit that the liberal system is an easy one, claiming, on the contrary, that the path is hard to travel: “An easy system! It is a thousand times easier to believe the whole orthodox theology, and observe the whole Catholic ceremonial, to fast twice in the week the year round, and credit the miracle of the winking virgin and the holy coat,

than it is to be just to one you are prejudiced against, merciful to one who has injured you, or faithful to one you dislike." I should say so, indeed. For in my time I have met many virgins that winked and as for a holy coat, there is my dress one that the moths have left but one tail of. I am afraid, though, that Mr. Frothingham *is* rather skeptical. The other Sunday he declared that he was "too good a Protestant to believe in Catholic miracles, and too good a rationalist to believe in any miracles at all." But as I have before explained, he must not be taken exactly as he says,—at least as he can be made to say by taking detached sentences from his sermons. The context has much to do in the way of modifying these declarations, especially as showing the spirit in which they are made. I don't think that he's always exactly pious in his utterances, but he says some things that sound sensible enough. For instance:—"The religion of Jesus was a social religion; its object was to establish the reign of heavenly principles on the earth, to make people love, help, serve one another; to make them kind, sympathetic, peaceable; to make them just, pitiful and true. Apparently this was all he cared for. The idea of propitiating God, of buying his favor by sacrifices, of gaining his good-will by prayers, of pleasing him by being idle on Sunday, never occurred to him except as a preposterous delusion. He never spent an effort in behalf of another world. He laid down his life that men might live like human beings in this."

Reading the life of Jesus as told in the New Testament, it looks very like this summing up to me. He fed and healed the poor quite as much as he preached to them, and I do not find that he ever said anything about the duty of building big churches or ramming ourselves through rusty canons, or sitting down on Sunday to be as solemn and stupid as owls. "What have the evangelical dogmas ever done for the cause of peace or liberty? What effect has the doctrine of the Trinity, or the Deity of Christ, or the vicarious atonement exerted on the slave-trade, or the coolie trade, or commercial monopolies, or debasement of the currency? What connec-

tion has there ever been between the sacraments and the wages of labor, or the restoration of women to their rightful position in society? Wherein has the water of baptism helped to purify the Ghetto or the Five Points?" (By the way, it occurs to me that the reader may find it difficult to distinguish between Mr. Frothingham and me. Please preserve the line of demarkation carefully, and be particular about the quotation marks for I don't want my reputation for piety utterly destroyed). "God will look out for the universe, if each individual will look out for himself."

The sum of it is, if you'll let me run the column up for you, Mr. Frothingham is a very able man and says some excellent things, and when he gets converted, as he will some day, and becomes orthodox in his notions, he'll do a deal of good in the world. Some persons may venture out from shore, but for me it is a necessity to keep my feet firmly planted on orthodox ground, since if I once begin to doubt anything dogmatical, I should soon end by disbelieving everything and drifting entirely clear of the law and the profits. On general principles I don't think it is well to blow out a man's candle unless you can give him a little better light to walk by. And fumbling around for tinder in the dark, one is apt to knock his head against something if he doesn't break his neck.

So after all this writing about the doctrines of others, you would like to have my religious views, would you? Now if you'll never say a word about it, I'll give you a little idea of

MY THEOLOGY.

The sands of the Desert glowed hot and red,
The sun of the Desert beat down,
Till it blistered the top of the Carmelite's head—
Just the round shaven spot on his crown.

An Arab swept up, bare-chested and brown.
"My tent door stands open," he said.
The monk found a wine-skin under his gown,
The Arab brought dates and bread.

“Kind Allah, we thank thee!” the Arab cried,
When our simple repast was spread.
I fell to at once, but the monk replied,
“Nay, Sheik, thank the Lord instead!”

Then the two argued loud and the two argued long
As to how their grace should be said ;
But before they had got at the right or the wrong
I had finished both dates and bread.

When they turned to me, I could not declare
On a point so exceedingly fine,
But I rode away on the Arab's mare
With my friend the Carmelite's wine.

Just where *my* thanks are due I cannot decide,
But honors are easy I think ;
So Allah I thank for the mare I ride—
The Lord for the wine I drink.

CHAPTER XLVII.

A VISIT TO WASHINGTON AND A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE POLICY OF INFLATION.

WHEN several months since, I retired from the busy hum and whirr of public life to the peaceful shades of Gowanus Bay—where the Oregon rolls at a distance from the cove of two thousand miles or so, according to the most recent geographical surveys, and one hears no sound save his own plashings as he wades across the Gowanus Canal, once whitened with the sails of commerce, but now given over to the noiseless gambols of the clam—it was not my intention again to emerge into the cold and unsympathetic world. Even the Congregational Council failed to call me out. At one time during the progress of the Conference I was more than half determined to billet myself on Brooklyn and put the contending clergymen up to a wrinkle or two, but constitutional indolence and the thought that it was none of my funeral prevailed, and I remained at home. Expansion of the currency was another thing. The man who could sit inactive in his chair while it was rumored that Congress, bent upon making us all rich, intended to give to every man, woman and child of this glorious Republic, one or two hundred thousand dollars in paper currency, must be unworthy the name of an American or a sound business man. So I at once went on to Washington to learn if this were true.

It was impossible to get a sleeping-car, and I had to squeeze into a seat by the side of a fat woman, who overlapped and

flowed around me like a sea of lard. Verily I thought to myself that the wedges of a fat woman, like those of sin, are pretty certain death!

We were seven hours behind time, and had nothing to eat on the way but peanuts and cough lozenges. Never before had I visited Washington. As I set my feet within the city—there being insufficient room to plant them comfortably in the suburbs—my soul swelled, my eyes dilated, my pocket-book puffed out, and I felt myself generally in an expansive atmosphere. Leaving my valise at an aristocratic boarding-house, on the corner of F F V-st., north, and P-st., south-east-by-south-a-little-southerly—a house which I would recommend to tourists and others who have a good deal of money and little time to stay and spend it in—I sauntered out to find a gentleman in the diplomatic service; Maccaroni-Maker-in-Chief he was to the Italian Embassy, to whom I bore a letter of introduction.

The emotions which filled my mind at this moment I do not think I can ever forget, though I do not positively assert that I would not try to, were a sufficient consideration offered me. "Can it be," I remarked to myself in a low tone of voice, "that I at last stand in the streets of the city where Washington long lived, and where so many of his successors to the proudest office within the gift of the people long neglected to die, notwithstanding the popular willingness that way? Can it be that my eyes at last gaze unrestrainedly, and only with some slight obstruction in the guise of dust, upon the domes and spires and oyster-shops of that political metropolis which, if not the Cradle of Liberty, may at least be regarded as the Rock of the Republic—and one upon which we are very likely to split? A city where it cannot be said that every man has his price, inasmuch as each is ready to throw himself away for the first mess of pottage that any one chooses to offer? Can it be?"

But at this moment it occurred to me that my business with the Maccaroni-Maker to the Italian Embassy was momentous, and setting a hermetical seal upon my "cans" as

the shortest way of penning up the emotions which filled my breast, I began looking at the door-plates. My Maccaroni-Maker lived at No. 2,379 F F V-st., north, and I was opposite No. 221. By a little exercise of mental arithmetic—at which I was always rather clever—I figured out that I had seven or eight miles to travel, and with a reckless extravagance, begotten of an inflated atmosphere, stood still and called a carriage. The driver whipped up his horses, for I had explained that my errand was an important one and haste was imperative, and drove just six blocks, depositing me at the door of No. 2,379.

In arranging numbers in Washington, you see, they count houses where there are none; it is a way they have of “expanding” the streets, and on the same system, I suppose, an “increase” of the currency is contemplated. But it is not clear to my mind that, after all, they really have any more houses than they would if they ciphered them up in the ordinary way.

If strange emotions swelled my soul on simply standing in the streets of the political metropolis, what proud feeling, think you, gushed up within me when I sat in the House of Representatives as a spectator, and not a member? In view of one fact that immediately arrested my attention—that so many knaves and fools are sent to Washington at the expense of the people—it seemed to me strange indeed that *I* had to pay my own fare from Gowanus; for, if a man does not come under one category or the other, where does he belong, and what business has he in Washington any way? This was a problem which agitated my peaceful breast for no little time, and I was only diverted from it when Gen. Butler—the Double-headed Eagle of Massachusetts, as Grace Greenwood once termed him, I believe, in a Washington correspondence—rose to speak.

It has always been a comfort to me this seeing Gen. Butler on the floor at Washington, for I knew that while he stood there my spoons at home—in Gowanus—were safe. And now that he was struggling to give us all one or two hundred

thousand dollars apiece, my heart went out to him all in one gush, as it were.

On rising, the General cast a quick glance at the gallery, at once recognizing the gentleman from Gowanus, I think—any way, he cocked his eye at me. Then he began his speech, and it was beautiful. “Who so stony-hearted,” he said, “as to sit unmoved on a cane-bottomed chair or even the stool of office, while the cry of distress goes up from all parts of the land, and refuse to lend a helping hand—aye, to give a helping hand—especially when it wouldn’t cost a cent. From the West, the East, the North, and the South, to say nothing of the constituency of Gloucester, which he represented, came the cry of poverty, the complaint that no one had any money. Why not give them some, then? Why permit the Government presses to stand idle, when paper could be bought for ten cents a pound and a million dollars could be printed in a minute by simply turning a crank. See you sad orphan,” and he pointed directly at me; “why not send him on his way rejoicing, with the gleam of hope in his eye and the glitter of greenbacks in his fist? Why not treat every orphan thus? Yea, why not furnish every young man and maiden who have arrived at years of discretion—or at least at a determination never to marry—with a private press, and let each grind out paper for his or her individual needs? Every heart knoweth its own bitterness, and no one so well as the citizen himself can judge how much money he wants. Find fault with a country for being liberal of promises to pay! Was not this the Land of Promise, he would ask; and he would ask it, too, in trumpet tones,” and here his voice rang out with the stirring blare of a new tin fish-horn. “What, then, could be more fitting? &c., &c., &c.”

But one cannot stay and listen to Butler forever, so I drifted around to the Senate Chamber, where the thirster after common sense is treated to pretty much the same sort of talk. Morton and Carpenter—competent enough either of them to measure their audiences, if the one began life as a tailor as I have heard—were bent on giving everybody \$100,-

000 or \$200,000 just to start with. The gist of the argument on all sides seemed to be:—Here's a big hole, let's fill it up with water.

You have no idea how rich I felt while listening to all these plans for literally making money, nor how poor I felt when I went down to the Patent Office and tried to borrow a dollar on a really new and useful invention which I happened to have in my carpet-bag, and they all refused to lend it to me. When I offered to settle my bill at the aristocratic boarding-house by giving a promise to pay, they objected too, but would take my gold watch. And it seems to happen, somehow, that no matter how much money they print, none of it gets into the hands where it is needed—in which respect it remarkably resembles tracts—and everybody is just as badly off in a week or two as before, notwithstanding that \$100,000 or \$200,000 apiece has been struck off for them.

Some poets, philosophers, Sanserit scholars, and theologians say that filling up a hole with water is no manner of use: that the more water you put in the larger the hole washes, the further you are getting all the while from bottom, and the more trouble you'll have when you find that you must really buckle to and fill the hole up with solid stuff! Thinking it over, it sometimes occurs to me that we all have made a great mistake from the first in endeavoring to turn a national curse into a national blessing. A civil war came upon us, one section of the country was arrayed against the other in the most dreadful struggle that ever deluged God's footstool with blood, and when it was all over and the earth on every side was trenched with graves and sown with dead—plowed and seeded down as never our farms were before—instead of going down upon our knees and thanking God that we had escaped annihilation, that anything at all remained to us, confessing that we were poor and endeavoring by frugality and honest industry to pay that which we owed—behold, we turned round and, beckoning other nations around us to admire, said:—“Lo, we are rich—this war has made us so! Look, the need of the time has stimulated industry and

invention; never were our manufactories so briskly busy; have we not builded millions of ingenious engines for the reduction of works and workers in all parts of our land, besides buying weapons of war and munitions of war on credit from every nation of the earth? One-third of our common country is laid waste, fertile plantations and farms are given over again into wilderness; one-tenth of those who tilled the soil, flung the shuttle, swung the sledge, whose strong arms in a thousand directions kept busy wheels whirring, are slain. The vultures everywhere are fattened; on no side can you turn without running against the protruding belly of some contractor made rich. And the usual legacy of a protracted war is with us; mark you the exchange. The camp which took sturdy, honest men from our midst has returned to us drunkards and demagogues. Were our Government amenable to the laws which regulate debit and credit between individuals, the shutters of its Treasury would have been put up long since. But we have managed to grow rich out of it: never before were we so prosperous, never were we so happy. Hoop-la! Was ever such a nation as ours! Hail to the eagle! Hurrah for such a chance to make money. And a tiger, boys!"

Forthwith, instead of weaving our own cloth and turning to in homespun attire to repair by years of frugality the ravages which each year of war wrought, we stretched out our greedy, lustful hands to foreign looms for silks and velvets, saying, "Give us, we will pay thee anon." We travel abroad, and who so gorgeous as the American? Is not "Milor Anglaise," for whom "bifteek godamqueek" is ordered in trembling tones by the quaking garcon immediately his mutton chop whiskers show themselves over the threshold, beggared by the comparison? Or we will not go abroad this year; a simple little trip from the prairies to the sea or from gulf to gulf will content us. What other nation has palace cars forsooth, and travels in none other? Has the Old World big diamonds, costly fabrics, choice wines, expensive clergymen for which a market is sought? Where send they them—where but to America? Name me, if you can, another nation so ready to import superfluities, so willing to export obligations?

It is as if a hive of bees, having lost one-third of their honey, one-tenth of their workers—not one drone—and five years of time, should replace their honey-comb with rags, all the empty cells with rubbish, and then set up a louder buzz and hum than ever was heard from the hive before, proclaiming that never were they so rich as now, never were they so prosperous.

The fact is, we are paupers for the moment ; our Government is bankrupt for the time, and we only live by the forbearance of creditors. Do you deny it? What mean, then, these promises to pay, past due, floating round, on which nothing can be collected? Translate, if you can, into any other meaning this proposition now to increase these unredeemed and unredeemable promises by millions, instead of lessening them by one. That a settling day for all this must come, sooner or later, and that the sooner we prepare to meet it and put our houses in economical order, the better it will be for us all—this I hold to be a proposition too self-evident to need a blackboard demonstration.

Amid the very general confession that we have been and are overtrading, who shows a sense of the fact? On what side do you see a movement for retrenchment? The many preach, but who practices? When I say “preach,” I do not mean from the pulpit, but take that signal-post of Zion, for instance. Thence comes a note of warning ever and anon against extravagance; but look at the example set in the carving and adornment of that very structure. Turn to the churches themselves. Scarcely can you show me one of these brown stone houses, built on a fashionable street for the abiding place of Him who built the world, and while on earth had His habitation among the lowly—scarcely one of these hints of a brown stone compromise, with a severe but architecture-loving Deity, built within the past five years, can you show me which is not in debt, and bonded at that, for more money than it would sell for if put under the hammer to-day. The corner-stone of nine out of ten has been laid in debt and the altar consecrated with a mortgage. Is a

clergyman pale, not to the parks of the Colorado, the health-giving breezes of our own grand mountains, do we send him, but straight for a tour through the stinking streets of Europe, carrying several thousands of dollars in gold out of the country forever. As are the people, so are the teachers.

Good friends, all of us ; we have made a grand mistake, we are making a grand mistake all the while ; and printing off paper and calling it money, and getting deeper in debt on the strength of it, won't help us out of it. The frog of the fable attempted inflation, you will remember, and burst before attaining the "expansion" at which he aimed ; but had he indeed attained the surface size of the ox he emulated, without accident, I question whether he would have been very good beef when one got down to the bone and marrow of it. And what shall it profit a man if we send him to market with a bushel basket full of paper, and he can carry home all the vegetables it purchaseth in his vest pocket ? This changing about does not help matters at all. And the sooner we look the thing squarely in the face, and conclude to take the back track, or at least sit down on a stump for a while and think about it, the better it will be for all of us—including Gen. Butler.

As for me personally, I have returned to Gowanus there to cultivate the modest business virtues of the turnip, and in the retirement of my garden gather a lesson as to what constitutes the wealth of nations, from the steady-going and growing potato rather than the puff-ball.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE TENEMENT HOUSE, WITH A BRIEF SKETCH OF ITS BUILDER,
POPHAM POPHAMMER, ESQ.

Popham at forty was rich,
As the yearly assessments would show:
Lodged in an opulent niche;
Builder of Tenement Row.

In youth he had said to his soul:
It is good to be honest and true;
But rather than poverty's dole,
We'll be rich and dispense with the two.
As he walked through the by-ways and streets,
He said to himself in his greed:
Gaunt famine one everywhere meets,
And gold may be gathered from need.
So he put out his hand, and its touch
Was a rival to Midas of old,
For blood changed to gold in his clutch,
And tears he transmuted to gold.

Thus it was that old Popham got rich,
Though I've heard him impress on his child,
That he reached this desirable niche
Because a kind PROVIDENCE smiled.
When he told how he 'scaped Wall Street rocks,
You'd have thought, by allusions he made,
That Providence dabbled in Stocks,
And had been his co-partner in trade.

Now Popham conversed with his wife;
He said, we have money in store.
Enough for a front seat in life—
Let us knock at Fifth Avenue's door.

So he built him a mansion up town—
 It fronted on Madison Square—
 And he furnished it up stairs and down
 With all that was dainty and rare;
 And Fifth Avenoodledum's crown
 Was the meed of the *millionaire*.

Next, Popham dove down in his pelf—
 This dive all the papers record—
 And he said, having built for myself,
 I will now build a house for the Lord.
 Thus designing, he looked up designs,
 And an architect, famed for good taste,
 Drew a maze of bewildering lines—
 All said the conception was chaste;
 Then the masons and carpenters came,
 And the church like a gossip's tale grew;
 Its steeple put shot-towers to shame,
 And the nave—a wag said it had two—
 Was blazoned with Pophammer's name,
 And his was the principal pew.
 This pew was a marvel; they spread
 Soft cushions for Pophammer's seat,
 A pillowed recess for his head,
 A velveted rest for his feet;
 Rich Brussels to cushion his tread—
 And the mansion of God was complete.

Dedication, of course, followed next,
 By the Reverend Richman Rejoyce:
 I do not remember his text—
 Though I mind me his beautiful voice—
 But one of those sinners that carp
 At displays which they cannot afford,
 Said he played on a thousand-stringed harp,
 And that this was its principal chord;
 When you rob from the poor, if you're sharp,
 You will give—say a tenth—to the Lord.
 Yet two *gourmands*, who came rather late,
 Of the sermon said, "Well done," and "rare,"
 And the minister ended elate,
 With a brief and appropriate prayer,
 For a blessing on CHURCH and on STATE,
 And on Popham, the millionaire.

Then Popham looked over the board,
 Devising a move that was sure

To fill this last breach in his hoard,
 While he said to his soul, as a lure,
 I have built for myself and the Lord—
 I will now build a house for the Poor:
 And since mansions and manses don't pay,
 But rather decrease one's "per cents,"
 I will build in a very cheap way,
 And I'll gather large quarterly rents.

Thus the moneyed man reaps what the penniless sow—
 May the HARVEST at last bring atoning.
 Thus two palaces' glow begot Tenement Row,
 And the widows' and orphans' late moaning—
 For churches must grow, though bitter tears flow,
 And the Poor in their need be groaning.

He advertised next for designs;
 The Architect came with his plan,
 And they traced out the meshes and lines
 Of the net they were spreading for man.

If the carpenter chose he could tell,
 As he drove in the finishing nail,
 How the blow, as it echoing fell,
 Rang through the low hall like a wail;
 The mason could tell, if he chose,
 Of the blood accidentally spilt,
 Which spattered the walls as they rose,
 And reddened the mortar with guilt.
 But they hurried the work to its close,
 And the Tenement-house was built.

In a narrow and dim-lighted street,
 Where the light of God's sun never beams,
 Where the tenement lodger is blest
 If haply he sees it in dreams;
 Where the pavements are reeking with filth,
 And the sewers pour their pestilent breath,
 Where Fever and Famine link hands,
 And Disease holds a revel with Death;
 In the midst of this rotting reek,
 Where a prayer would have taint like a curse,
 The millionaire built for the Poor,
 That dollars might come to his purse;
 That servants might wait on his chair,
 That a preacher might purr in his face;
 That his wife might be rustling in silk,



A NIGHT SCENE.

And his daughters float lightly in lace.
Oh, think of this, daughters and wives,
As your carriage through fair Broadway rolls,
That your splendor is purchased by lives ;
That your horses' feet trample on souls

Shall I tell of the tenement-house ?
Of the human forms packed in its walls,
With scarcely the space for their lungs
Allotted to beasts in their stalls ?
Shall I tell of the rotting beams,
Of the stairway which rocked with your tread,
Of the floor which was crumbling below,
And the slime-dropping walls overhead ?
Shall I tell that the foulness without
Was pure to the foulness within,
Of the harvest that Death's sickle reaps
When Poverty crouches with Sin ?

But little the millionaire recked
Of the lives or the souls that were lost,
For Rotten-row paid like a mine,
And the yearly rent doubled its cost.

In the hush of a still Sabbath night,
While thousands were kneeling in prayer,
The Fire-fiend escaped from his thrall
And waved his red torches in air ;
The churches and mansions up-town
Were lit by the horrible glare.
The brazen-lipped bell cried " alarm,"
Till it shook a grave, dignified spire,
And rudely broke Pophammer's nap—
The TENEMENT HOUSE was on fire.
Lithe flames climbed the kindle-wood stair,
And danced in their glee on the roof—
Pophammer had furnished a loom,
And now Hell wove the warp and the woof !
There were mothers with babes at the breast,
There were mothers with babes in their arms,
And their shrieks reached the planets above—
What need of all other alarms ?
The wife called on husband to save,
And stretched out her arms for his aid.
Poor hearts ! as well call from the grave—
So deftly the trap had been laid ;
Yet their cries drowned the clanging bells' din

Till the greedy flames licked up their fill,
 And the smoldering rafters fell in—
 Then all of the shriekings were still.
 Unsightly remains of charred flesh
 Were found in the rubbish below,
 Chaotic in mass and in name—
 You would scarce their humanity know—
 And the Coroner rendered their death
 AS "TENANTS OF TENEMENT ROW!"

I dreamt on that horrible night
 I had seen a Druidical feast :
 That I stood in the burning pyre's light,
 And that Popham had been the High Priest!

O! Popham, and millionaires all
 Who dwell in your mansions up-town,
 Say, how will you answer for this
 When the lightnings of God come down?
 Will ye hide in your soft-cushioned pews
 When the flame through your palace hall rolls,
 When the spires 'neath whose shadow ye pray
 Shall fall like dead weights on your souls?
 When the patience of Heaven shall tire,
 And the Sun shall be loosed from his path
 To kindle this TENEMENT WORLD,
 Will a just God spare ye in His wrath?

CHAPTER XLIX.

ANOTHER RUN OVER TO BOSTON, AND AN INTERVIEW WITH A
YOUNG WOMAN WHO HAS VIEWS.

WHAT a thing learning is, to be sure ! Let the yeoman sing of the pleasures found in woods and fields and having the cows get in to his corn ; let the voluptuary get up in the afternoon and sit down with torpid liver and a head as big as a bushel basket to tell you of the pleasures which gratification of the senses brings ; let the miser jingle his greenbacks and claim that real happiness is to be found only in the possession of solid wealth ; let the female crusader paint in brilliant water colors the ecstatic joy of kneeling down on the soggy floor of a bar-room to address a Throne which might be reached quite as easily from the comparative elevation of a cleanly closet—I claim that there is nothing half so sweet in life as holding social converse in several different languages with any Bostonian whom you may find not gone home to dinner between the hours of eleven and three on any day of the week.

To be gone home to dinner at the exact time when business men of other parts of the world are to be found at their places of business seems a peculiarity of the New Englander, and one never before commented upon, to my knowledge, in any book of natural history. Go to New Haven, Hartford, Northampton, Swampscot, Portland, Newton, West Newton, Newton Center, Nantucket, Boston—travel a thousand miles to see a man on business, and the chances are that on getting to his store you find it locked up ; and a woman

across the way, feeding chickens, with a broom in her hand and a white handkerchief tied round her head, will inform you that he is "gone home to dinner."

It has always been the fondest ambition of my heart to meet Emerson—not on the lecture platform, where it costs a dollar to stand up on a back seat and you can only hear half he says and not understand that; not in the gilded halls of fashion where his mind is given to the frivolities of the hour, the gay dissipation of the moment, but in the solitude of his study, surrounded by books of reference, files of *The Great Moral Organ*, and new decks of cards, where I could ask him in sacred confidence if he considered it consistent with the duty which one man owes to his fellow, irrespective of any selfish considerations of personal interest, for a man engaged in a friendly game of Old Sledge—no matter what he is playing for—to beg when holding king for high, four for low, and a ten-spot, having, as you see, an excellent show for making game, to say nothing of the chance of catching the dealer's Jacob at the first swing. It has been said, and with some show of authority, that Mr. Emerson knows nothing of the beauties of seven-up, but it is useless for any one to attempt to persuade me that he who wrote:—

"Not from a scant or shallow pack
Young Phidias turned his awful Jack,"

is ignorant of the intricacies of that majestic game.

Unfortunately I did not see the Philosopher. In a former visit to Boston I attempted to get a private interview with him, as you perhaps remember, but only succeeded in seeing him across a lunch table, and this time I unfortunately did not see him at all. But I met a young lady on the Common with whom I whiled away an hour or two in pleasant discourse.

It was while returning from the burnt district, and my mind was filled with what I had seen.

"Boston is building up quite lively," I remarked.

“Yes, sir,” she replied, “when the human mind pauses for a moment in its wild but vain pursuit of the Indefinite and Inscrutable, and contemplates the abruptness of the catastrophe which befell the world, turning then to the rapid reintegration—”

“Pardon, Madam, I don’t speak French,” I explained right here. I called her Madam, you will observe, in compliment to her learning.

“I thought you were of Cambridge,” she replied, looking at me with a pitying eye, “but now I see by your boots that you come from Princeton. And how is Dr. McCosh?”

When I confessed that I only graduated at Gowanus, and was then on my way to Hyannis, having only stopped over one train in Boston to sip of the honey of Hymettus and improve my mind a little, a glad gleam shone in her blue spectacles—I mean in her blue eyes—and she said:—

“Oh, I’m *so* glad. It is nice to talk with common people once and awhile. How are things down your way?”

“Pretty well, I thank you,” I made answer, as politely as possible—for I had rather die any time than have it supposed that I do not know what good manners are when away from home—and then the conversation became general. In the course of it, this bonnie Boston lass tapped the toe of her number ten coquettishly with the point of her green gingham umbrella and asked me what folks said in my parts, of the suit brought by James H. Banker, plaintiff, agt. the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway Company, George B. Grinnell, George Bird Grinnell, and Joseph C. Williams, Augustus Schell, and Maria L. Clark as executrix, and Augustus Schell as executor of Horace F. Clark, deceased, defendants.

To my utter humiliation I was obliged to confess that I had not even heard of it.

“Oh,” said she, “you don’t read the supplements of the *Great Moral Organ* then? They print all the best reading of the day in the supplements now. That’s what supplements are for; no one wants to be bothered carrying eight

pages of news and editorials around, and this gives them a chance to just throw away the body of the paper and then sit down all by themselves and have a good time over the supplement."

This was comforting to me, for I have remarked that my contributions to the periodical literature of the day generally occupy a prominent place in the half-sheets. And, finding that this young lady knew more about most things than I did, I besought her to go on and tell me what she thought of the suit brought by James H. Banker, plaintiff, agt. the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway Company, George B. Grinnell, George Bird Grinnell, and Joseph C. Williams, Augustus Schell, and Maria L. Clark as executrix and Augustus Schell as executor of Horace F. Clark, deceased, defendants.

"I will tell you," she said, "in as few words as possible, what I think of the suit brought by James H. Banker, plaintiff, against the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway Company, George B. Grinnell, George Bird Grinnell, and Joseph C. Williams, Augustus Schell, and Maria L. Clark as executrix, and Augustus Schell as executor, of Horace F. Clark, deceased, defendants."

Then we both sat down on a stone for a moment, to take breath.

"I'll tell you," she again began, "just what I think about the suit brought by James H. Banker, plaintiff, against the ——"

"Oh, never mind the rest of it," I interrupted; "say *da capo*, and go on."

"Your suggestion is a good one," she remarked, thoughtfully; "we young ladies of Boston are educated upon a strictly utilitarian plan. I remember at the seminary, when singing—

'Douglass, Douglass, tender and true!'

the teacher always made us sing it—

'Douglass *da capo*, tender and true;'

and so with all other refrains of the kind. It was much better, she said, than senseless reiteration.

"Well, as I was about to observe, I notice that in the outset of his complaint Mr. Banker sets forth that the deceased Horace F. Clark 'was in his lifetime a lawyer of signal ability and a man of large wealth, and of remarkable executive capacity as a railroad manager and director, exhibited and proved in many railroad enterprises in which he was interested. For several years, and up to his death he was a director in, and one of the executive committee having management of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company, and was also president of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, and president of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway Company, the defendant corporation, the three roads commanding, with a single break, a continuous railroad route from New York to California.'

"Now, it is not my purpose to war upon the dead, but if the dead lie in the way of my duty to the living, what am I to do about it? Why, treat them as tenderly as possible, but tread along for all that. I can't get at the point I wish to reach if I have to dodge the dead at every turn, and there are some things one can't jump over.

"Plainly, then, this representative railroad officer, some two years since, when Lake Shore Railway stock was selling at par in the open market, sold fifteen millions to stockholders for \$5,000,000; that is to say, created an indebtedness against the road to that amount, an indebtedness which did not exist, and called it a dividend of surplus. A few months subsequently he bonded the road for \$6,000,000, to raise necessary moneys say some, to pay the regular dividends with, say others. If any man should manage his private business in this fashion, the law would step in, on the application of relatives, and appoint a guardian for him. Yet this lawyer of signal ability and man of large wealth and of remarkable executive capacity as a railroad manager and director,—'exhibited and proved' in this instance—intrusted with millions of other men's money, goes on with the admin-

istration of great interests, his reputation as a financier bettered rather than injured by this remarkable exhibition of sagacious enterprise. As I understand it, when the stock dividend of fifteen millions was made, on which only $33\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. was called up, Clark and his friends were owning nearly all the stock of the Lake Shore Road. They had bought it all up, and it was in order to enable them to get out of it at a profit that the stock dividend was made. I could never see the difference between Gould's and Fisk's robbing Erie of money direct from the Treasury, and Clark's dividing up *created* stock among himself and his friends, and then selling it for money. But the Chicago fire came, you remember, and a good deal of the Lake Shore stock went out of the hands it was in—in consequence of the panic that ensued—when the dividend was made.

"So much for one plain fact. Now, further we are told:—

"Mr. Clark, with the consent of the directors, had almost entire control of the management of the road, consulting from time to time upon questions of doubt with Mr. Schell and this plaintiff, who, as an executive committee, were *ad interim* vested with all the powers of the board of directors, but in all matters where Mr. Clark deemed it for the interests of the road, he acted upon his own responsibility in behalf of the road, entering into contracts with other roads, purchasing whatever was required of lands, buildings, rolling stock, etc., buying stocks of other railroads and corporations whose control was deemed necessary as aids or feeders to the Lake Shore Road (as the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway Company will hereinafter in this complaint be for convenience called), and doing whatever else he deemed for the largest interest of the Lake Shore Road, and in this he was sustained and indorsed and his acts approved by the board of directors of the company.'

"There you have a key to the position of nearly every railroad whose stock is on the market. Nominally controlled by a board of directors, who are supposed to represent the interests of stockholders at large, it is really run by one man alone, and the 'directors' are dummies, too wooden even to be sensible of the degradation of the position which they accept. For Mr. Banker makes this confession without a blush—so far as the paper shows.

"Who owns these railroads? The president? No. The directors? No. Not even the ties whereon the rails are

laid! The roads are owned by fools and speculators—the words are convertible and interchangeable—the country over. And instead of being run in the interests of the sections through which they pass, or even of the owners of the stock, they are run simply and solely in the speculative interests of president and directors, with a view to Wall Street combinations.

“One speculative account has been made public in the complaint to which I refer. It has long been known by those behind the scenes that in these Wall Street accounts, manipulated by presidents and directors, when a purchase of stock turns out favorably, it is found to be an individual venture; when the contrary is the case, it is decided that the operation was undertaken on behalf of ‘the road’—for its ‘credit or advantage.’

“Horace F. Clark, as a representative of the Vanderbilt power, had the reputation on all sides of being at least honest in his intentions, ‘square’ toward stockholders in his policy. In the light of these Lake Shore revelations, what are we to look for when the party walls come down of Rock Island, Milwaukee and St. Paul, North-west, Wabash, of a dozen roads, more or less, which are notoriously run under presidencies and directories made up of men not one of whom but would feel himself complimented to be called simply tricky—what are we to look for, I say, when these party walls come down and the insides are made visible?

“Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, Hannibal and St. Joseph, Michigan Central, these steady stocks were managed by solid and respectable business men of my own Boston—men who wore white cravats and never stole a cent in their lives without invoking a blessing on the investment; men at whom the finger of suspicion never pointed—but they gutted the cheeses they sat on and left mere shells for the rats who came after. What then may we expect to find when the bones over which known hyenas have been snarling and rav- ening and polishing their teeth for years, come to be exposed to public view?

“For a few instances in point:—Rock Island stock is called one of the best securities in market. There is a tradition, built upon regularly recurring annual reports, that the lands of the company alone would pay off its bonded debt if sold; that the cash on hand—never less than \$4,000,000—would at any time pay a dividend of from 25 to 40 per cent. if divided among the stockholders; for years this great dividend has been expected, and at regular intervals, when all other means fail to stimulate the market, this dividend is talked about. Yet every now and again more stock is issued and sold to meet the needs of the road, little by little (that is by millions and millions) the capital stock has been more than doubled, and what the actual position of the road is, what the real value of the stock may be, only the President and the devil could at this moment tell—and I doubt not that if you called upon one for information he would refer you to the other.”

Having an idea just here that the Boston girl was growing profane, and that the *Great Moral Organ* would not print the exact language which I was at such pains to preserve in order to reproduce, I said:—

“Easy, sister, over the asphaltum.” She took the admonition kindly, and, after wiping her blushing brow with a blue bandanna handkerchief, went on:—

“Then there’s the ‘North-west,’—under the same management, and look at its condition. Oh, Jerusalem? But for a nice nosegay, take a sniff at the Milwaukee and St. Paul. There’s a savor of Sage and onions for you, there’s—”

Again I checked the young lady, for it was plain, even to my inexperienced gaze, that she was becoming personal.

“Well,” she resumed, “count them all, anyway you choose, up or down, backwards and forwards, or all around the pot, and they count just the same—a thief’s dozen any way. Every sealawag of them has had both hands in the treasuries of their respective companies for years, and if you turned round to ask them what they were doing they’d set up a howl:—‘There’s Erie, look at naughty Jim Fisk and *that*

Jay Gould. They're running away with something. Stop 'em!" And then while the press and the public went in yelling pursuit of the fat man and the little man with 'Stop thief!' these virtuous gentlemen improved the opportunity by resting their hands for a spell and filling their pockets with a scoop shovel.

"Look at the presidents and directors of these railroads. Half of them so fat they can hardly waddle, and the rest of them lean with trying to lug off more of other people's money than they can boost up on their backs. How do you suppose these presidents and directors get to be the millionaires of the period? Certainly they don't save a million dollars a year out of their salaries, and Congress doesn't vote them any more money than it does you or me. Yet they're all so rich they can't rest nights for thinking about it!

"Folks call that little affair last fall, a panic! Look here, my friend from Gowanus, just you run over that stock list at the Parker House and you'll find about \$400,000,000 of stuff quoted at prices ranging from 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ to 71 that pays no dividends, much that never has paid one, and more that never will pay one; stock that is not worth the paper it is written on, for were the roads it represents put under the hammer any day they would not begin to bring the amount of their bonded indebtedness. Yet some one is carrying this stuff at these fictitious prices all the while; it has been carried for years. And to carry it, some one pays all the while from seven per cent. per annum to two per cent. per day. Some day this will all have an end, the load that has been piling up for ten years past will get to be too heavy and a general dumping will begin. A big hole's bad enough, but when the bottom falls clean out where are you? Talk of the 'low prices' of the last 'panic'—in the red *dies ira* that will sometime dawn they'll be recalled and referred to as high figures. You won't have a proper realizing sense of what low prices are till you see a dozen or so of these roads go into the hands of bondholders, and 'Ichabod' written throughout Wall Street, with no 'Resurgam' traced above the graves of fancies.

"Oh, it does make me so mad to see these fools just playing into the hands of these railway robbers, and being ruined and ground up and stamped down, with never a word in the management of their own properties, when they might just as well set to work in a quiet way, and mildly but firmly, and without any show of pomp or ostentation, hang—

"By the great horned spoons!" she interrupted herself, "there's a meeting of the Radical Club to-night, and I've got to demonstrate the right of a man to marry against the wishes of his female relatives! Ta-ta."

And with this girlish good-bye, and a wave of her green umbrella, this childish creature of thirty-seven summers was gone before I could ask her what she thought of vivisection. Gone like a dream, or a greenback, or anything else which is beautiful but unreal, she was, before I could even ask her how she cooked beans. But we can act on her gentle suggestion, and go on and hang people just the same.

And in writing this for my *Great Moral Organ* I contrived to date a month ahead, so that it was only a week old by the time it got into a supplement. And in preparing this for my book, I have contrived to slip in a few stanzas.

ON THE REOPENING OF A TRUST COMPANY.

Break, break, break,
On thy Old Lake Shore T. C.,
Then resume and take down thy shutter—
But none, if you please, for me.

Oh well for the Orphan Boy
That they shell out the swag to-day!
Oh well for the Lady in Black,
That again they've concluded to pay!

And the wise old noodles go on,
Discounting most any one's bill,—
And it may be the touch of a varnished hand
Is busy again at the till!

Break, break, break,
And be tinkered next day, U. T. C.,
But the bouquet which elings to a dog that was dead,
Is not aromatic to me!

CHAPTER L.

FROM NEW YORK TO SAN FRANCISCO VIA NICARAGUA.

REGRETS are natural enough when one leaves the land of his birth, but when the prow of his ship is pointed westward the traveler has few. It is pleasant to leave graves behind us, and the Eastern shores are full of them. On the whole Atlantic coast you will scarcely find a square foot of ground that is not scarred and seamed with the sexton's spade. Leaving the coast and journeying back where the great prairies toss their billows of green against the sky, the atmosphere is better; but even there dead sachems have filed preëmption burial mounds. In the great metropolises and seaport towns of the older States, graves are too common to be held sacred, and pious trustees, selling their churches, sell with them the coffins wherein moulders the dust of their fathers.

The sailing of a steamship is always an event of interest, even in that city where such occurrences are diurnal. None go forth so humble as not to leave some friends behind them—tearful eyes on the wharves are strained to catch a last glimpse of the steerage passenger, as well as of him who goes in the cabin. The sailing from New York of the steamship *America*, on Saturday, the 14th of March, 1863, was an event of double interest. It marked the reopening of an old route under new auspices, a route which always promised to become a favorite line of communication between the shores of the sister oceans, but whose promise had always been nipped in the bud either by the incompe-

tency or knavery of those who held its interests in charge. But the organization of a new company, bade us hope. It was an experiment, but the experiment promised success, and all embarked their lives and wives and baggage upon it hopefully.

Our passenger list was made up mainly of those who are not afraid to try experiments—bold, hardy men, and stout, large-crinolined women, not afraid of being blown out of water by ordinary gales. Our sailing was heralded by a press and crush of baggage in narrow passages, a press of coaches on the wharves such as is seen in Irving Place on field-nights of the opera, and a mass of struggling beings wedged and blent into each other as they rippled over gangways and dashed and bubbled and foamed up through companion-ways; there were leave-takings and hand-shakings; last farewells, which fond and moist eyes looked to each other; and last words that seemed destined to have no ending; while amid all this, hackney coachmen stood swearing, by way of assuaging the general friction, and stout-shouldered porters rushed hither and thither through the crowd, in anxious quest of those whose luggage they had brought on board for tacitly implied pecuniary considerations.

Between the moments when the gang-planks are drawn on board, the last gong sounded and the engine started, there is always a painful interval. Eyes that have flung out brazen signals of defiance to all the tenderer emotions before, now brim with tears, and men turn their faces seaward that their friends on shore may not know that their hearts are wrung at parting. Women may weep unreprievedly, but it is held unmanly in men. At last the arms of the engine are loosened, and steam throbs through all its mighty pulses; with a slow, deliberate motion the paddle wheels smite the waves, and out among the Jersey City ferry-boats, that sideways dart from our path like self-conscious crabs, the *America* glides with that air of superiority invariably assumed by the ship or man of greater tonnage or broader beam than his fellows. No larger vessel was in sight and our pride passed

unchecked—for the moment we were monarch of the bay. There was a frantic emotion of cambric on shore—not so much cambric either; faintly among the crowd a few white handkerchiefs fluttered like snowy-winged doves. But by far the greater part of the tearful multitude waved red bandanna farewells. There is little of romance where there is a scarcity of white linen. Not the least of the evils entailed by the closing of the cotton ports was that friends could not flourish you a last God-speed as of old. Economy is at variance with decency. The last objects that caught my eyes as our ship slowly glided down the bay, were crimson banners of questionable cleanliness and texture, waved by the unwashed hands of men whose faces were polished by the sad attrition of tears.

The world of a ship at first sailing is all chaos. The steerage passenger is in the cabin and the cabin passenger finds himself in the steerage. But by-and-by these things right themselves. There is a sure and speedy sifting of the conflicting elements of society. Tickets are called for and stations are allotted; divisions of caste and of mould are instituted; and bars are placed between the different grades of humanity, which even democracy's self cannot overleap. We of the first cabin are the nobles of the deck, representing, so to speak, the blue blood of the ship. We can go forward among the "people" who play unambitious games of seven-up, with greasy packs of cards, for insignificant antes, but they cannot come aft to us—though they were our peers on the pier and jostled us rudely there by way of proving it. It is easy, you know, to descend into Avernus or elsewhere, but it is an up-grade or *gradem* for those who wish to ascend and are unprovided with the leverage of wealth or the open sesame of genius. When we wish to humanize the masses we must go among them—they cannot come to us. Lazarus could not go to Dives, even, though the rich man summoned him—perhaps, however, he was loth to leave even for a moment Abraham's comfortable bosom.

A few passengers were found who had neither tickets nor

their equivalent in the currency of the realm. These would-be passengers were hustled over the ship's side into a small boat, and a waiting tug ferried them to the shore—a sad but let us hope not fruitless example to all who would surreptitiously obtain passage to either Paradise or California. The day when one could work his passage to either place has gone by—works alone do not suffice now and something more than faith is requisite.

By the way, one word of apology here, which should perhaps have been spoken earlier in the book. The reader—I do not pluralize, for I am rather uncertain whether or not I shall secure more than one victim—must pardon me for speaking in the first person and scattering I's over the head and front of the page in a way that out-egos Argus. It must be remembered that the experience of one man is that of many, especially in a voyage of this kind, and that I, though speaking individually, am in reality the mouth-piece of a multitude. Furthermore, I hold it a popular fallacy to suppose that the use of the first personal pronoun singular necessarily savors of egotism. No man has a right to speak for others unless authorized by power of attorney. When the editor or the king says "We," he assumes to be the people or the state—nay more, the voice of the people is proverbially said to be the voice of God. And, than assuming to interpret the divine breath, can egotism further go?

Some of our passengers may have been home-sick at first sailing. Certain it is that the majority of them were sea-sick. Pale distressed faces gazed over the ship's side, patiently and intently, as though they sought for shrimps and found them not, and Ocean gratefully received the bread cast upon his waters by those who looked for no return. In this trouble which comes upon the outward-bounder we may recognize one of the wise provisions of nature—the stomach for the moment asserts supremacy over the heart, and fond memories and home associations are all forgotten in the consequent physical discomfort and distress. Whether or not the remedy be worse than the disease, I cannot pretend to determine,

having never been troubled with either. Turnips are said to be a sovereign cure for these unpleasant sea symptoms, and surely their virtue has been tested to the full, on this voyage. You shall see a gentle girl, who looks inadequate to cope successfully with any vegetable other than a small sweet-pea, nibbling away at a huge raw turnip as though she were a rabbit, a megatherium, a mastodon or some other constitutional vegetarian.

We make summer as we sail. War and winter are lost in our wake; ahead of us the tropics stretch out their lazy latitudinal lines, and each hour we seem to clasp nearer and nearer to our arms the land and waters of calm delights and eternal peace. Our passage to the southward has been like that of a Christian soul to Paradise. Off Cape Hatteras we found our purgatory, but the probation there was as short as the seas, and a few hours found us creeping down Carolinian coasts—emeticized by water, if not purged by fire. Winds came to us as fair as those which favored the pious Æneas, when he turned his face from the funeral pyre where Dido lay burning to follow the beck of imperial Fortune; dexterous tars loosed our scanty canvas from the yards, where it was confined—cheerily hauled they home the sheets—and southward we sailed under a full press of funnel and foresail.

Apropos of the funnel—though, after all, it is rather a remote and disconnected part and parcel of the machinery, it is a very favorite amusement of mine to watch the machinery of a vessel in play, or rather at work—very many lessons of life may be learned from it. The patient piston rod represents the “greasy mechanic”—greasy, but upright and useful; and the patience with which it slides up and down in its oil-perspiring grooves, as contentedly as though it were drawing up brimming buckets from golden wells; the noble perseverance of the walking beam, toiling with the great patience of Sisyphus to roll its eternal burden up some hypothetical hill, not discouraged, though its revolutions do sometimes go backward—the whole machinery lifting others across broad oceans, yet never asking other recognition or reward

for its labors than sufficient food and attention to keep the wheels of its vitality vigorously whirring, never grumbling even deep down in its boiler depths at not being permitted the privilege of taking an occasional turn or two about deck by way of diversion—as an example of patient labor, noble perseverance, and contented, uncomplaining abnegation of self and devotion to the interests and advancement of others, what is there in life or death to compare with the steamship's engine?

No accident has happened thus far on the voyage. I believe we ran over several fish, but they did not throw us off the track; neither did they cry out very loudly. Had a mermaid been disturbed, I fancy we would have heard from it; for a woman, even if half fish, could not bear wrongs in silence. Whether we have a right to run over mermen's roofs at this reckless rate of speed is indeed a point which only the judges of the marine court can rightly decide. Whales and other Daniel Lamberts of the deep can take care of themselves well enough, but a grave question arises—should not all ocean ships be compelled to ring bells and carry fish-catchers attached to their prows for the benefit of aqueous Tom Thumbfins and their spouses? Extra precautions should be taken for the safety of these little creatures over whom we ride rough-keeled, for it must be borne in mind that in addition to being dumb, fish are so deaf that they cannot even hear their own sounds.

Of the calm and the balm of these tropics the unfortunate man in Maine or in the moon can have no idea. The passengers are turnip-eaters no longer, but lotus-eaters. They loll about the decks in easy postures, smoking large pipes in a calm contemplative way, and discussing the eternal fitness of things. It is worthy of remark that all of them are immensely patriotic, and avow a determination never to submit to the South, but to take the field themselves if necessary. As might naturally be expected, this patriotism develops itself each day with crescent ardor as we increase our distance from the seat of war and the conscription bill.

A celebrated traveler stated as the result of his experience that he had found the world inhabited by only two sorts of people—men and women. So on shipboard, the men may be mostly divided into two great classes: those that have wives, and those that have not. It is fortunate for these latter wretches that California-bound ships are provided with other spare objects of utility than spare spars and ropes. For instance, besides carrying out any number of spare old maids, the California ship generally carries out a varied assortment of spare wives. We have several on board who go out to rejoin husbands, not lost but gone before. Perhaps we should not blame them for receiving innocent little attentions from fellow-passengers, nor the latter for paying them; for it is not good for man to be alone on the sea. Neptune without an Amphitrite seated beside him in his car, would be a very sorry and disconsolate looking deity indeed. The sea air is highly conducive to flirtations—perhaps because it is so bracing. The passenger of an inquisitive turn of mind, perambulating the decks at late hours of the night, might very well fancy himself in Acadia or the Cremorne Gardens. The same man in the identical moon looks down on similar scenes, and flying-fish overhear the same tender whispers and vows that are confided to the discretion of nightingales on shore. The waves play an orchestral accompaniment that drowns these soft sounds to less sympathizing ears. Take a midnight stroll with the elderly and slightly lame gentleman, Mr. Paul, on our marine piazza, any time after six bells and before eight, and you shall see several turtle-doves—mock-turtle-doves, rather—billing and cooing their happy passions in mutual confidence.

To our great delight we raised the great Southern Cross last night. May we not envy the feelings of the Catholic mariner when sailing southward he beholds the symbol of his faith bent above him in the heavens? But though southern clouds and pillars of fire have risen above the horizon, we have not yet lost sight of our northern ones. We carry our constellations with us—the clubs of Orion and Hercules are yet turned up as trumps over head, and from the inverted

Great Dipper above us the Milky Way still discourseth itself. These stars are silver links in our associations with the past. To-day we are sailing beneath the same stars that guided the Children of Israel across the desert, the same stars that in their courses fought against Sisera. Very likely Noah steered by Sirius!

We carry the Sabbath with us as well as the stars. Yesterday there was divine service in the cabin, conducted by a young clergyman of New York who goes out to seek for health in the equable Californian clime. The sermon was an impressive one. Floating in the hollow of God's hand we praised Him. Outside the walls of our improvised Temple dashed the waves, and through every nerve and fibre of her vast body our ship trembled as though in an agony of fear. But onward through the Caribbean we passed, dryly and safely as the people of Moses through the Red Sea when swelling waters whelmed the chariots of Pharaoh.

The transition from the church to an opera troupe may seem abrupt, but in this case it is both natural and necessary. For if an opera troupe had not been previously organized among the sweet singers of the ship a choir would have been wanting. Certainly all on board had reason to thank our *prima donna*, *basso*, and *robusti tenori*, for their services on Sundays and nightly performances during the week—admittance to which latter was cheaply purchased by abstinence from the use of tobacco during the music. Our staterooms are as comfortable as could well be desired, and these snug little cottages of the sea, especially those on the deck-heights, are eminently pleasant and charmingly adapted for the duty of seeing a young lady home after church or the opera. Carriages are wholly unnecessary. They are not so well supplied with water as they might be, the Croton not being yet introduced, but this defect may be easily remedied. Why there should be any scarcity of water on board seems strange to me, as it is plainly evident that many of the passengers do not use any for ablutionary purposes. But there is no lack of wine!

"Any Port in a storm," says an old nautical proverb, but give me claret, if that storm should happen to be in the tropics. Claret, by the way, is an excellent substitute for water. It is quite as good to wash in, and very much better for drinking purposes. And, supplied with the luxuries of life, he were a grumbling dog indeed who would not willingly dispense with its necessities.

It has always been a favorite scheme of mine to organize a joint-stock company, with unlimited capital and credit, all of which latter should be expended in hiring wonderful athletes and invincible pugilists to travel up and down town in cars and omnibusses, stopping at all the first-class hotels in rotation, for the sole purpose of soundly thrashing drivers and conductors, and punching the heads of hotel clerks whenever their rudeness made it necessary. Now I have concluded to include sea-captains in the list of rough ones that need "polishing off" occasionally; for ours ordered me away from the compass the other evening, when I was showing a reverend friend its points, and making marine matters generally more complicated to him. The water used on shipboard is kept in iron tanks, and becomes impregnated with rust and ferruginous particles to such an extent that the chests of those drinking it are soon lined with iron, while deposits of the pure metal may be found in their pockets. If inveterate water-drinkers approached the compass they would demagnetize the needle, I suppose, and in this view of it the captain was perhaps justified in ordering us away from the binnacle.

He never wastes words, this captain. I was amused at the reply made to a tall, gawky youth who stepped up to him the other day as he was "taking the sun," and asked him how far he could "see with that glass." "Ninety-five millions of miles," answered he. "I can see the sun, sir." Why explain the difference between a telescope and a quadrant to one who can never have occasion to use either?

I have nearly done with the *America*. This is Wednesday morning, March the 25th, and we are running into Greytown after a very pleasant and prosperous passage. Under

ordinary circumstances all would be glad to see land ; but now a certain feeling of sadness prevails. For it is here that we are to lose the leading artists of the opera troupe. Last night there was a farewell appearance. By the kindness of the manager I am permitted to copy the flaming poster which announced the performance. Not being an artist I am obliged to omit the American flags and shields and eagles and brilliant colors, that adorn the original document.

ROYAL OPERA.

The Managers of the Royal Opera House, who have had the honor of appearing in North America and Central America, but principally on the

"AMERICA,"

are compelled regretfully to announce that in consequence of

THE DEFECTION OF THEIR PRINCIPAL ARTISTS,

They are compelled to announce a

LAST APPEARANCE

FOR THIS EVENING.

Universal preparations have been made to make this last night the field night of the season.

THE FIELD NIGHT OF THE SEASON.

THE FIELD NIGHT OF THE SEASON.

THE FIELD NIGHT OF THE SEASON.

A SONG COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THE OCCASION,

(EXPRESSLY FOR THE OCCASION,)

will be sung with the unrivaled strength of the company. It is local in its nature and marine in its application.

LOCAL IN ITS NATURE,

AND MARINE IN ITS APPLICATION.

LOCAL IN ITS NATURE,

AND MARINE IN ITS APPLICATION.

It is hoped that none will take what may be said or sung to themselves ; but if the song should offend any individual member of the ship's company, the Manager is ready and willing to accept his sincere apologies. We are near the Mosquito Coast, and for particulars, those desirous, can see

SMALL BILLS !

SMALL BILLS !

SMALL BILLS !

Full dress is not required—but Sweet Breath,

SWEET BREATH,

SWEET BREATH,

SWEET BREATH,

And Clean Shirts, Clean Shirts, Clean Shirts,

CLEAN SHIRTS,

CLEAN SHIRTS,

CLEAN SHIRTS,

(OR AT LEAST A CLEAN COLLAR,)

Are indispensable to admission.

The performance will commence at 8 o'clock precisely. The audience are requested to bring their own chairs with them, and also stools for the principal artists. No carriages are required. Lights will be blown out at 10 o'clock, by special request of the captain. Donations for the Managers may be left wherever most convenient.

* * * * *

Thus it will be seen that the opera troupe had quite a bill. They likewise had an immense and orderly audience and much applause. And here you have the new song, which, it is only fair to say, was several times encored—deservedly, I think, for in me you behold the blushing author.

THE NEW SONG.

The ship, the ship, the good old ship!
 She's bound to make a jolly trip;
 Spare captains two, and clergy three,
 I'm sure the ship can't sink at sea.

The Golden Gate! the Golden Gate!
 We're bound to reach it soon or late;
 We'll stem the San Juan's rolling flood
 If they don't stick us in the mud.

The transit route will not be cool—
 Crossing the Isthmus on a mule;
 Go in a coach you who agree,
 But get a pacing mule for me.

Some men have wives upon the spot—
 Some seem to have them who have not;
 Deck promenades are very fine,
 But don't walk off with wife of mine.

It is no harm, one kiss or more—
But do it all behind the door;
The art of kissing seems to me
Is not to let the others see!

Lights out at ten! lights out at ten!
If that's the law, we say amen;
The moon is left, and so is Mars,
Thank Heaven they can't blow out the stars.

Havana is a pretty place:
But, Captain, in the name of grace,
When all its lamps are plain in sight,
Why don't you "tie up" for the night?

We stop to sound upon the sea,
But of all sounds, the gong for me;
I don't like iron, but after all
The oxide's better than the ball.

The time draws near when we must part,
So says the captain and the chart;
The opera troupe must troop on shore—
Our Prima Donna 'll be no MOORE.

Perhaps the warmest heart may cool,
Crossing the Isthmus on a mule;
But when the voyage is safely through,
Remember those that sung for you.

With the new song closes the *America's* record. Before us lies a new volume, fresh to the most of us as though it were just issued hot and smoking from the Press of Creation. On its fly leaf is written Nicaragua, and the frontispiece is Greytown; for the letter-press please consult the next chapter.

CHAPTER LI.

FROM NEW YORK TO SAN FRANCISCO VIA NICARAGUA.

(CONTINUED.)

GREYTOWN is an insignificant little place—the houses and inhabitants of which are built chiefly of bamboos and bananas, and thatched with palm leaves. It is mainly peopled by mulattoes and monkeys. The former, perhaps, have the advantage in point of number and size, though in other respects, intelligence and honesty, for instance, the latter compare very favorably. The dress of both classes is decidedly primitive, that of the young especially—these latter wearing neither flannel nor fig leaves, not even, adopting that modern innovation, the postage stamp. The natives live principally on bananas and strangers—travelers are obliged to live on each other.

Greytown will probably be best remembered because of its having been bombarded and burned once on a time. The daring deed was done by Hollins, subsequently a vice-admiral in the confederate navy. Why he bombarded the town no one ever very clearly understood. Certain it is he could have bought it for half the value of the shot and shell expended thereon.

So far as Greytown itself is concerned, a day or two might be spent there very pleasantly, but a week—no! The men are hospitable and the monkeys playful, but neither are entertaining in conversation, and one soon gets tired of both. The former possess some traits of character, however, that elicit my warmest admiration. They live at peace among

themselves, and lawsuits, lyceums, and weekly newspapers are unknown. The greed of gain does not at all possess them. After they have made enough money to support them for the day they leave work and settle down upon their *otium cum dig.* A number of us wished to go off to the ship one evening, and offered the natives almost any money to ferry us thither and back, but no, one and all declared they had made money enough for the day, and had tied their *bungos* up for the night. Argument was useless. I must confess that their patriarchal style of putting the thing stands out to me in delightful contrast to the action of a thorough-bred Yankee under similar circumstances, who after working all day at his trade would gladly start off and work all night at anything else, if one only offered him money enough.

But all vexatious detentions were forgotten when we found ourselves sailing up the San Juan River. One does not every day have a chance to steam through tropical forests, brushing monkeys and parrots from their leafy perches with smoke-stack, and playing indescribable tattoos and reveilles on the ridged backs of alligators with paddle-wheels made of Yankee timber—so one may be pardoned for sitting down deliberately to the enjoyment of the thing, and endeavoring to drink in enough of it to last a life-time. In my somewhat varied experience I have seen several scenes of beauty, but never anything to equal the San Juan River, as revealed by the crescent moon the night that we left Greytown. The waters were still as the sky, and there was a cloud in neither. Above our heads arched the great dome of the forest, blending into the blue belfry above wherein swung innumerable chimes of stars, seemingly so near that one involuntarily paused to catch their silver tinklings. Through the tops of great trees the moonbeams sifted down upon the waters a golden shower like to that which of old fell from heaven into the prone lap of Danaë. And over and above all a great silence folded its wings as a jealous bird above its nest; not a sound was to be heard in earth or heaven, for these eternal old forests chant their grand hymns to themselves, and

become mute when listeners are by. Not even the whisper of a wakeful bird could be heard, nor the bacchanalian catch trolled by dissipated lizards reeling home from late revels. Of all silences I fancy there are none that can equal the hush of these tropical forests; tombs are loud in comparison, and it were deafening to step from one of them into the catacombs where dead men only have converse. And such luxuriance of verdure as they exhibit passes the power of words and even of the painter's brush to describe. The picture that attempted to reproduce it could be but one dash of green. Of themselves the trees grow so thickly that a gray-headed and cautious church mouse would feel deliberately with his whiskers before attempting to thread his way between their trunks; but as though this alone were not sufficient, pliant vines weave branches, boughs, and all, into one interminable net of basket work through which nothing more palpable than moonbeams may crawl.

At a later hour the choral silence of the forests was broken by the profane sound of a fiddle played on the deck of the steamer. Picture it, think of it, dissolute man; scrape on it, list to it, then, if you can! Now I have no particular objection to dancing, though I myself dance rarely, and in the tropics never. To my thinking the Oriental does the "poetry of motion" much better in making his servants dance for him. It saves an incalculable amount of sweat and the vexation of having to clasp around the waist in some of the possible combinations of the dance an uncomely partner. Nevertheless, I can see why people should dance in town and country, and at watering places and victualing places; but why any one should come down here beneath the tropic of Cancer to cut pigeon-wings and other things, puzzled me—if they wish to dance in the tropics at all, let them cut their capers under Capricorn. But, seriously, when such a volume of beauty is opened, and the time to enjoy it is so limited, were it not better to sit down to its pages and reverently study them, than to wear out shoes in doing that which could better be done in a country barn, under a Massachusetts moon? But is

there any accounting for tastes? All this while a man sat in the cabin reading a ragged-paged novel to a seedy-looking woman by the light of a tallow candle. Why do people stuff their pockets with magazines, newspapers and gingerbread when they go a-traveling? I expect when I go to Egypt to find some one reading *The Bleeding Baby* or a *Meditative Mother's Revenge*, sailing down the Nile, and a large party playing "draw poker" on the slant side of the pyramids.

The traveler through Central America will hear much of the delicious flavor of the "alligator pear." He must not confound that fruit with the pairs of alligators he will see sunning themselves on the banks of the San Juan River, as he sails up it. Shooting these monsters is a capital amusement. It is fun to see them scramble off the bank when a bullet tickles them behind the foreshoulder, and it does not at all interfere with one's enjoyment to know that it is death to the alligator, for they are the ungainly Ishmaelites of these waters. A rifled musket would make things properly warm for these cheerful reptiles. I had only a common squirrel rifle, throwing a ball the size of a pea, and this failed to turn up the yellow of their bellies to the sun as often as would have been desirable. For the Sharp's carbine of my cavalry experience, or a rifle throwing an ounce-and-a-half conical ball, I would have given—well, all the alligators I killed.

It occurs to me that a few facts may not be uninteresting to those who care more about the route itself than about the moon that shines above it and the monsters that sport below. The San Juan is a variable stream. For nine months of the year its waters are sufficiently high to enable the large-sized boat of the upper rapids to run direct from the Toro Rapids to Greytown. This obviates any necessity of change of passengers and baggage on the river. But during the months of March, April and May, it is often necessary to wait for a heavy dew to float the boat over the dry bed of the river, and it was during one of these months that our fortune fell.

From Greytown to Castillo the distance is about eighty-

five miles. At Castillo we had to change boat and baggage. Here, by the way, are located the fortifications which Nelson once stormed in his early days. In his first attack he was repulsed, but a subsequent one proved successful. I am told that a Spanish lady held out to the last, and incited the soldiers defending the work to resistance even after they had determined to surrender. The fort is located on a crest which completely commands the river approach and the surrounding plateaus and elevations. Before the day of rifled cannon and ponderous projectiles, it was undoubtedly a formidable work, being supplied with water by two subterranean passages to the river below, and having covered ways cut through the rocks to adjoining hills for retreat. But a single thirty-two-pound Parrott of the present epoch, rightly served, would make sad havoc among its quaint towers and port-holes, scattering astonishing quantities of brick and mortar about its garrison's ears.

Owing to grave political or military reasons, a party of us, after climbing the hill, were denied permission to cross the rusty old drawbridge, though the sentinels kindly consented to stack their antiquated old flint-locks and traffic with us for oranges. In its present state, and as now garrisoned, it is my impression that the fort could be taken with a pocket pistol of very inferior whisky and a few dimes, and that it could be permanently held at a cost not exceeding \$5. At the time of our passing through Nicaragua, war was going on all around us for some state rights impossible to comprehend; but as I can neither understand the merits of the case, nor spell or pronounce the names of the contending generals, I shall make no further reference to it.

To return to the river. At Castillo we took a boat of larger size, which conveyed us to the Toro Rapids, a distance of ten or twelve miles, where we took a yet larger one, which carried us over Lake Nicaragua to Virgin Bay, about one hundred miles further. Thinking it would be well to know each of the boats when one came that way again, I left a silk hat on one, a silk umbrella on another, and a young lady on

the third. Should any future traveler pick up any of the above mentioned articles by mistake or otherwise, I wish it to be distinctly understood that they belong to me.

On Lake Nicaragua we experienced quite as rough weather as on the Atlantic Ocean, making nearly all the women and some of the men too lake-sick to enjoy the fine view of Omatepe, who thrusts his bald head some five thousand feet skyward—not quite high enough to pierce all the clouds and mists that gather on his brow and enjoy eternal sunbeams. Medere was formerly a loftier peak than Omatepe, but it foolishly burnt itself down to a lower level, and seemed insanely determined to go on with the work of self-consumption. So Nature blew it out. Strange that these great mountains should burn themselves out like candles. Why does not some one thrust a wick down into one of the great coal hills of Pennsylvania, that so we may have volcanoes at our own doors.

The Spanish have a singular way of naming persons and places from their complete deficiency in or of what the names would signify. Thus Buena Vista is so called because it has no view at all, good or bad; and Virgin Bay must be so named because there are neither virgins there nor anything else—if we except the ruins of the old Transit Company's wharf, built at an expense of nearly \$200,000 and burned by the natives at much less cost, with a view to bettering their condition by shutting out all bettering influences—a line of policy they seem determined to pursue at the present day in their dealings with all foreigners.

From Virgin to San Juan del Sur—so called in contrast to Greytown whose native name is San Juan del Norte—the distance is some twelve miles. This is variously achieved by coach or by mule riding. (The people of this country take horseback exercise on mules.) The mules are about as large and shaggy as an average-sized Newfoundland dog, though the dogs would have the advantage in easiness of gait and also in docility of disposition. For I fancy that the dog—that is the well-bred dog—would not attempt to kick

his rider in the back, nor to put his hind feet in the stirrups. All these things mules do. It is entirely a mistake to suppose that the animal paces—it does not, it trots.

The mule of Central America is not fast, but what it lacks in speed of trot it makes up in roughness. It has the progressive motion of the tortoise combined with the up-and-down motion of a saw-gate. By the kind assistance of a native, I succeeded in securing an eccentric beast that traveled sideways like a crab instead of endwise in the natural order of Providence. A favorable opportunity offering, I traded him off with a young lady whose horse needed a firmer bridle-hand than hers to keep him in the right path. The trade resulted to the mutual satisfaction of all parties concerned, beasts and riders included, and I soon succeeded in distancing my ecclesiastical friend, who, when last seen, was belaboring the sides of his mule, which had come to a dead standstill in the road, with a huge cudgel, and probably thinking that after all, Balaam had the right of it in that little controversy with the ass. Henceforth Bayles and Balaam will be inseparably associated in my mind.

At San Juan del Sur we found a steamship nicknamed "The Rolling Moses," and the balance of our passengers waiting for us. The next evening, April 3d, we sailed. Thus it will be seen that ten days were consumed between the two coasts, giving us ample time to become acquainted with the scenery of the country. That no more graphic or poetical description of it has been given may be accounted for by the fact that I crossed it with a mule—not a muse.

We sailed, but the end of detention was not yet. By some singular misconception or conflict of orders the vessel that should have been in San Juan with a load of coal for our vessel had gone to San Francisco. Accordingly we had nothing to do for it but to coal at Realejo—a little Nicaragua port some hundred miles or so northward. The morning of the 4th saw us at anchor again, and noon of that day found all hands ashore in quest of fruit and experiences. Both abounded. I learned more of the manner and customs of

the country here than in all my previous observations. The watchword of the climate is *poco tiempo*—which means "a little while," or "in a little while." Its nearest English rendering can be found perhaps in "Procrastination is the best policy," or "Do nothing to-day that can be put off until to-morrow." If a man's mother were dying ten miles distant and he wanted a mule saddled hastily, the muleteer would tell him if he attempted to hurry the process, *Poco tiempo!* It is *Poco tiempo* if you want a dinner or a doctor, and I believe a native priest would send a sinner's soul unshriven before its Creator, muttering a *Poco tiempo* instead of a prayer.

The only instances in which this poco-tiempo rule is disregarded are those where imbibition is implied or understood. An invitation to drink is complied with by the courteous inhabitant with remarkable despatch, and he loses no time in emptying his glass and standing ready to be asked to drink or smoke again. I was rather amused, though somewhat mortified, to ascertain in what perfect contempt our beloved Uncle Abraham's greenbacks are held in Realejo. Offering a dark-eyed Senorita one of them in payment for a small package of "puros," she explained to me with an indescribable gesture of contempt that, though very good to light cigars with, such paper would not do to buy them with.

There is another phrase that has a wide and varied use and application—*Costumbre del país*. This is an excuse for anything. If a man should attempt to take your purse and you caught him with his hand in your pocket, he would politely explain to you that it was *costumbre del país*, (the custom of the country,) and you would be in duty bound to let him go. If, after heartily dining on what you fancied to be chicken, it suddenly turned out that you had in reality been eating lizard, the fact that it was *costumbre del país* would be alleged to quiet your rebellious stomach. Some of these *costumbres del país*, however, are exceedingly charming—that one, for instance, by which you are permitted to clasp a young lady around the waist and pat her on the back three or four times



GREENBACKS AT A DISCOUNT.

by way of salutation. A prettier fashion of saying good morning could not well be devised.

Apropos of these native girls, some of them are very pretty indeed, with such eyes, hair and teeth as are to be found in only two places in the world—Byron's poems and Realejo. There are certain pairs of black eyes that several of us cannot get rid of—they haunt us yet, and I don't know but that we will have to return thither and bring them away, and indeed the whole accompanying anatomy. One never knows when he is to meet his fate. When we went into Realejo every one doubtless already had enough hair in his valise to stuff a good-sized pillow, and certainly none expected to add to the collection sundry locks with a closer curl in them than any of the others had.

All things have an end, and *poco tiempo* falls short of actual eternity. Tuesday evening, the 7th, found the ship coaled and ready for sea, and we mournful Americans had to bid adieu to the fair but too bewitching ladies of the palm-leaves, with promises to remember them forever and return by the next steamer—a style of parting which is, I believe, not only *costumbre del pais*, but also the custom of the universal world.

Running up the coast of the rightly named Pacific there is little of incident to break the monotony of the surging sea and clanging paddle wheels. Some of the passengers spend their time in card playing, some in talking scandal—I think the former occupation the more christian and innocent of the two. I was rather amused at the reply made by one of the poker players to a clergyman, who—notwithstanding that he comes from the far West, where the Oregon hears the sound of its own dashings—evidently disapproved of all games of chance, and remarked that he "considered card playing a very small business, indeed."

"That depends on the size of the ante," coolly remarked the player as he showed his opponent three nines and swept the "pot" into his pocket.

So far as scandal is concerned, that has grown and blossomed

and culminated, and is now in full flower. One lady tells you some scandalous story she has heard about her neighbor, and has barely left your side when another comes up and tells you something she is personally and positively sure of concerning her. Very few reputations are intact. If common report may be believed, most of the men are gamblers and most of the women worse. One learns "how sublime a thing it is to suffer and be strong" in a small country village, but the experience there is nothing to that encountered on ship-board.

The coast has been in view the most of the way, and occasionally we have seen whales. I never see these latter without thinking of the old New England hymn, one stanza of which runs thus:—

"Ye mighty monsters of the sea
Your Maker's praises spout,
Up from the deep, ye codlings peep,
And wag your tails about."

Quoting the above the other day, I was accused of irreverence and blasphemy. Very few are aware that it is really a part of an actual attempt to versify that Psalm where the fishes of the sea, and all God's creatures, are called upon to praise Him. It was sung by Nantucket nurses and Mattapoissett mothers, while those of their children whose children are now being rocked in the cradle of the deep, were rocked in willow baskets to its lullaby.

When we near land, clouds of curious gulls come hovering over us, with their pinky beaks and folded feet. I now know where Tennyson got his vision of the angels in *Sir Galahad*:—

"With folded feet in stoles of white
On sleeping wings they sail."

Why are stupid people and credulous fools likened to this glorious bird, that has wings like angels near the Throne, and eyes like the Madonna?

It is Sunday morning, and the California coast ranges

along on our starboard side. At the present moment we are leaving Point Conception, after rounding which a rough time is looked for by all conversant with this stage of the journey. Before reaching it we run along under the lee of the land, in water comparatively smooth, but beyond its headlands the waves again take possession of the ship, and toss it like seven or more devils. In deference to the charms of the coast, service has been postponed until evening, and only the hills will lift up their voices, and the floods clap their hands in praise, during the day.

* * * * *

We are looking out to catch a first glimpse of the Golden Gate, and wondering if we shall like its stile.

* * * * *

It is Monday morning, the 20th of April, and our ship is safely moored—after a voyage of just thirty-seven days. And I am already repenting of having spoken jestingly of the Golden Gate. Inside of its portals, standing within the temple, I uncover my head reverently. We people of the Eastern States are very ignorant, after all. To me the Golden Gate stood as merely a rhetorical figure. I was not prepared to find an actual gateway, cloven by the mailed hand of some Cyclopean force in the solid rock, leading to the finest harbor in the world—a water as smooth as a threshing-floor. Neither was I prepared to find a great many other things which I found in California,—but the story of my sea-voyage is done. As for California, a curiosity no longer since the close communion brought about by the Pacific railroad, she stands as a part of the civilized union, and residents no longer speak of “going home to the *States*” when they contemplate a visit East.

CHAPTER LII.

MY IMPRESSIONS OF CALIFORNIA.

YES, I will give them, boldly. One of the first questions asked of the visitor is, "Well what do you think of us?" The answer is generally of a complimentary nature, which is not strange when you take into account the prevalent idea that all Californians argue with six shooters in their boots and bowie knives slung down their backs. At this distance I can afford to speak my mind frankly and tell the truth.

California is nothing if not extreme. She never does anything by halves. The "Eureka" of the state arms should be construed to read "Whole animal or nothing." She grows the biggest trees and the smallest woodpeckers, the greatest oxen and the smallest oysters, the loudest* women and the quietest babies of any country on earth. When the weather sets in to be dry not so much as a drop of dew falls for six months; when it takes a fancy to rain it rains half the year through without a break. Fires are not of frequent occurrence, but when they come they burn up a whole town. They either have no law at all and miscreants go unpunished, or the inhabitants turn out *en masse* and hang everybody. Crops are either so large as to astonish the world or fail entirely. Mines either pay immensely or smash their owners in a corresponding degree. When the hat is passed around

*Loud, but not rapid. Mr. Bowles, in *Across the Continent*, says that the ladies of San Francisco walk fast and talk fast; indeed, intimates that they *are* fast. This only leads me to suppose that friend Bowles did not happen to come across the continent in his Pacific coasting, notwithstanding the title of his book.

in church—they do have churches there—the chances are even whether the crown be stoven in by twenty dollar gold pieces or it goes back empty.

Traveling is generally safe, but when they blow up a steam-boat it means something. Nothing more is ever heard of boat or passengers. Small swindles are unknown. When a man goes in to steal he puts his claws on a whole township and will not compromise on anything less than a meeting house. So in domestic matters; husbands and wives are either on the most affectionate and intimate terms or else sleep in separate beds. Women are either barren altogether or else throw triplets without a moment's warning. In short it is the contrariest country—if I may be pardoned the use of a classical New England phrase—that ever the sun shone on. Everything exists in extremes, and these extremes never meet.

During the war everything was radical and republican. One could not yell too loud or shout too long in favor of what was differently known as "the kiz," "the kez," and "the koz." It was not safe to walk down the street unless you clothed yourself with the span dangled stanner as with a garment and slapped its folds in your neighbor's eyes. Firm but undemonstrative Unionism was not recognized. The whole thing was conducted on the scale, or rather after the pattern of one of the big camp meetings, where it is not "allowed" that a man has "got religion" unless he scratches up the gravel, throws sand, and bellows like a lop-horned bull. Democrats were despised—and I don't know but that they deserved to be. Now you see how the whole thing has changed. Democracy rules, and it is hard to find a radical.

The people are either extravagantly generous or detestably mean, they either take a stranger to their bosoms on a first introduction, or else shoot the top of his head off. In short their civilization is still of a comparatively crude order, and they need age out there. They have an unpleasant sort of pride, born probably of their insulation or isolation: it is commonly

supposed that no one can jump so high or dive so deep or come up so dry as a Californian. And the Californian will inform you with gravity that there is no other place on earth where he cares to live—without once stopping to analyze the reason—which is plain. In San Francisco he is some one and everybody knows him—in the older and larger cities he is lost, his individuality is merged.

This will all change in time—is fast changing. Railroad communication with the world has already worked wonders, and the good work goes on. California will come to pride herself upon being cosmopolitan rather than Californian. Her people have some very excellent traits, and the bad ones grow fewer every day. San Francisco improved a good deal while I was out there—it ought to have improved a good deal faster after I left, and I hear that it has. This rejoices me so much that I have no present intention of revisiting the state to give it another setback.

CHAPTER LIII.

A FULL AND RELIABLE ACCOUNT OF THE GREAT SAN FRANCISCO EARTHQUAKE OF OCT. 8TH 1865, WRITTEN THERE AND THEN.

YOU will observe that my pen has a vibratory motion from east to west, the direction in which it is generally conceded that our earthquake traveled. But my mind is clear and composed as a maiden's, after prayer, and I am enabled to turn over with a firm and critical hand the events of what ought to have been the Shakers' Sunday—that most tremulous page in San Francisco's history. Standing aloof from all party and sectional feeling, not intending to claim for our earthquake any merit which does not belong to it, and determined not to shear it of one jot or tittle of its terrible power, be mine the task to chronicle so much of the visitation as passed under my immediate notice, with the fidelity of the historian and the calm of the philosopher, combined, perhaps, with the serenity of one who is not a taxpayer.

It is recorded of the elder Pliny that when Mount Vesuvius began to belch forth its flame and thunder, heralding the monstrous ruin which swept over Herculaneum and Pompeii, he ordered his galleys to sea and steered directly for the point of danger, not to satisfy an idle curiosity, but that posterity might benefit by his observations. He even composed himself to sleep, while the stones and ashes fell around him, and was actually heard to snore. Such is the demeanor of great minds in the presence of imminent danger. In his touching account of the circumstances of his uncle's death

the younger Pliny dilates at great length upon his sublime coolness, and insists upon the snore. It has never been remarked, to my knowledge, that I resemble in personal appearance either of the Plinies, but in my behavior on the terrible day which laid any number of bottles in ruins and whitened manly cheeks and heads with the dust of falling plaster, I trust that some analogy may be traced to the philosophical indifference which characterized the demeanor of the above mentioned great lights—the Roman candles, so to speak—of antiquity, in this time of tribulation.

I had arisen from that couch whereon it is my custom to sleep the sleep of the virtuous and just, and was meditatively pursuing my even way down Montgomery Street, with the intention of breakfasting and getting shaved. It is quite possible that a listener outside of my door a few minutes earlier might have detected me in a snore, for I am rather fat and short of breath, like the elder Pliny, Canavan, Ben Wade, and Dick Ogden. But I am unaware that I detected anything peculiar in the atmosphere. Considerable effluvia were observable, as usual, but nothing more, and this being the result of the chronic condition of the streets, no remark was excited. The banks were all closed, as very often happens on Sundays, and the streets were comparatively deserted, but there seemed nothing strange in this, as it was about the hour that the bulk of our population are to be found either at free lunch tables or at church. No portentous cloud overhung the city, and not a cobble stirred in the street. Perhaps I should have previously mentioned that the action of this story is supposed to take place at about a quarter to one o'clock p. m.—I was going to say, Greenwich time, but Sandwich time is better when the hour is considered.

On the corner of Montgomery and California streets, I met an old friend, concerned with me in the ownership and management of a Mexican mine. We stopped for a moment and indulged in a little conversation; I do not remember all its details, but the gist of it was, that the steamer was overdue. The hypothesis that she was loaded down with bullion,

as an explanation of her delay, was not advanced, but I distinctly remember that the probability and propriety of an immediate assessment, as the result of her arrival, was discussed. We separated thereafter, and I proceeded on my solitary way, wondering how many persons would be before me at the barber's and what it would be best to have for breakfast. Between California and Sacramento streets a friend stopped me and remarked that he experienced a slight tremulousness, but this I attributed to the fact that he had not taken his customary cocktail, and my surprise at the discovery of his strange forgetfulness brought me nearly to the corner of Sacramento Street. Here, persons were swarming out from the houses like bees; the street was full before the thirstiest man in the world could have emptied a bowl of buttermilk.

I was a rapid and rather unwilling witness of the first Bull Run; on that eventful and ever memorable day I witnessed some remarkable feats of personal activity—indeed, I am not sure that I did not display some myself—which I never thought to see equaled; but truth compels me to say that such a general getting up and getting as there was on this Sunday, I never before saw and never expect to see again. The rush seemed to be up Sacramento Street towards Kearny. There were women, children and men, all with protruding eyeballs and hair standing on end, running, and looking over their shoulders while they ran, as though pursued by some shape or thing of horror.

Seizing a Frenchman by the arm, I asked him what was the matter. Looking me in the face an instant he shouted, "*Sacré !*" and sped on. At first I thought he fancied that I meant to ask him the name of the street, and that starting in to say Sacramento he had forgotten the other two syllables, but I have since discovered that he was profane. A rattling noise was audible down the street, much resembling an irregular fire of musketry, and glancing in that direction I saw what appeared to be smoke rising from several positions. I had heard of the mythical General Quattlebunn, and supposed it

was that General come again. It seemed not unlikely that some great and sudden riot had occurred and that the military were firing up the street by platoons.

Just then, by good luck, for I had become terribly nervous and anxious, I encountered an editor of my acquaintance, bare headed and spectacles a little awry, who looked at me in astonishment when I asked him what the matter was, and replied, "Earthquake!" The noise then, that I heard was the falling of bricks and the breaking of window-panes, while the smoke was the rising dust from the falling mortar and rubbish! But you should have seen the surprised, incredulous faces of the crowd that turned out of the houses when they learned that we on the street knew nothing of what had occurred and were in reality innocent in our questions. They could not but believe that the earth had upheaved in great waves, and that chasms yawned on every side appalling the sight of passers-by with visions of fiery and sulphurous depths. Yet, I assure you, there was no perceptible tremor to me, and I am uncertain whether to set down the stories about pedestrians being thrown flat upon their faces, and the palpable rippling of the cobbles, to the effects of over-heated imaginations or the mysterious workings of the shudder which ran over the earth's surface. Certainly on the line of street where I stood the shock was most violent, throwing down parapet walls and shattering glass as though these things did not cost money, and I ought to have come in for my share of all the fun that was going. Not so, however; and friends of mine who also happened to be standing on the streets in various parts of the city assure me that their first intimation of the mischief that was afloat came from seeing people rushing bare headed and excited from their houses.

One gentleman, who was driving among the sand-hills, tells me that his horse was nearly prostrated, and that his buggy rocked to capsizing, while several others, who were on the Cliff House road at the time, declare that they knew nothing of the earthquake until they got into town. So

many conflicting stories are told, in fact, that I sometimes incline to believe there was no earthquake at all; but the wrecks to be met with at odd intervals are direct proof to the contrary.

I do know that patent medicines in drug stores labeled "To be well shaken before taken," were shaken to the floor; those nuisances known as fire-walls were toppled to the ground, depositing the weightiest kind of bricks in the most unaccustomed hats. In a Chinese alley what is delicately termed "the social question" came near being settled by the entombment of all the residents. "Too muchee brickee" was the universal complaint, one poor Celestial being crushed almost to the consistency of bird's nest soup, while another of the female persuasion had her almond eyes battered till they had the size and look of English walnuts. Of course to heal the wounds made by bricks, plasters were applied—for have not bricks and plaster gone together since time immemorial?

The effect upon babies was strange. So far as report may be believed and my observation goes, these little innocents were turned upside down in their mother's arms like tin water-pots. Probably one hundred women rushed into the streets with infants clinging to their necks by the legs, somewhat as gymnasts hang suspended in those wonderful feats upon the trapeze. A few mothers came out holding the little dears up in the air by one leg like wet dish cloths or skinned frogs prepared for the griddle. From a number of bathing-rooms the exodus is said to have been curious and the revelations astounding. Susannah and the elders furnish but a faint simile of the display, only that in this case the elders were quite as badly frightened as Susannah, and neither had much the advantage as regarded clothes. Fortunately I have no curiosity! Surely the fate of Actæon would never have been mine. Diana had still been laving her snow-white limbs in the Bæotian fountain for all the intrusion that my eyes would have ventured upon her solitude, and for that forbearance, still would my cheery call to the hounds be heard upon Mount Cithæron.

It has been remarked that it was most providential that the earthquake did not come upon us at night, as the confusion must then have resulted in a great loss of life. To my thinking it would have been much more "providential" had no earthquake come upon us at all. But the multitude do not reason in this way. If a man falls from a four-story window and break his leg only, he is reminded of his indebtedness to Providence that he did not break his neck. On the other hand, if he do not fall out at all it is not considered that he is the debtor of Providence in any degree, however trifling. The scene in the various churches is said to have been appalling, Grace and St. Mary's reminding one of Mrs. Browning's lines:—

"St Peter's Church heaves silently,
Like a mighty ship in pain."

Only that in this instance the churches did not "heave silently," their monstrous timbers, on the contrary, creaked overhead like the rusty hinges of doom, while the great blocks of granite of which their walls are built crushed and ground together with the noise of millstones. The hotels emptied themselves of their inmates at doors and windows like sieves. It is related of one guest that he sprang from the lunch table on to an adjoining shed, a distance of forty-five feet, at a single bound, carrying a pie in his mouth the while; so if not faithful to his trust, it may at least be written of him that he was true to his crust.

Modesty forbids me to boast of the time I should have made had I chanced to be within doors when the crash came, for on my return to my rooms I found evidences that a disturbance had occurred even within those classic chambers. I have always been an admirer of Plato, and a devout believer in his soothing and satisfying philosophy. I would have been content to forego the meretricious advantages and pleasures of the present age—so that I might have walked with Plato in his garden and communed with the gods. And a bust of Plato—cheap, it is true, but stoutly constructed,

adorned a shelf in a corner of my chamber. Will you believe that Plato and all his philosophy were overturned at a single shock? got badly "cracked." You will perhaps remark that this is not the first instance in which a single moment has sufficed to overthrow Platonic relations. Then there were the Gracchi, whom I worship as the most consistent Agrarians on record. A statue of them occupied a place upon my mantel-shelf and in my heart, and a wealth of incense did I burn, many libations did I pour at their shrine, heathen though the practice might be. Alas! they, too, were overthrown and lost their heads, as of old. Again there were two porcelain vases, the result of dealing with a man who perambulates the country exchanging Sevres china and other objects of *vertu* for the worst of old clothes. These were wrecked. I do not so seriously regret this last loss, for the fat little cherubim in blue and gold upon the exterior of the vases were always most indecently clad, and it gratifies me to know that at last they came to know what breaches are. There were a number of books jostled down from the what-not, but many of these were abstruse metaphysical works and would probably have fallen of their own weight, even had there been no earthquake. They tell me that the house settled about six inches. Why did it not settle a few feet further? An easier way of settling board-bills I cannot imagine.

Immediately after our earthquake the daily papers went earnestly to work to convince people that earthquakes are the most innocent things in the world, that they are to be looked upon as the *divertissements* of life rather than otherwise, that no lives have been lost by them, and never can be, and that San Francisco has nothing to fear from them in any event. You will pardon me if I remark that I don't see it. Cities in earthquake countries may be looked upon as ships at sea—they sink but once. These milder yearnings of the terrestrial bowels are light squalls perhaps, but they at least indicate capacity for a storm, and of that storm who is to predict the result? In an earthquake, a city is very much

like a ship in a storm—safety is simply a question of the violence and duration of the disturbance of the elements, and here we have something that cannot be measured or estimated until all is over.

This earthquake was much more violent than any that preceded it—there was no reason that I know of why it should have been so, but it was. And again, there is no reason that I know of why some other one should not be just as much more violent than this, as this was than preceding ones. And whenever one does come a little stronger and longer, you may safely bet that very few stones will be left on one another of all this city of San Francisco. A few seconds more, or a little more violence, of vibration, on the part of our Sunday visitor, and it is highly probable that Mr. Macaulay's Sandwich Islander would now be sitting on a broken arch of Long Bridge, wondering where Montgomery Street could be, while a younger Paul might be writing the account of the remarkable convulsion which you now get from the pen of the elder Paul, direct.

CHAPTER LIV.

THE SEA-LIONS OF SAN FRANCISCO.

CHIEF among the lions of San Francisco, and always shown to the stranger, are the sea-lions. All tourists mention them, and I would be deficient in the first and finest instincts of a book maker if I neglected this opportunity of pasting in a few paragraphs, which ought to be ready to hand, as I have been saving them up against some such occasion ever since they were first written, in the year of the great Sacramento flood.

To see the sea-lions you drive out to the Cliff House, a comfortable verandahed little hotel at the end of the Point Lobos Turnpike, perched up like a lookout-box on the summit of a cliff, at whose base breaks the ocean, murmuring ever its eternal monotone. When the wind blows from the southwest, the waves come in with a dash and surge to which thunder becomes a poor and pale sound in comparison. The solid earth shakes in its bed for a half mile round as though all the giants of the olden mythology were swinging their great hammers and blowing the fires of their subterranean forges, and then it is good to be there—one obtains, for perhaps the first time in life, an adequate understanding of the forces of nature and the utter insignificance, comparatively, of any element which man can control.

The view seaward from the balcony of the Cliff House, is unbroken. Far in the distance, on clear days, you can see the Farralone Islands, the intervening space dotted with the white sails of commerce. A few rods from the shore lie the

"seal-rocks;" upon the seal-rocks lie the sea-lions, and they are worth traveling miles to see. The sea-lions, as probably nearly every one is aware, are a sort of seal of exaggerated size and deep bass voices. They have acquired their vocal peculiarities by a long pitching of their voices to the song the sea sings when it breaks at the doors of their caves; of them it may be emphatically written that their bark is on the sea. I once suggested to the proprietor of the Cliff House, that it would be a neat thing to erect over his gates the sign L. S., for it was indeed *locus sigili*—the Place of the Seal—and he at once acted on the hint by having L. S. engraved on all his glasses and table-ware, and taking all the credit of the idea to himself.

It may be that the reader remembers the sea-lion at Barnum's Museum, many years ago, chiefly distinguished for his inordinate love of fish, a number of domestic virtues, and a bad breath, who was kept in a tank of sea water, in and out from which he would flounder with an air of intense enjoyment. Well, from the doors of the hotel, thousands of these huge creatures may be seen disporting on the "seal-rocks." Between these rocks and the Farralones they make regular trips, like mail steamers. Fish and bird eggs constitute their chief diet, but perhaps they would not turn disdainfully from a young bird if it fell in their way. Birds' nesting is a favorite sport with them, and they excel in it. No chamois hunter could go up the crags of Switzerland with more ease than they climb these jagged rocks, for all their short-leggedness. But the boobies and pelicans would out general them if they followed the fashion of land birds in nest building, for the most active seal would find it rather difficult, I imagine, to climb a tree. It may have been a "wise man, which built his house upon a rock," but wise birds now-a-days build in the inaccessible tops of mountain pines.

They cluster about on the rocks, these seals do, like bees preparing to swarm. Sometimes they lie three deep, floundering over each other, and cutting amphibious pigeon-wings in the awkwardest way imaginable. And they have some

of the funniest ceremonies ever were witnessed. Whenever a new comer lands on the rock the youngest and fairest of the occupants go down to welcome him. Owing to an unfortunate shortness of reach but little embracing or hugging is done, but they make it up in kissing, rubbing their noses together sometimes for half an hour at a time. In their promenades along the rock they do not walk arm-in-arm at all; instead they pat each other reciprocally on the back with their fins, and deal out such other tokens of esteem as we can imagine that engaged sea-lions would. So near are they to the house that with the aid of a spy-glass their features may be recognized and the color of their eyes told.

There is one among them, an immense creature, spanning probably four feet across the shoulders, a cock-eyed old fellow, with a lower jaw twisted askew, and a voice like a boatswain's, who has been christened Ben Butler. He is cross-eyed and terribly cross. He never hurries of mornings to secure a good place on the rocks; he is sure of one in any event. No matter how thickly other fellows may lie in his path, they make way for him as he comes floundering up from his morning bath. Talk of Diana when surprised by Actæon in the stream, or of Venus rising from her bath, the sight could be nothing compared with that of Ben Butler, for he is bigger than Diana and all her nymphs together, or than Venus Aphrodite and all her lovers rolled into one. He gives a roar, and the other fellows get out of the way. No respecter is he of age or persons, nothing cares he for rank or the adventitious distinctions of wealth—he turns a gray-headed patriarch out of his chair as coolly as he dismisses a young seal from his stool.

He is in favor of severe measures on all occasions, and confiscates everything within his reach. But he is bold as Lucifer, and when the heavy nor'west blows come, and the sea rolls in with the roar of thunder, dashing the spray over the top-gallant rocks until it flies far inland like snow-flakes, and making the house and the cliffs upon which it is built tremble to their deep foundations—then it is, when all the

weak ones crawl to the leeward of the rock, and lie prostrate in trembling and fear, that my Gen. Butler takes the weather side. Heaving his great head and shoulders out in relief against the stormy sky, he emulates the bull of Phalaris in his roarings, till the elements sometimes feel their impotence, and for the moment become dumb. His harem watch him with wondering and admiring eyes, and occasionally one of them struggles up to cheer him in his loneliness, but no! The hirsute Mars repels the advances of the equally hairy Venus, and back she slinks shamefaced and rebuffed, among the others of the sea-raglio. He is King of the Rocks and is said to be immensely wealthy. If common report may be believed, the Farralone Islands belong to him—he certainly makes free with the eggs there, and disregards the vested rights of the Egg Company.

Like Jephtha, too, this Sea-king has a daughter. No one has ever been near enough to her to describe her save one, and this was an inebriated mariner and his manuscript was so illegible that it has never been very certainly known whether he intended to say “she is fair” or “she has hair,” so that this point must forever remain enveloped in as much obscurity as the color of Helen’s eyes. The young mariner referred to was enamored of the sea-lioness and desirous of contracting a matrimonial alliance. He had discovered not only that she was heiress of the Farralones and all the ocean between them and the Sandwich Islands, but also that she had “feet” (it is by feet that wealth is reckoned on the Pacific Coast)—he saw these latter exposed one day when she was rolling off a rock. So he made overtures to her. He wrote her lines, which Tennyson, the poet laureate of England, parodied into a greeting to Alexandra—Albert Edward’s wife. These are the lines:—

A GREETING TO LEONANA.

Sea-lion’s daughter from over the sea,
Leonana.
Hungry and dusty and dry are we,
But bibulous all in our welcome to thee,
Leonana.

Welcome her, Cliff House—and Foster, stand treat!
 Welcome her, turnpike, and welcome her, street!
 Welcome her, boys—she's youthful and sweet!
 Crown her with roses—she's young and has feet!
 Break, happy lovers, a-buying her flowers!
 Make juleps, O John, and bring to us ours!
 Warble her, Fremont, and trumpet her, Blair!
 She's no "wooly 'orse," but an "airess with air—"
 Farralone egg-men, look from your towers;
 Out on the headlands carry a chair;
 Ask her to stay with us till she is dryer!
 Don't hang her fur garments too near to the fire!
 But welcome her, welcome the land's desire,

Leonana.

Sea-lion's daughter, "more happy as fair,"
 We'll give you a barber to do up your hair!
 Bride of the seal and hair of the sea,
 Joy to the beach whereon thou art thrown,
 Come to us, love us, and make us your own.
 For hungry or thirsty or dusty we,
 Bummer or broker, whatever we be,
 We are all dry enough to drink to thee,

Leonana.

The tradition goes on to say that the suit of the young mariner was rejected. The lioness was favorable, but her parents objected. In consequence the suitor threw himself into the sea. His body was washed ashore at Point Lobos and the coroner made a small fortune by sitting on it several times over. This was in the early days of San Francisco, before such things were fairly systematized. The Foster alluded to in the verses was the foster-father of the sea-lioness, but he has since risen, by great economy and small charges—making no charges at all, in fact, but insisting on cash payment in all cases—to be the proprietor of the Cliff House and the seals.

CHAPTER LV.

SHOWING HOW IT FEELS TO BRING OUT A NEW PLAY AND HAVE
YOUR HEAVY VILLAIN AND LEADING MAN BOTH DRUNK.

ONCE in my life—during my residence in San Francisco, in fact, I wrote a play—it was not a very ambitious attempt, merely a little comedy in three acts, local in scene, and of course dependent in a great degree upon the accompanying dialogue for success. It was accepted and placed in rehearsal for immediate production. The manager expressed himself as pleased, and refused to avail himself of the liberty to cut and prune at pleasure offered him by the author—all was crisp and sparkling, he said, and not a line could be spared. As regarded the scenes, he did not think worth while to suggest any alterations—their arrangement was admirable. Better than all, the principal performers were pleased with their parts! So far so good; the piece was cast, rehearsals were had, and all went merry as two or three marriage bells.

A rehearsal, by the way, is not peculiarly gratifying to a young author. To see his heroine eating cheese and his king with a cold sausage in his mouth, scarcely seems in keeping with the dramatic unities. One lady perhaps is mumbling over words of sentiment and passion in a half-inaudible voice to a lover who stands picking his teeth and yawning frightfully while he requests his dearest to fly to his arms; there is neither scenery nor properties upon the stage, a flower-stand is represented by an empty soap-box, a harp by a three-legged stool. All read or recite their parts listlessly

through, not seeming to much care where they begin, or where they leave off, or what expression the author intended to convey by his words. But still you have an idea that all this will be changed when the eventful night of representation comes; then the walls now naked will be clothed with damask and silken hangings; green trees and brown rocks will blossom over the present wilderness of pine floor, and a corresponding change will be effected in the appearance of the ladies and gentlemen. Isabella, in her brocade gown, will disdain cheese and its accompaniments, while Ferdinand will look wholly innocent of stale sausage. And when one actor trips over another's legs, or over your own text, you generously refrain from comment, and fondly trust that it will all be right when the real occasion occurs. You notice with gratification that each rehearsal is an improvement on its predecessor, and you blush with a feeling of pleasurable pride when you see that a dim idea of what you mean is dawning upon your actor's mind, and that he occasionally manages to bring one of your points out. The scenery is dropping in huge slices from under the hands of the painter, and you begin to chuckle to yourself as you say:—

“ If these things are done in the green leaf,
Say what shall be done in the dry ?”

Still there is a feeling of nervousness about you, and you wish the first night were well and successfully over. For you see that the whole thing has passed out of your own hands and lies entirely at the mercy of others. This actor is a stick at best—but it has been necessary to trust him with a rather important part. He hasn't an ounce of brains, and couldn't supply a word to save his life, if he found one suddenly wanting; but you cling to the assurance that he has a parrot-like talent, and will repeat the words written for him with some fidelity, though without either emphasis or action. Another one is a tall, lank genius, accustomed to be gayed, but the worst that occurs to you is that he may get frightened and break down. The idea of his or anybody's getting drunk never enters your innocent head.

Well, the eventful night comes. The newspapers have spoken favorably in their premonitory notices, the town has been well billed, and to your great gratification, you see the house gradually filling, and filling, until you regret that you have not a larger building for the accommodation of the crowd. You fear that they will sit uncomfortably, and that the heat and jam will prevent them from fully enjoying the treat you have prepared for them. But it is too late to remedy that difficulty now. To put your audience into good humor, you have prepared a prologue, distributing actors around the house, personating different characters, so that when the stage manager appears with his set speech, regretting there can be no production of the new play that evening, owing to the defection of principal artists, these fictitious characters arise and protest, and remonstrate, finally offering to step forward and take the missing parts themselves. This is a little surprise for the people, and you are doubtful whether they will take it pleasantly or not. The prologue begins, and goes on so naturally that you tremble, for the audience take part in the discussion, and some of them rise to leave the house.

But by-and-by a suspicion of the sell pervades the popular mind, and the local hits and allusions tell, bringing boisterous applause. And the curtain rings up on the first act to a satisfied but excited and expectant audience. All progresses finely, and you are congratulating yourself upon your good luck, when your eye falls upon one of the players, cast for a prominent part, leaning up against one of the wings, with a flushed face, a most unsteady and thick tongue, and altogether suggesting the idea of a man who would scarcely do justice to your dialogue. And you remember that a few minutes before you saw him standing in the door of an adjoining saloon, and that he hiccupped out an invitation to drink, which you declined with a very distinct impression that it was about time for him to be getting upon the stage. And seeing him now in this condition your heart indeed fails you, for you had misgivings at the first and protested against him, though a suspicion of such a *contretemps* as the present was

very far from your thought. You knew in the beginning that he was scarcely competent to play the *role* of Yorick's skull in Hamlet, when sober, and now you ask yourself what can he do when drunk. But he goes on and manages to blunder through his first scene tolerably well.

In Act the Second, you suddenly discover that another character, who then enters for the first time, has succeeded in getting outrageously and stupidly drunk. Ungainly, awkward, and stupid at best, he is so conditioned a spectacle for men and gods. And now the horror begins, the slaughter of the Innocent commences. Not one line in ten of your composition do these beauties speak, not even giving the other actors their cues, and throwing the whole stage into confusion. In a parlor scene the leading man, cast for the part of a gentleman, on the principle probably of *in vino veritas* comports himself like a drunken blackguard.

Again, in a descriptive scene where everything depends upon the dialogue, he sits in a maudlin state, driveling out his own drunken nonsense by the yard, and not speaking a word that you wrote for him, until the audience, wearied of his "m' dea-(hic)-fel-(hic)-r," show sibilant symptoms. But bad as he is, the other drunken fool is worse. He is the "Heavy Villain" of the piece, and a heavy villain he is indeed. In putting an opiate into his victim's glass he marches up to him and deliberately pours it out under his very nose, and when the drugged chalice has been commended to his own lips and he should fall back in a stupor, he rolls from his chair like a porpoise and lies grunting and contorting on the floor. The manager and the sober ones are in despair, but the play must go on. So with spasms and convulsive shudders the scenes drag their slow length along, the manager whispering to the Heavy Villain to keep his drunken tongue still, and he will speak his lines for him, but still the II. V. goes on, skipping over the level plain of the king's English like an intoxicated kangaroo.

By-and-by, while a sea-side scene is on, a thundering noise and rumpus is heard at the wings. The audience think that

a storm at sea is being represented, but it is only your Heavy Villain getting "licked." He has insulted one of the ladies, and her sweetheart has knocked him down and pummeled him; in consequence he comes on in the next act with a black eye. He had complained in the early part of the piece that he couldn't get his cue. It is some satisfaction for you to know that he has at least gotten it well kicked, but two drunken men on one stage at the same time prove too much for your nerves and you leave, muffling your face to avoid recognition as the author. For you discover that the audience have not found out how disgracefully drunk two of the characters are, and that they actually believe you to be the author of every unconnected, disjointed line that has been spoken. You leave the theatre because you do not wish to have the crime of murder on your soul, though you could cut a couple of throats with truly Christian grace and no immediate compunctions of conscience. It is some satisfaction to think that the Heavy Villain has been licked, but you feel that the measure fell far short of his due. And you think, as you draw your nightcap over your venerable gray hairs, that you will never again place yourself at the mercy of drunken, disreputable blackguards. And, when you read the criticisms in the next morning's papers, in which friends who read your play in manuscript, with hearty approval, and ought to know that your lines were not spoken, remark upon the "weakness of the dialogue"—you quietly resolve to wait patiently until one of them brings out a play under similar circumstances, and then do him justice. ,

CHAPTER LVI.

WHAT A LITTLE BOY THOUGHT ABOUT THINGS.

SOME years ago, when employed as associate editor on the *Evangelist*, it occurred to me that it would be a good idea to invite children to contribute to a column to be called "The Children's Corner." So I invited contributions. The annexed composition was among the first that came in, but as the senior editor objected to its tone, it was not published in the *Evangelist*. I only print it now to illustrate the natural depravity of boys and show how shocking original sin is, when neither divided off into sentences or properly punctuated; boys take to depravity as naturally as ducks do to mud, let me remark, but little girls are born into goodness, and have no evil in them—till they grow up.

"I am a little boy about so many years old, I don't know whether I'm a good little boy, but I'm afraid not, for sometimes I do wicked things, and once I cut sister's kitten's tail off with the chopping-knife and told her that a big dog came along and bit it off and swallowed it down before poor kitty could say Jack Robinson, and sister said she was sorry and it must have been a very naughty dog, but my mother didn't believe me, and said she was afraid I had told a lie, and I'm afraid I had, so then she asked me if I knew where liars went to, and I said yes, that they went to New York and wrote for the newspapers, and she said no, that they went to the bad place where there was nothing but a lake of fire and brimstone, and she asked me if I would like to go there, and I said no, for I did not think there'd be much skating and

sliding on that lake, and the boys couldn't snowball each other ashore, and she said that it was worse than that, just as though that wasn't bad enough, for I don't think they can play base ball either, and then she asked me if I wouldn't like to be a nangel and have a harp, and I said no, I had rather be a stage-driver and have a big drum, for I could not play on the other thing, I shouldn't like to be a nangel, for their wings must be in the way when they go in swimming, and play tag and leap-frog, and besides, it must be hard to fly, when one aint used to it, but it would be jolly to be a stage-driver, and have a long whip, and touch up the leaders, and say g'lang there, what are you doing of, I should like that much better than flying, and then mother said that there was a dreadful stage of sin, and brother Bob hollered out and said he guessed I was on it, and then she whipped us and sent us to bed without any supper but I didn't care about supper, for they hadn't anything but bread and butter for tea, and Bob and I got up and he lifted me in at the buttery window, and we got a mince-pie and a whole hat-full of doughnuts, and they thought it was the cook stole 'em, and sent her away next day, and Bob said he was glad of it, for she didn't make good pies, and the doughnuts wasn't fried enough, and sometimes I swear, for I said by golly the other day, and sister heard me, and she told mother, and mother said I was a bad boy and would bring her gray hairs to the grave, and she whipped me, but I don't think that did her gray hairs any good, and it hurt me, and when I got up stairs I said gol darn it, but I said it so she didn't hear me, and when she asked me if I didn't think I was very wicked I said I was afraid I was, and I was sorry for it, and wouldn't do so no more, and then she said I was a good little boy, and told me about George Washington who cut down the apple tree, and was caught at it, and owned up and said he did it with his little hatchet, just as though I hadn't heard about it before, and didn't always think that he was a great muggins for cutting wood when they had a hired man about the house, and dulling his little hatchet, and besides it would

have been a great deal jollier to let the tree be, so he could a stole apples off it in the fall, and I don't care if he was the Father of the Country, he wasn't smart, and I'll just bet you that the boys at our school would cheat him out of his eye-teeth swopping jack-knives, and I could lick him and not morn'n't try, and I don't think he was healthy either, for I never saw a good little boy that wasn't sick and had the mumps and the measles and scarlet fever and wasn't a coughing all the while and hadn't to take castor oil, and tar-water, and couldn't eat cherries, and didn't have to have his head patted till all the hair was rubbed off by everybody that came to his mother's, and he asked how old he was, and who died to save sinners, and what he had been studying at school, and how far he'd got and lots of other conundrums, and have to say his catechism, no I shouldn't like to be a good little boy, I'd just as lief be a nangel and have done with it, but I don't think I shall ever be a good little boy, and other people don't think so too, for I wasn't never called a good little boy but once, and that was when Uncle John asked me where I stood in my class, and I told him I was next to the head, and he said that was right, and he gave me a quarter, and then he asked me how many boys there was in the class, and I told him there was only two, myself and a little girl, and then he wanted me to give him back the quarter, and I wouldn't and he run after me and stumbled over a chair, and broke his cane, and hurt himself, and he's been lame ever since, and I'm glad of it, for he isn't my father, and hasn't got no right to lick me, for I get enough of that at home, and the quarter wasn't a good one neither, I don't like Uncle John, and I guess he knows it, for he says that I aint like any of the family, and he expects I'll go to sea and be a pirate instead of a respectable member of society, and I shouldn't wonder, for I'd rather be a pirate nor a soap-boiler like him, and I don't care if he is rich, it's a nasty business, and I shan't have to be a pirate either, for one can make lots of money without that, they're always talking to me about being rich, and respectable, and

going to congress and being president and all that sort of thing, but I don't want to be president, there's Lincoln, he was president, and I guess he's sorry for it now, and there's Andy Johnson, I guess he didn't like it much either, and a fellow doesn't have to be respectable to be a congressman, there's John Morrissey, he's made money, and he's gone to congress, and he has nice curly hair and nice clothes, and he doesn't do no work neither, I shouldn't like to be a fighter like he was, for I shouldn't like to have my nose smashed as his is, for it looks just like mother's big squash did after the cow bit a chunk out of it, but I should like to have nice curly hair nice clothes and lots of money and a cane and have people look at me when I walked down the street and say that's him, and I don't care who knows it, for I don't want to be a soap-boiler like Uncle John, nor a tanner like Uncle Hiram, and all the good people I know of are soap-boilers or tanners, except Mr. Muffkin and he's a school teacher, and that's worse than either, for he's got to board round amongst the neighbors, and they never put apple sass on the table when he's at the house, I heard Miss Spriggins tell Aunt Polly so, they wait till he's gone out to spellin' school or to see the minister's wife and talk about rheumatiz and red flannel and hot poultices for sore chests, and after he's gone they bring out nice things and eat 'em by themselves, with lots of pickles, he don't get anything but bread and cooking-butter and stale doughnuts that are left over from the Saturday bakins, oh I knows how the thing's done, but there's Bob calling me, and we're going a bird's nesting, for I know where there's a yaller bird's nest chock full of eggs, mother says it's cruel and the birds don't like it and that I wouldn't like to have my eggs stole if I was a bird, and I don't think I should, but I aint a bird you know, and that makes a difference, and if you want to print this you can, for next to being a stage-driver and a pirate I'd like to be an Editor, for you fellows don't have to tell the truth, and you can always go to the circus without paying, and so—"

Here the young contributor's manuscript came suddenly to an end. I expect that Bob whistled for him under the window and he slipped out to join his wicked companion in chasing an unoffending cat and playing it was a tiger. If he did not catch it in the open field, let us hope that he caught it when he got home.

CHAPTER LVII.

TWO STORIES FOR GOOD LITTLE BOYS.

FEW things afford me greater pleasure than to sit on a wharf and fish, of a fine afternoon, and hear people talk of "doing something in the world" and of "being somebody." It amuses them, does no harm to you, and the fish bite just about as well. But if called on to give the result of my experience, an experience which covers a number of years, I should say that it is a great deal easier to do nothing, and to be nobody, and that it generally amounts to pretty much the same thing in the end. Industry and punctuality and perseverance and all such things may be well enough in their way, but I have known them to bring their possessors to grief quite as often as to prosperity.

And notwithstanding the many stories which are told for little people, illustrating the advantages that accrue from the exercise of what are termed the virtues of life, I am not at all certain that quite as much may not be said upon the other side, and quite as many and as good stories told to encourage children in their total disregard. It never has happened to me to have a class in Sunday School, though I have had most every thing else, but with a view to possibilities in that direction I am even now shaping a few stories in my mind for the instruction of youth. Listen to one of them:—

Samuel and John were two little boys, (if they had not been boys perhaps they would have been called Helen and Maria,) who lived in the same village. Samuel was a very foolish little boy who always did what his mother told him to, so he very often had to be at work while the other boys

were at play, and he only got one piece of pie at dinner, while they had whole ones which they borrowed from the buttery. One day a good gentleman wished to send two cheeses to his sick mother, who lived some distance from the village, and he called Samuel and John to him and said he would give them a bright, new ten-cent piece apiece if they would carry the cheeses for him and not idle upon the way. And Samuel took the money and said he would do it faithfully; and John took the money, too, and said he would do it in a horn; and they both set out on their way. When they got a little way from town, John said he was tired and he would sit down upon a stone and rest; and he was hungry, and so he would eat half the cheese, and there'd be more than the old woman could manage left then; but Samuel, who was a foolish little boy, said that would be naughty, and that he shouldn't feel happy at night if he did such a wicked thing. So John, who didn't see it in that light, sat down upon the stone and ate the cheese, and Samuel went on in haste, like a foolish little boy as he was.

It happened that while John was eating, and thinking to himself how good the cheese was, and what a good time the good gentleman's mother would have with the rest of it, a weary pilgrim came along, and said he was hungry, and asked for a bit. John said he would sell him a bit's worth, but he would not give him a bit, because it was the Great Sanitary Cheese, and wouldn't set well on the stomach of anybody who didn't pay for it; and he also said that the money was to go for the benefit of the sick soldiers, and would make them well when they got it—and he said a great many other things that he had heard the good Dr. Bellows say on Sundays. So the weary pilgrim gave John all the money he had about him, and put his hand upon his head and blessed him, and told him if he kept on in the path he was going he would some day be an ornament to society and perhaps a brigadier-general; and John put the money in his pocket and said it was all in his eye, and told the weary pilgrim if he kept on in the path he was going he would get to Oakland directly, and then he would wish

he had taken the Point Lobos turnpike road and gone out to the Cliff House and seen the seals and drowned himself.

While John was talking to the weary pilgrim and chiseling him out of his eye teeth, as I have already narrated, the foolish little Samuel was toiling along in the hot sun with the cheese upon his head and wishing it were an umbrella. For he said to himself:—I must be faithful and do what the good gentleman told me, and then I shall become a great and a good man, as rich as Samuel Brannan, perhaps—who knows? And so he kept on his way.

Now it happened there was a bear in the woods, and as Samuel was going cheerfully along the bear came out and nipped him, and didn't leave anything of him and the cheese but the bright tin ten-cent piece which the good gentleman had given him—because he was a good little boy, and didn't know the difference between a bad ten-cent piece and a good one. And when John came along, the bear had gone back into the woods; for he had had enough cheese and didn't want any more little boy. So John picked up the tin ten-cent piece and carried it to the good gentleman's mother, and told her that her son had sent it to her to buy cheese with, and she said he was a good little boy, and an honest one, and she gave him a quarter of a dollar for bringing it to her safely, and that was enough to go to the circus with. Now wasn't John a smart little boy, and wasn't that a great deal better than being eaten up by the bear?

I think that is a tolerably fine story, and quite as eminently illustrative of the comparative advantages of honesty and dishonesty as any that can be found in *Books for the Young*. As to the moral tendency of it modesty forbids me to expatiate, but to say that it bears the impress of its author, is to speak volumes. Here is a story to illustrate the advantages of not being industrious:—

Brown and Smith were poor men, and they both came out to California in '49. Brown was an industrious man, who had worked all his life long, but hadn't made any money, and Smith was a lazy man who had never done a day's work since he was born, and hadn't made any money either. So

he was just where Brown was, after all. Immediately on arriving in California these two friends commenced work at their trades. Brown at his, which was that of a carpenter, and Smith of doing nothing at all. Wages were high in those days, and Brown would have made money if it had not cost him so much to live; as for Smith, it didn't cost him anything, because he didn't do enough to get an appetite, and free lunches served his purpose very well.

One day while he was rolling on the sandhills and wondering why people worked when it was so easy to live without working, he felt something hard under him, and looking down found that somebody had lost a purse and he had found one. Now Smith was an honest man, and his first impulse was to run down the road and halloo at a man who had just passed and who probably had dropped the purse, but his second impulse was to keep it, and he obeyed that—because it is always better to follow second impulses than first. And besides it would have been a great trouble to run after the man, and perhaps he wouldn't have caught him after all. So he put the money into his pocket, and when he returned to town he bought two or three 100-vara lots with it, and built a shanty upon them, and begged herrings and whisky of the emigrants, which was a very easy way of getting a living.

Brown saved money, too, and he bought him some lots and built him a house. But Brown couldn't be idle, and so he went into business, and by-and-by he couldn't carry on his business without borrowing money, and he couldn't borrow money without mortgaging his lots; but he thought he wouldn't quit, and so he borrowed money and carried his business on, and then by-and-by he had to quit, and then he wished he had quit before. But Smith wouldn't go into business, and he was too lazy to sell his 100-vara lots, and so he kept them, and did nothing, and he does nothing now; but he is rich and respected, and one of the directors of the Bank of California. Brown is as industrious as ever, but he works for day wages, and isn't worth a dollar.

So it will be seen that it is well sometimes to loaf—and that occasionally half a loaf is better than none.

CHAPTER LVIII.

“TOODLES”—A STORY FOR REAL CHILDREN.

DEAR SIR:—It becomes my painful duty to inform you of the death of your pet, left in my keeping. A lady very carelessly left him on the piano, and in his playfulness he jumped down and broke his neck.”

The above is an extract from a letter I received during a little visit to Washington. It came in a black-edged envelope, was written on black-edged paper, and was handed to me at the breakfast-table ; so, taken all in all, it might have been said to be the mourning news.

It was an announcement of the death of “Toodles.”

You do not know who “Toodles” was perhaps? Ah, well, “Toodles” was a dog, one of the prettiest little dogs that ever was seen, with white curly hair, soft as silk, and eyes bright and black as beads,—black beads of course. He got his name from a funny trick he had of pawing at the bow of his ribbon when it slipped round to one side of his neck, just as Toodles does at the ends of his cravat in the play. You have never seen the play, of course, but perhaps your papa has, and, if you ask him, it may be that he’ll show you what Toodles does, and then you will understand how funny it must be when done by a little dog.

To explain how “Toodles” came into my possession would be to tell a long story, and in this busy world of ours long stories are out of place. But I may say that he was a philopena from a little girl with whom I was eating almonds one evening. “Give and take” was agreed on. You will readily imagine the various stratagems we practised on each

other; how queer things, that under other circumstances would have been seized with eagerness, were offered for examination and refused; how my curiously contrived pencil-case, that could be transformed at pleasure into a pen, a knife, a pair of scissors,—almost anything, in fact, but a rubber-ball,—suddenly lost its charms for my little friend, while a wonderful doll, that would open its eyes, and cry "mamma," and attempt to kick the clothes off on being laid in its cradle, extended its arms to me in vain, though I had long been anxious for a closer acquaintance with the flaxen-haired young lady than Miss Carrie, in her jealous care, would allow me. At last I won the day with a silkworm's cocoon. An opportunity to see "how silk aprons grew" was not to be neglected, and Miss Carrie fell a victim to her curiosity.

The next morning a little basket came to me half filled with cotton-wool. At first I thought it contained nothing but cotton-wool, and that the whole thing was one of Carrie's famous jokes; but closer examination revealed a black nose and a pair of pink ears peeping out, and I knew what the present was. What to do with it was the next question. I was really afraid to take it out of the basket for fear of breaking it. *Such* a little dog I do believe was never before seen; it might almost have been sent to me in an envelope like a valentine. You could take it up in your thumb and finger, as you may have seen an old lady take a pinch of snuff. I called it a watch-dog, because I could carry it around in my watch-pocket. Indeed,—this is scarcely an exaggeration,—I often took it out, to make calls on little ladies of my acquaintance, comfortably tucked away in the inner breast-pocket of my coat.

"Toodles" was very funny in those infant days,—the days when he was an "it." His bark was but a loud breath. You could scarcely believe that it was a *real* dog,—he seemed a toy-dog, or at least a burlesque on dogs generally. When he reared up on his hind legs, in real or pretended anger, we almost rolled out of our chairs with laughter. On these terrible occasions he would go over to the other side of the

room, and crouch down like a lion, to suddenly spring up and rush at us, with mouth so wide open that one could almost thrust a peanut into it, trying to utter a ferocious roar the while, but only accomplishing a faint wheeze. Indeed, you could not believe that he was a dog,—he seemed to be something else, only playing dog. Now Toodles is larger. I have to carry him in an overcoat-pocket when I take him out of evenings, and Katy, the chambermaid, tells me that yesterday he got out two real barks. Rolling around on the floor, you would formerly have mistaken him for a ball of white wool; now, in his caperings, he looks like an animated muff, and we warn visitors against teasing him or making him angry, lest he should tear them in pieces.

To return to the beginning of my story, and proceed in regular order. When "Toodles" first arrived at my domicile, I wrote a note to the donor (if my little friends find any words here they do not understand, they must look them up in the dictionary, for they'll have to read Carlyle and Miss Evans some day), thanking her for the gift, but asking what she expected me to do with it, and how and where I could keep it. She replied that she expected me to feed the little baby regularly, wash and comb him every day, and see that he always had a nice ribbon round his neck; and as for keeping him, if I had no other place, I must do with him what "Peter, Peter, Pumpkin-Eater," did with his wife.

By diligent inquiry, I learned that the said Peter put his wife "in a pumpkin-shell," and the rhyme went on to say that "there he kept her very well." But unfortunately I had no pumpkin-shell; and a nut-shell not seeming likely to answer the purpose, I had to bargain for a box. So "Toodles" had his private box, and enjoyed himself in it quite as much as he could have done at the opera.

Just as things got comfortably settled, and working well in their grooves, business called me to Washington. The period of my absence was indefinite; it might be ten days, or ten weeks, or ten months. What to do with "Toodles"

became a matter of serious consideration. I couldn't take him with me, for he could not have known less about reconstruction had he been a member of Congress, and he couldn't make noise enough to be a successful politician. In the midst of my trouble, a woman who lived in the same house with us suddenly appeared and said she would take care of him while I was gone.

I did not then know that the woman was a witch, or I should not so readily have accepted what seemed a kind offer. She said he should be fed on rose-leaves and chicken-bones,—an excellent diet for little dogs,—that his hair should be combed and curled every day, that he should have his ears pierced and gold rings put in them, that he should have a velvet collar, too, with a gold buckle, and that she would take him out in her carriage every day to ride in Central Park.

Not knowing that she was a witch, I of course didn't know that her only carriage was a broomstick, and that she only wanted "Toodles" to keep her company and bark at the moon when she went careering through the sky. So I innocently accepted her offer, and thanked her for the kindness,—and went to Washington.

I'm wiser now, and know witches when I see them. They have black hair, and bold features, and wear a good many rings on their fingers, and talk loudly, and find fault with everything on the table, and scold the servants, and are always finding out things about others that none but a witch could find out, and telling things about others that none but a witch or a wicked woman would tell. "Toodles" knows witches too, now, and tries to bark and bite and tear their dresses, when they come into the room. Some day he'll eat one of them up, perhaps, and then she'll be rather sorry, I guess, that she was a witch.

As I was saying, I went to Washington. Some two or three days after my arrival there, before I had got the national difficulties half settled, or determined what it would be best to do with the currency, the letter from which the

extract which begins this story is taken was brought to me at the breakfast-table. It didn't take away my appetite, because I was already through; but it made me feel very bad, indeed, and a little provoked.

"Jumped from the piano," did he? How came he to be playing on the piano? He was not musically educated, he had no bad habits of that kind, he was not a young lady! Nor could I exactly see how, in jumping off a piano, he could break his neck,—unless he jumped from an extraordinarily high note. Had he even fallen, so much was he like a bag of wool, that beyond bounding two or three times, and bumping a little against the ceiling, no harm could have happened to him. Altogether, the affair was so mysterious that I determined to investigate it on my return.

On my return, I found that the witch had flown. One morning she got on her broomstick and whisked away to Boston. But before going she told others in the house a story similar to the one she wrote to me. She sent the little dog down to her daughter's, she said, to see something of society, and a lady left him on the piano, and he jumped off and broke his neck, and was buried in Washington Park. There was great mourning in our house; and one of the young ladies wanted to put crape on the door and muffle the knocker, for "Toodles" was a favorite.

Some way my suspicions were excited; the piano story seemed scarcely in tune,—there was a false note somewhere, and it occurred to me that the one I received in Washington was false. So one day, in passing Washington Park, I stopped and asked the keeper if there had been any dog-funerals there lately. No. I then discussed the subject in all its bearings, and learned that dogs were sometimes buried there in summer; for a small consideration he dug green little graves under the trees, and planted poodles and other pets. If I examined the trees carefully, he thought I could easily discover the ones under which dogs had been buried,—by their bark. But there had been no burials since last August; that was the funeral of a fat old lady dog, a black

and tan, that had been in some family for a long time, and was followed to the grave by her mistress and several descendants. The coffin was of oak, with a little silver plate inscribed "Lady Jane"; and in compliment to the greatness of the occasion and the race to which the deceased dog belonged,—he called it "breed," I think,—the sexton-keeper filled in the grave with tan-bark instead of common earth. He would have used black and tan bark, he said, but it could not be procured. He was sure that since that illustrious interment none other had taken place; it was impossible, in fact, that one could come off without his knowledge, especially when the ground was so hard frozen that digging the grave would be the work not of a moment, but of hours.

Now it so happened that I knew a great and good magician, named Leonard, who dwelt in a castle on Mulberry Street, and was potent in punishing evil-doers and bringing offenders to justice. His myrmidons (that's a long word for you, but I couldn't find a shorter one that would *do me*) are out night and day, walking up and down the city, carrying in their hands wands of singular efficacy in persuading persons to do as they want them to. You might think these wands were base-ball clubs, but they are not. An "inning" when they are played is rather a serious matter. Well, to this magician I went, and told just what the wicked witch had done, and how I suspected her of having spirited away "Toodles." He sympathized with me, and promised to assist me in sifting the mystery.

So next day, one of the myrmidons came to my house with a note from my magician, stating that the name of the bearer was McGowan, that he could transform himself into a dozen different things at pleasure, track lightning after it had vanished, and smell out thunder before it broke; that he was at my bidding night and day, and would not leave me until the wicked witch was routed, and "Toodles" restored to his happy home. It seemed to me that McGowan was a funny name for such a chap, and that he might better

have been christened Swiftfoot, or Sharpeye, or Hammer-claw, or Catchrogue; but that was something which concerned his fairy godmother only: I was glad to know him by any name.

He took a seat on the sofa, and asked me a great many questions,—how old “Toodles” was, and what he looked like; where the witch was, and what she looked like; where her daughter lived, and what time it was. After asking this last question, he said it was time to go. I looked to see him go whirling up the chimney in a cloud of blue smoke, scattering the ashes all over the hearth, and leaving a smell of matches in the room; but instead of all that he put on his hat and said “good afternoon,” and went down stairs, as though he were only a common visitor, instead of the great McGowan, who could track lightning after it had vanished, and hear thunder before it broke, and at whose coming evil witches bustled off on their broomsticks.

The next morning, a queer-looking man called at the house where the witch’s daughter lived. He had an old shooting-jacket on, and a frowzy red handkerchief was tied round his neck, and his boot-legs were outside of his pantaloons, and his hat was jammed in, and altogether he was just the kind of a man you wouldn’t like to see coming into your back yard when Dash was there playing ball by himself, or there were many clothes hanging on the lines to dry. A servant came to the door when he rang, and he asked if a Mrs. Thompson lived there.

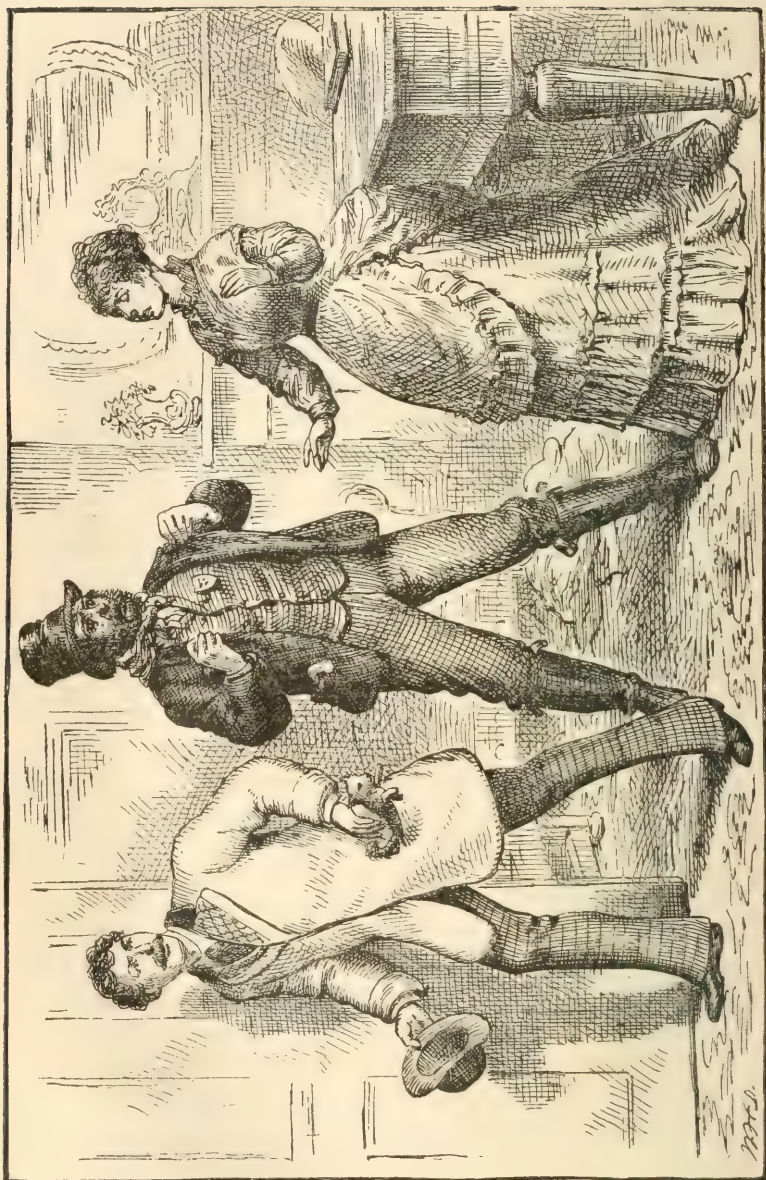
“No,” said the servant.

That was very strange. He was a dog-doctor, and had got a note from a lady of that name, asking him to call there and see a sick dog.

“What kind of a dog was it,” asked the servant.

A big black dog, with long hair,—a Newfoundland, he thought.

It couldn’t be there, she said; there was only one dog in the house,—a little white dog, curly-haired,—and that belonged to a Mrs. Johnson.



TOODLES RECOVERED.

But wasn't that dog sick, or hadn't he been?—Thompson and Johnson were very much alike, and he might have mistaken the description of the dog.

No; Mrs. Johnson had only had the dog a few days; it was a present from her mother who had lately gone to Boston; but if he called in the afternoon again, he could see Mrs. Johnson herself, and perhaps she might know something about it.

So in the afternoon two dog-doctors—I was along this time—rang the bell, and, when the servant went to see if Mrs. Johnson was in, followed her to the door of the room, stepping inside immediately it was opened. The action was scarcely polite, but dog-doctors are not dancing-masters. There on the floor was "Toodles," large as life, rolling over and over in an ecstasy of delight at having succeeded in getting hold of the piano cover and shaking a valuable vase to the floor. For all his famous fall he did not seem to hold pianos in mortal dread. On seeing me, he indulged in the most extraordinary demonstrations, tumbling end over end in his wild anxiety to get into my overcoat-pocket, evidently thinking that he had made a pretty long call there already.

The witch's daughter was in a terrible way, but seemed to feel more concern at losing the dog than shame at having her mother's wickedness found out. And at first she declared that part with "Toodles" she would not; that her mother had left him in her keeping, and would gallop everybody off on a broomstick if he were not there when she returned. But Merlin McGowan was neither to be coaxed or frightened; displaying a talisman which he wore on his breast,—a sign of such awful power and significance that evil-doers grow pale the moment they set eyes on it,—he declared that he was commissioned by his chief to gallop all parties off to the station-house, if we were not permitted to depart in peace with "Toodles," and thereafter there was no remonstrance. We bore "Toodles" away triumphantly, his white tail whipping in the wind like a royal banner, and the wicked witch was routed.

CHAPTER LIX.

WHICH IS ALL ABOUT TRYING AGAIN.

VERILY, my name is neither Tupper nor Confucius, and I do not frequently drape myself in the mantle of popular wisdom. But having written for the young in preceding chapters, I wish now to disabuse the old of one mistaken idea upon which they are prone to harp, to the immortal injury, perhaps, of other generations.

There are a good many proverbs which had better not be followed. Chief among others, to my thinking, is that one which inculcates the virtue of always trying again, if a first attempt prove unsuccessful. It has been dinned into childhood's ears from time immemorial; tradition has been invoked, history ransacked, and even fable coined for its support. The story of Robert Bruce and the spider, in all its variations, is familiar to most readers.

Sometimes the thread is spun for the Scotsman's benefit, sometimes in behalf of Tamerlane; but no matter for whom—the moral remains the same. Try again! No old saw has been more frequently used or oftener reset. The clumsiest hands are expert in its application, and all unite in its praise; it has the indorsement of modern teachers as well as the sanction of antiquity.

I beg leave to differ from these respectable authorities, to dissent from the general verdict. I have a minority report to offer in the proverb's disfavor. Trying again is *not* the first and best thing to do after a failure; in very many cases it is better to sit down with folded hands, and calmly and patiently study the situation, waiting for events to develop

themselves. When the bull attempted to butt the locomotive off the track and failed, was it worth while to try again? In my opinion, this same proverb has ruined millions of men and women who, but for the baleful lesson it inculcates, would have turned out useful members of society, and found honorable tombstones, at last, instead of undistinguished graves.

Any fool can try again, no matter how absurd the essay may be in the first place; but it is only the wise and courageous man, a philosopher, indeed, who can make up his mind to *quit*. If a thing be beyond your reach, don't stretch out your hand for it a second time. As well ascertain the hopelessness of the case after one trial as after a dozen; better, for time is saved.

Persistency, which after all, is but a polite periphrasis for obstinacy, is a popular vice, and deserves discountenance and suppression rather than encouragement. To have attempted a thing and failed, is nine times in ten, the best evidence in the world that success had better be sought in some other direction. Yet there is a fatal fascination in the very failure; a desire is begotten to show that you can do what you set out to do; there is a false and foolish pride about confessing to a mistake; and so, persons are goaded on in pursuit of things to them unattainable, following vocations to which they are not adapted. The consequence is hopeless mediocrity, if not wrecked fortunes and wasted lives.

The advisability and wisdom of trying again, depend somewhat on the amount of deliberation and careful weighing of chances which preceded the first endeavor. Desire to do, or to be, is not the power; ambition does not always carry with it ability. A hen, seeing a duck take to the water, might feel a longing herself to swim. If she followed the inspiration and got disappointed only, instead of drowned, reaching the shore in safety, I question whether it would be worth her while to try again, however spectators on the bank might, by precept and precedent, applaud her to a renewal of the effort. Doubtless, after due practice and dis-

comfort, if no fatal result attended the first experiment, almost any hen might succeed in becoming a bad swimmer; but would the game be worth the candle? In no event could she swim as well as the duck; while in running errands and scratching gravel, she would have all the advantage—no duck could compete with her on her own ground.

Because a man is emulous of a neighbor who happens to be a judge, it by no means follows that he can attain eminence as a jurist. Each has his mission in life; but all missions do not lie in the same direction. And if, after reading law for two or three years, he makes a hopeless muddle of it before a jury with his first case, would it not be well to pause and sift his qualifications for the legal profession, to carefully weigh the probabilities of attaining success in it, and inquire if there be not some other walk in life which he is more calculated to adorn, rather than to try again and again to the end of the chapter, turning out but a bad pettifogger after all? Fortunately, there are many channels; those who cannot swim in one, may make very excellent headway in another. All the while that our friend was trying to be a lawyer, he might have sat in a high place, perhaps, as a superb shoemaker, a remarkable tailor, a great and good hotel-keeper, or a successful tiller of the soil.

Each to his own. It is better to be a good compositor than a poor editor; a competent farmer than a disqualified judge; a good machinist than a poor preacher. Let it be discovered to each man his sphere, confine him to it, and he will walk therein easily and successfully; but to flounder awkwardly on, in an unnatural one, can result neither to his own advantage nor that of his fellows.

If a man desire to reach a certain point, and discover after setting out that he is in the wrong road, let him turn back and start anew. Perseverance will not help him if he is on the wrong track; the further he journeys, the further he is from the goal; it is necessary to confess to a mistake and jog back and undo what he has done, before success can reasonably be hoped for. Eminence, which is but another

name for fortune, is what all desire to attain. If a man start for it by way of the bar or the pulpit, in a doctor's chaise or on an editor's stool, and stumble at the outset, it is better to deliberate while down: to go blundering on immediately he gets up, is not the most judicious thing to do. There are other roads to the goal; the one he has taken may be one which his feet are not adapted to tread. Why, then, should he torture himself and others?

A man may be ambitious to become a musician. If his first essay with a brass or stringed instrument prove that he has no ear for music, that his tympanum is not sensitive to sweet sounds, and cannot distinguish between one note and another—is not that enough? Shall he still go on beating the kettle-drum, and deafening his neighbors, until death mercifully arrest his arms? Better by far be pounding a lapstone; that were noise to a purpose.

Some men and women are committing slow suicide from the cradle to the grave. Mentally and morally, I mean, striving to do that which they cannot, and leaving undone that which they can do. Talk of sins of omission and commission; is there anything worse than this on the whole black list?

A young woman whom I knew made her *début* as a public singer, and failed—miserably, wretchedly. As a natural consequence, she was deeply mortified, and highly desirous of establishing her claims as a vocalist. Her friends advised her to try again, and she came to ask me what I thought about it. My advice was, no; decidedly no. It seemed cruel, perhaps; but kindness sometimes comes in that guise. She had no voice. It was a mistake to appear, in the first place. The result demonstrated that, most conclusively. "Try again!" shouted some. And so it ever is; never was a crowning act of folly contemplated, that some "friend" was not found to encourage and cheer it on.

Why "try again" in any instance, after one attempt shows incapacity, if not utter incompetence? Does the perpetration of a second mistake make the first one less painful?

“Try again” is what lures the gambler on to his ruin. To play once, and having lost, to retire from the table, were not so bad; it is perseverance in losing, when the chances are all against gaining, that proves disastrous.

A man may try anything once; but, having failed, it is better to deliberate well before trying it again. I do not know that I would object to a man’s trying to make a silk purse out of a sow’s ear, or a whistle out of a pig’s tail; but after one attempt, I should set him down for a fool, indeed, if he proceeded to a second; particularly when other and better material for purses and whistles lay ready to his hands. And, in all cases, it is wise to weigh the probabilities well before trying at all.

I should not advise a woman to make even one essay at singing bass; nor a lame man to attempt a polka, however ambitious he might be to dance. And, to make a long story short, saying in a few words what there was no necessity in the first place for spinning out into a chapter, the simple fact is this:—there is altogether too much trying again, in the world. It is time for the virtue of leaving off and abandoning hopeless attempts, without multiplying them to a sad and dreadful infinity, to be inculcated in schools and taught in high places.

CHAPTER LX.

IN WHICH WE DISCUSS THE DISCARDED SUIT.

MANY years ago the question was agitated:—"Where do all the pins go to?" Walking through the streets during the hoop-skirt days, an equally intricate problem frequently occurred to me:—"Where do all the hoop-skirts come from that skirt the streets?"

I have headed this chapter as above, borrowing a phrase from the technicalities of a well known game, because it occurs to me that women discard these suits somewhat as one clears his hand at euchre before picking up the trump card.

Go where you pleased, walk where you would, you still found the inevitable skirt, lying in your pathway like a coiled serpent, ready to spring; and as its springs were spiral ones, might it not have been difficult to get out of the way, if the thing did indeed take a fancy to jump?

In youth they told me marvelous stories of the hoop-snake. Is this the reptile that my nurse used to frighten me into convulsions about? It seems harmless enough now, and I have yet to see one that I am afraid to approach, though to tell the truth I shouldn't care to attempt to handle it without consultation with some expert.

Is it a peculiarity of the American female that at regular intervals she goes out into the street and crawls out of her skirt as an eel does from its skin, or a crab from its old and battered shell? I intend to go through the city of nights, and keep vigils with an eye to this peeling operation, for I'm anxious to solve the mystery.

It is really a strange fact that, go through any part of the city you choose, frequented highway or seldom trodden by-way, and still the same sight greets you. Lying in ambush, as it were, they suggest mouse-traps to the contemplative mind—"springes to catch woodcock" as Hamlet hath it.

They assume fantastic shapes upon the ground, reminding one at times of the apple-paring that girls throw over their heads to tell the first letter of their true-love's name, and then, anon, from a different point of view, they look very like a weasel or a squirrel-cage, sometimes being "backed like a camel."

Horses occasionally tangle their feet in them, and wonder what they are. I saw a hungry brute stick his nose into one the other day, with a sniff and a snort of intense delight. He thought he had found an oat bag.

He must have thought that women have a strange way of sowing their wild oats!

I wish to protest against this growing habit, among our representative women, of indiscriminate skirt-shedding. It may be urged that women in this thing are no more culpable than crabs, that they simply obey a similar natural law, and have the same right to strew their quills around that the porcupine has, but I think differently. There is a law against obstructing the streets.

Again, do we not nightly pray to be delivered from temptation—to be preserved, so to speak, from the snare of the fowler as well as from the pestilence that walketh at noon-day? And here we have the temptation planted like a hand-grenade at our very feet, the snare set like a gill-net for salmon, in the channels we most frequent!

Do no sacred memories cling to these skirts, that they should be thus profaned? The poet-lover, apostrophizing his mistress' girdle, says:—

"Give me but what this ribbon bound—
Take all the rest the sun goes round."

If locks of hair and faded gloves be so prized that occa-

sionally at some old miser's death one is found in his strong box, tied with a knot of blue ribbon and embalmed in an explanation which tells that the dead miser valued it above all his treasures, what value would not attach to one of these discarded skirts as a memento ! Think of it, women ; do not rob your tresses of a single hair as a keepsake for him who kneels and begs, but send him some of these hair springs instead, and then he will indeed have something to remember you by. At any rate, do not cast them out like lumps of salt that have lost their savor to be trodden under the foot of man. The simile is not a bad one, for a spring and a summersault are very much the same thing.

Forget or ignore if you choose, the springs that have passed over your head, but do not scatter them abroad in this reckless way. For by this practice your springs indeed go a second time to waist !

The most sacred things come to be regarded with irreverence if made common, and by this practice of yours the inner mysteries of the temple are revealed, when we should be taught to approach even the vestibule with the air of men conscious that they are treading on holy ground. The difference between picking up an empty skirt that is strewn in our path and walking away with it, and doing the same thing by the first one that comes along with a woman in it, seems very slight indeed. Picking up the empty shells that lie along the beach, honest and unshellfish as one could be in the outset, might soon bring a man to a point of demoralization at which he would not hesitate to gather one that had a soft-shell crab inside it, and take it along with him.

As the poet very cleverly puts it :—

“ These hoops are monsters of such hideous mien,
That to be hated need but be seen,
But seen too oft, familiar with their place,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.”

I regard those lines of the Pope, above quoted, as constituting in their entirety one of the best encyclical letters ever written.

Hitherto I have taken high moral and æsthetic ground in my argument, when perhaps it were better had I taken a more practical, in fact an economic, view of the subject. Having asked if no sacred memories cling to these skirts, allow me in conclusion to inquire :—Is there no value in old iron ? Is it not possible to beat the steel of which they are composed into ploughshares ?

Certes I should like a share, even a ploughshare, of them myself. And with one admonition, ladies, I leave you. Abandon your entrenchments if you like, but do not voluntarily throw them into the hands of your enemy ; if you do, the sin be upon your own skirts !

CHAPTER LXI.

A LECTURE APROPOS OF A LECTURE.

ON learning that a Mrs. Cuppy had come upon the stage, I got into a horse-car and went to see her. Being familiar with a young man by the name of Guppy, it was natural enough to want to know a woman by the name of Cuppy, as an offset. I found a medium—of medium size, medium intelligence, and medium good looks. Her theme was “Woman, her aim, her end.” On the whole I consider the young woman by the name of Cuppy rather a friend of that sex whereof I am an ornament, for she admits us to equality, social and mental, with her own. Nor does she seem to think man is the tyrant he is supposed to be by that large body of amiable spinsters who despise him in the abstract because he will not marry them, and hate him in detail because he will not allow them to vote.

The main point of the Cuppy creed is, that what degrades woman also degrades man; and as no one to my knowledge has ever seriously disputed the general truth of this proposition, it will probably be accepted by all. “If there be fallen women,” cries Cuppy, “are there not also fallen men? Why drive one party to the sin from your doors, and introduce the other to your daughters?” And there is some sense in this. To my own thinking the honors are easy, and it is not very safe to prophesy where the odd trick will lie at the close of the game. For society is not unlike the play of “tetering” in which children so much indulge—there’s a log for a fulcrum, and men and women sit balancing on the opposite ends of planks. It is a sea-saw game all round. If

the man teters the woman off and she falls, by all natural laws he should fall, too ; there is no particular reason why he should go up while she goes down !

Admitting this, however, conscious of the unpleasant consequences which must ensue to both, why will women sit so near the edge of the plank ? In that they are wrong. Not custom, alone, but the eternal fitness of things as well, order that while man may sit astride, woman must ride sideways, which gives her a much less firm seat in the saddle. Under such circumstances she ought to mind her reins and not attempt to do much fancy riding. It is from a desire to show off her horsemanship, an ambition to cavort around, ride with the snaffle-rein, when she ought not to drop the curb for a moment, give her nag his head and then stop at full speed, do all manner of circus tricks, and show how near she can come to falling off without actually falling, that most accidents occur.

Sam Patch entertained the opinion that some things could be done as well as others—and jumped off Niagara Falls to prove it. The result, as in very many parallel cases, proved that the jumping off could be done easily enough, but that getting back was quite another matter. The man who thought he could fly as well as a fowl, and started from the roof of his barn to try the experiment, remarked subsequently that though flying was easy enough, it was the devil and all when it came to lighting. And that is where all the trouble comes in. Woman can flap her wings and crow well enough with something solid under her feet, but let her once leave the old foundations and the bringing up is sure to be sudden and sharp.

Admitting, however, the original proposition that some things can be done as well as others, I apprehend that very few will dispute that man can do some things which woman cannot—some things which she should not attempt. For instance, a man can stand on his head without seriously compromising his respectability, but with the present style of feminine dress a woman could not successfully perform the

feat in public without bringing upon herself reproach and scandal. That the style of dress which debars a woman from the glorious privilege of sticking her heels up on the mantel-piece and leaning back at her ease, is a correct one, I do not argue. But until that style of dress is changed, is it not the better plan, for her to sit square in her chair, mind her knitting, and no matter what man may do, content herself with doing simply what is right—avoiding all experiments? The presence of a woman is generally necessary to make up the sum of any sin against etiquette. Thus, if no woman were in the room, a man might scrape his feet on the topmost shelf of the bookcase while his head lay level with the floor, and not be guilty of much more than original sin; but were a woman present he could not indulge to that extent without committing a positive crime. And as with manners, very much so with morals—to complete the scandal and the sin of anything a woman must be there.

Woman has her sphere—why can she not be content to let man have his? He smokes, chews, spits, drinks, and swears. All this is wrong in him, but in woman it is, or at least seems, worse. Now, instead of starting out with the laudable intention of proving that the sin of doing these things is no greater in woman than in man, why would it not be better for Mrs. Cuppy to advise her friends to refrain from smoking, chewing, spitting, swearing—and even the worse vices to which men are said to be prone? Certainly there is no reason, abstractly speaking, why what degrades or compromises a woman should not degrade or compromise a man quite as much. Nor is there any reason, perhaps, why the blow which would merely make a man open his eyes slightly wider than usual should knock a woman over; but such is the fact, nevertheless. And it must be remembered, that besides being the stronger vessel man is generally supposed to be the darker colored—*i. e.*, psychologically speaking. What scarcely stains him smutches her, in the natural order of things, to a degree which attracts the attention of all. To illustrate my idea, what would be considered

cleanly enough in a spittoon would not be so considered in a saucer; and to carry the comparison still further, the spittoon would swim where the saucer would sink at the first shock. I do not know why this is so, but so it is; and why does not woman, in the very fact that a higher standard of purity is expected in her than of man, recognize the greatest compliment that could be paid her, and not insist on placing both sexes on an equal footing?

I crave the pardon of my sex for the simile of the spittoon, but the saucer followed naturally enough upon Cuppy.

One thing woman ought to be satisfied with—though *she* plucked the apple, it stuck in Adam's throat and still sticks in the throats of all his male line. Perhaps I may here remark that it is about the first instance—I will not say the only one—on record of the female's volunteering to provide food for the family, the curse of earning bread by the sweat of the brow having principally fallen upon the masculine persuasion, as well as the duty of earning new bonnets and paying dressmakers' bills by the same sudorous process—a clause, by the way, which has since been added to the penalty, for I do not find it written in the original curse. As for the first dress, I do not know. There is no reason to believe that it was a very expensive affair, but I incline to think that Adam climbed the tree for the leaves, and that he was specially commanded to get the biggest and brightest ones the garden afforded, even if he broke his neck in doing it. The first woman cost Adam a rib, and depend upon it that all his descendants since have paid pretty dear for their whistles. Courts are generally willing to respond to the complaints of injured innocence, and you have seldom known suicides to follow where heavy damages are given. And one cannot go over the newspapers very well, without coming to the conclusion that man suffers quite as much from woman's falseness as does woman from man's baseness.

Why are not the sex happy in the delightful bill of exemptions which they are permitted to file? True, honor in a

man and honor in a woman carry two different significations, but the man, after all, is held to quite a rigorous standard. He is expected to keep his promises and fulfill his engagements. What woman is? He is held to strict account for any little assertions he may make concerning his neighbor, his neighbor's wife, or anything else that is his neighbor's. Women everywhere have charming immunity. If a woman squeeze a man's hand, look sideways or wink at him, and then after all refuse to marry him, he cannot shoot her and receive the sympathy of all the fools the round world contains—that is to say, of by far the greater portion of its population. Taken all in all, it really seems to me that woman—for whom I have the greatest esteem and affection—has comparatively little to complain of, as this world goes. And I am the more established in this faith because, with a few remarkable exceptions, they are silent. The Laura Fair trial has, perhaps, done more to comfort and console the dear creatures than anything else that has occurred since the flood; and they hide their woes and wrongs away with their revolvers in their bosoms with a reticence that is quite delightful under the circumstances!

No, no, Mrs. Cuppy; instead of discussing where the sin lies, and whether or not society is right in exacting the penalty where it does, why not accept the situation, and persuade all the sisterhood, in view thereof, to walk in the path of purity and peace. If they do, all trouble is at an end, for it is an indisputable fact that the solution of at least that social question rests wholly with your own sex!

And notwithstanding what I have written in the excitement of the moment, consequent upon having my first say on an all-absorbing topic, I insist upon it that I am not a monster. To the charms of woman in the abstract I have never been indifferent, and seldom, if ever, have I permitted an opportunity of turning off a complimentary verse to one in the concrete, to pass unimproved. Scarce a week ago I was walking in a garden with a young woman whose first name was not Rose, when a hummingbird came buzzing

among the flowers. "If *you* were a bee-bird what would you do?" asked the young woman whose first name was not Rose. Without a moment's hesitation, I tore the lining from my hat and astonished the field-mice with the following:—

IF I WERE A BEE-BIRD.

If I were a bee-bird
 What would I do?
 I'll tell to no other,
 Darling, but you.
 On the breast of the Lily,
 Folding my wings—
 Think it no harm, darling,
 'Tis a bee sings—

There I'd repose me
 All of the day,
 None of the garden
 Should tempt me away :
 The Tulip, proud lady,
 I would disdain,
 The Violet's blue eyes should
 Woo me in vain.

The tears of the Blue-bell
 Ever might fall ;
 The Rose and the Woodbine
 Cling to the wall,
 The Cowslip and Daisy
 Lie in the sun,
 I would not kiss them—
 Never a one.

But alone with my Lily
 Ever I'd rest,
 Kissing the blossom
 Of her white breast—
 Think it no harm, darling,
 Not mine the tongue—
 I but interpret
 What the bee sung!



THE KNIGHT ABOUT TO CASTLE.

CHAPTER LXII.

IN WHICH THE READER MEETS A METRICAL TALE OF THE
MIDDLE AGES.

SIR WALTER DE GRAY was a gallant young knight
As ever was seen at a feast or a fight—
Ever first at the battle and first at the board,
Were it blood to be tapped or wine to be poured.
And little the marvel that Walter was tough,
For the life of a ruffler in that day was rough.
The most of his time in the saddle was spent,
Or, when arms tired his arms, he retired to a tent,
And hung out a trumpet in reach of his foes,
A blow upon which was precursor of blows!
Of a sooth his armed heels he might proudly display,
For he won them their spurs upon Ascalon's day;
Though then but a squire, he so wrought in the fight
That Richard ere bed-time said, "Walter, good knight!"
He had charged on the Moslem alone without feres;
And had raised such a din about Saladin's ears,
That the foe to their Prophet cried, "Shield us, we pray,
From the old devil black and this young devil gray!"

Sir Walter, of course, was a favorite with dames—
The reason none know and sure nobody blames;
But certain it is that bright plumes and bright swords
Have made bright eyes forget both the Lord and their lords,
And that down to this day there is nothing that charms
The sex called divine like a good "man at arms."
To tell truth of my knight, our Good Lady above
Came in for a very small share of his love;
If he knelt at her shrine it is more than I know,
But I'll vouch that he knelt him to many below;
For these saddle-trained men were sad lovers at best,
And their love—like their lances—but seldom knew rest.

Sir Walter for squire had as merry a knave
As ever braced helmet or buckled a glove;
Stout John was the man a young master to aid,
For, ready alike with his tongue and his blade,

He would ride by your side and cut throats or a joke,
 As the need might demand or the humor provoke.
 He could tell you long stories— some sad and some queer—
 Of a Barbary far and of Barbaras near;
 For John had explored every nook in the world
 Where a petticoat fluttered or pennon unfurled;
 He had followed the steps of an optician knight
 Who sought to restore the old Sepulchre's site,
 Yet, I grieve to record, did not save it from loss—
 They were crossed in their efforts by foes of the Cross!
 But I cannot recount every region and spot
 Where my good John had been—nor can you where he'd not!

Well:—

As the knight and his squire scoured the country one day,
 In quest of some straggler to succor or slay,
 They espied a fair castle—the evening was nigh,
 And my heroes were weary, and hungry, and—dry.
 Said the squire, "What will next be the move of the knight?"
 Quoth Sir Walter, "I'll castle." Said John, "That move's right!"
 So they spurred on like men of decision and tact,
 On the spur of the moment accustomed to act,
 Till they came to the gates—not a soul was exposed,
 The drawbridge was up and the portcullis closed;
 But a horn hung outside—they had never heard tell
 In that quaint Middle Age of a door with a bell.
 Quoth stout John, "When a traveler is wearied and worn,
 He cannot be censured for taking a horn!"
 So he put to his lips, and he wound such a blast
 That the churchyard, next door, thought that day was the last;
 And a gambler who long had lain there in a dump
 Stepped out and demanded if that was the trump;
 While the baron inside swore he hadn't a doubt
 If that man were a candle he'd blow himself out;
 And the old warder sprang to unfasten the chains,
 Lest the parties outside should blow out their brains.
 "You make," said the graybeard, as John cantered through,
 "More noise with one horn than the Foul Fiend with two!"

Inside of the castle was feasting and cheer—
 It was wassail and wine, beef, brandy and beer—
 Till the evening had waned, when the baron arose:—
 "Fair sirs, if it please, ere we go to repose,
 A few strains on the harp my daughter shall play."
 "We attend the fair harpist," said Walter de Gray.

Don't tremble, good reader, I mean not to tell
 Of the beauties and charms of the fair Isabel;

For Sir Walter that night bored the poor sleepy John
With such tales of these trifles that, when he had done,
The squire spoke him, briefly:—"I see, though too late,
This castling was wrong—it will end in a mate."

That night my poor knight very little sleep knew,
And he woke up his squire ere the cock fairly crew;
"God save us," cried John, "have this young damsel's charms
Turned thy brain, that thus early we take us to arms?"

Quoth the knight, "Save thy jokes, for they please me not well;
We fell on this castle—you wot what befell;
Unhelmed and unhorsed, on my knees and in need,
I have called on my squire—shall I see thee secede?"

"Nay, nay," said stout John, "and no caitiff shall dare
Say the squire leaves the knight till the knight leaves his square;
You shall mount, and I'll make you quite rich in a trice
With the coin that rich men give to poor—good advice.
If you're saddled by love, and the boy's bridal rein
Holds you steady in check, it is useless to strain
And fret, and grow restive; man, learn from thy horse,
And take the field fair like a courser, of course."

"Alas! my good squire," said Sir Walter de Gray,
"I have heard horses whinney and fillies cry neigh."

Quoth John, "I have ridden beside thee in fight,
And each deed was indeed like a gallant Sir Knight;
Upon bombards we've charged in the far sunny South—
Shall we blench from the fire of a fair lady's mouth?"

Sir Walter was silent, but soon he arose,
And in dressing that morning he donned his best clothes.
Perhaps I am wrong, but I've noticed this much:—
When young men to their dress give artistical touch,
The thing is portentous as clouds in the sky;
You may know that a wedding or funeral is nigh.

Well:—

Sir Walter that morning threw armor afar
And instead of his falchion he bore a guitar;
In the garden below soon a tinkling was heard,
And the baron, half roused, damned an innocent bird.

I remember that once some young ladies next door
Had a serenade—time, in the morning, at four—
And they opened their window, and flung out bouquets
On the brazen young ass who woke me with his brays.
I remarked to my wife, "had he come beneath ours,
I'd have flung out some favor less fragrant than flowers."
But tastes don't agree—to return to my theme,
I'll tell you the words that broke Isabel's dream.

Oh, Lady, leave thy slumber now,
 For birds their matins tell;
 The gems of Night deck Morning's brow;
 Come down my Isabel!

The rose is breathing its sweet prayer,
 And every lily-bell
 Is ringing fragrance on the air;
 Come down, my Isabel!

And I have found an angel's tear—
 This dew upon the dell—
 To mirror back thy beauty clear;
 Come down my Isabel!

I bent above a blushing flower,
 And heard the rose queen tell
 To bring the brightest to her bower;
 Come down my Isabel!

The stars swing silent in the sky;
 So soft the zephyrs swell,
 They scarce can drown a lover's sigh;
 Come down my Isabel!

The lady came down, the knight knelt in the dew,
 What he said as he knelt there is nothing to you;
 The act was imprudent, he spoiled his guitar
 And returned to the house with a shocking catarrh.

When Sir Walter and John after breakfast had met—
 John never stirred out while the grass-plot was wet—
 "Tell me now," said the squire, "have we gleamings of light?
 One would say by thy face 'twas a very dark knight."

It was Walter that spoke, and his tongue was as slow
 As the bell's that is tolled to tell tidings of woe:—
 "Alas for my love and alas for my grief,
 And alas for my lady, her father—the thief—
 To the musty old church his fair daughter has given,
 And to-morrow the maid will be wedded to Heaven!"

Loud laughed the stout squire:—"By this blade good and bright,
 I will swear she had rather be wed to a knight!"

"One hope," said Sir Walter, "one only remains,
 The hand that has forged may unrivet the chains."

So they sought out the baron; they found him at play]
 With two kittens—his felines were tender you'll say:
 Sir Walter spoke deftly:—"Thy daughter is fair
 As the brow of the morning, and pure as a prayer;

Through all the wide land can no lady be found—
 The baron called "puss," and he looked on the ground:
 "What's this," whispered Walter, "why calls he the cat?"
 "I opine," saith the squire, "that he smelleth a rat!"

The baron then spoke :—"In his young knightly days
 He'd been given," he said, "to some weak, wicked ways—
 Such as sacking of churches and burning of priests,
 And robbing poor boors of their beauties and beasts;
 But long since of his sins he repented sincere—
 Now the sight of his wine made him think of his bier—
 And he'd deeded away both his castle and child
 To atone for deeds done while his young blood ran wild;
 And the abbot had promised that church bells should toll,
 And masses of masses be said for his soul.
 And he hinted that now, since the day was well through,
 The knight should crawl on, and 'twas time for a dew."

"By my soul," cried the squire "what a villainous sham!
 It is meet that we met this poor innocent lamb;
 How next shall we move to win us the game?"

"Alas," said Sir Walter, "I fear to my shame
 We must call it a draw!"

"Nay," said John, "that were green,
 Put a check on his bishop and capture the queen."

There was bustle next morning the castle about,
 It was bustle within and more bustle without,
 For, in cowl and in surplice, on foot and on horse,
 The monks and the priests had turned out in such force,
 That a varlet remarked, as they wound o'er the plain :—
 "There's been theft of honey when hives swarm again."

All was pomp and display : Isabel was to go
 As a bride to a convent—conventionally so—
 For I've told you before that her heart and her hand,
 With their achings and aches, and some acres of land,
 Had been pledged to a groom of exceeding great worth,
 But vexatiously distant just then from the earth;
 So the bishop himself had consented to ride,
 And in lieu of the groom to bridle the bride.

Good sooth, there was bustle enough on that morn—
 You'd have thought that a babe or a Babel was born!
 But the noise and confusion were doubled, I wist,
 When Dame Margy cried that her young miss she missed.

The bishop first spoke :—"By the altar and pyx,
 What spawn of the fiend has left us in this fix?
 Steal a bride from the altar! a curse on his soul,
 As soon I'd have thought he had stolen my stole!

One wag of a monk said that all had gone right,
 Since "the bridegroom had come like a thief in the night."
 But this joke of the cloth on such barren ground fell,
 That the merry Anselmo was sent to his cell.

The old baron swore by his heels and his head,
 And his heart and his hair, and by everything red;
 And he launched out his oaths with such desperate force,
 That he shocked a poor innocent priest from his horse;
 Even strangers, who knew not his title and place,
 Would have said by his speech he was barren of grace.

The abbot he cursed—and the abbot cursed well—
 In the orthodox way, by book, candle, and bell;
 He uncorked several vials of desperate wrath,
 And poured the contents on the fugitives' path.

But the curses and oaths—though they traveled as fast
 As bolts from the bow, or as leaves on the blast—
 Could not catch the three rideaways—John on his bay,
 Isabel with her roan—and her own was a Gray—
 And cooling long since, they have hardened to stones,
 Which yet block that road to the peril of bones.

MORAL.

Each tale has a purpose—the reader may use
 This story of mine for what purpose he choose—
 Draw what point he please from the point of my pen,
 But one point I must point at all beardless young men.

If you fall into love first try hard to fall out,
 If the pit be too deep don't go dawdling about,
 Pop the question at once like a bolt from a beau,
 For the maid may say yes ere her father can "no:"
 Or, should she refuse, don't write verses or die,
 But ask her again, and again by-and-by.
 If engaged to another, to weaken the links
 Just praise up your rival, but hint that he drinks;
 If she's gone to get married, put on your best clothes—
 She may alter her mind at the altar—who knows?
 Though the knot has been tied, do not give up the prize,
 But ask her to have you when that husband dies:
 For love is like chess—both fields checkered the same—
 While *one* move is left you may yet win the game!

CHAPTER LXIII.

WHICH BEGINS WITH A SERMON, CONTINUES WITH A STORY, AND
ENDS WITH A HYMN.

CHRISTMAS is over. There is a slight smell of sage and onions in the air, a lingering savor of turkey-stuffing on the stairs, and a vacancy in the chicken-coop; but this is all. The decorations which I periled my neck on a rickety step-ladder to arrange are gone.

What did *I* get in my stocking? Nothing, thank you. This year brought me surcease of pincushions and the like; young ladies don't throw these things away on married men. It doesn't matter much, for I some time since came to the conclusion that the exchange of presents between the sexes about this time is little better—on one side, at least—than a robbery. There is a certain poetry, perhaps, in the idea of a young lady giving something of her own making; but what would be thought of Augustus Aurelius if on the blessed morning of gifts he sent Louisa Lucinda wooden hair-pins, ear-rings, knitting-needles, or quill tooth-picks which his manly hands had whittled, or an impossible apron which his fond fingers had fashioned! Yet this is just what Louisa Lucinda does to him. It is written:—Man shall not live by pincushions alone; yet she piles them upon him.

So with book-marks. Very much the same with slippers. With some limitation the statement is applicable to pen-wipers. If some young man were to dress himself in a full suit of pincushions and penwipers and call upon the object of his adoration, it might awaken the feminine mind to a sense of its awful responsibility in such things. As a general thing,

one pincushion will last a young man of regular habits a lifetime ; if put to the push, he can get along comfortably enough without any at all. For a pocket-pincushion, if I may be allowed to speak on a matter in which I have had extended experience, there is nothing better than the lappel of one's coat. "Shiftless," is it? I've seen young ladies carry pins in their mouth, and I point with pardonable pride to the fact that no young man was ever known to do *that*.

As to book-marks, it is my firm conviction that you cannot improve on a ruler, a lead-pencil, an ace of spades, a boot-jack, or anything else which happens to be lying on the table. Regular built penwipers are a manifest absurdity. For many years of my life I thought there could be nothing to equal the sleeve of a black coat, though I now find that cambric skirt-lining answers an excellent purpose. Slippers are more sensible. But if sent to you soled and all they never fit your feet ; in the mysterious and awfully inscrutable ordering of Providence they always happen to be either too large or too small. And to get them soled yourself involves an expenditure fearful to contemplate, though I've an idea that all the various patterns in chenille and worsted which have accumulated on my shelves will get sold during the present winter.

On the other hand the masculine element in the matter of presents is expected to display an oriental disregard of expense. Rings and pins of price, fans in ivory and pearl, watches and chains, mink muffs and capes, sealskin jackets, Chantilly veils, pianos, bracelets, houses and lots, big bronzes—there is nothing which the young man may not give without encountering remonstrance, unless it be a steam-engine, a soap factory, or a cemetery, and even these would be taken under certain circumstances.

But I promised to do something for the day which should instruct and edify. So if the children all will gather about my knee, I will on at once with

MY CHRISTMAS STORY.

Christmas comes but once a year. This is much to be re-

gretted, for it is a very merry day, and in this work-day world of ours merry days are all too few. If more holidays were kept it would be better for all of us, and I see no reason why Fourths of July, Thanksgivings, Christmases and New Years might not be indefinitely multiplied, without harm to the constitution of man, woman, child, or that of the United States. Christmases especially should be encouraged, for they beget in little folk an orderly habit of hanging up their stockings at night, and a thrifty trick of early rising, which promotes health and wealth, to say nothing of wisdom.

I say nothing of wisdom, because I do not like to see wise children. Wise men, who doubt everything and believe nothing, are bad enough, but when you come to placing old heads on young shoulders the affliction is terrible. The child that knows all about the continents and oceans and the different religious denominations never finds a place on my knee, but I welcome the chubby little rascal who thinks that the world was punched out by the die of creation flat and round, that the sky fits down on it like a tin cover on a plate, and that he couldn't get beyond the horizon without lifting the edge a little, holding that heaven is located on the outer surface, and that its delights consist in a good place to slide down hill eternally, without the trouble of dragging the sled up again, and no suffering from cold feet and fingers. The wisest man knows so little, that it is refreshing to sometimes meet a child that knows nothing positively, but occasionally guesses at a truth.

The only drawback to the comfort and cheer of Christmases is that they are cold and frosty. Why this should be I do not know, unless it be to remind us how far from pleasant it would be to lie in a manger on such mornings, and how many there are who have not even that shelter from the storm.

The morning of which I write was a very cold one: there were little flakes of frost in the air that bit like gnats, and the crisp snow crackled under foot until you thought you were treading on pipe-stems. And how the steel shoes of

sleigh and horses do ring out on such mornings, fairly tingling in the clear sharp air! What need of bells?

Few pleasanter Christmases ever had dawned. And so thought Jo Babbit when the merry laugh of his children waked him with the first blush of daylight, he in turn waking his wife—not that misery loves company, but that pleasure does, and he did not wish the partner of his bosom, a broad and capacious bosom it was, quite large enough for incorporation as a joint stock company—to lose one lisp of their delight.

Jo Babbit, Jr., had a rocking horse, for whose proper reception it would have been necessary to hang up a stable instead of a stocking; and a whip, to the handle of which was attached a note from Santa Claus direct, intimating that the lash was sometimes used on naughty children. Then he had a marvelous trumpet, of burnished tin, capable of executing as many flourishes and variations as the best French horn going; and, besides, he had a pair of worsted mittens, with bright red fringes, and connected together by a cord, so that it would, of course, be impossible to lose one without losing the other—the only advantage that ever I could see in having things tied together.

Little Mary had a wax doll, not quite so large as the horse, and without rockers, but with pink cheeks, which the horse had not, and with nice clothes, in which again the horse was deficient—not being a clothes-horse. She had a set of china, too, with a real sugar-bowl, so that you could lift the cover up, though it required a very small pair of tweezers, by way of tongs, to get anything out; and the tea-pot was made hollow, with a real hole in the spout, and held very nearly a large teaspoonful of water. Altogether, it was quite a dish to set before a king. And she had a tippet made of squirrel skins, with the tails left on, and a little muff of the same material, with the tails left off, but ornamented with the cunningest head and claws that ever were seen. Altogether, Jo Babbit, Jr., and little Mary had abundant cause for thanking

Santa Claus, and it is little wonder that they wanted their parents to let them go up on the roof and leave some gingerbread on the chimney-top for the refreshment of the steeds Dancer and Prancer and Dunder and Blitzen on the return trip.

Jo Babbit, Sr., thought he had cause to be thankful, too, and so did Mary, his wife. He was a hard working mechanic, who had risen to be foreman in a large manufacturing establishment, owning the house he lived in, and possessed of the respect of all who knew him. He was held up as an example to all the young men of the neighborhood, and mothers enjoined it upon their daughters to marry some industrious, steady fellow like Jo, and so make their happiness certain through life.

But I am not sure that all young women who marry honest, industrious young men, are so sure of happiness; for there was a house not very far from Jo Babbit's where no sound of merriment was heard on Christmas morning, though the inmates were quite as contented.

Tom Nollins served his apprenticeship in the same shop with Jo Babbit, and was quite as good a workman, besides being equally sober and industrious. Very few mechanics ever started in married life with fairer prospects than had he, for Susan loved him, and he had saved enough to furnish a neat little house, in addition to making a payment on the property itself, so it might be said that he had a home of his own, for the terms were easy, and three years at the most would see the mortgage paid off, the interest money in the meanwhile being much less than the rent he would have had to pay had he leased the house.

But honest and industrious mechanics are subject to ailments—not quite so much so perhaps as drunken and unsteady ones, but still subject; and the harder a man works the more apt is he to break down. Bad luck befell poor Tom. A piece of machinery broke or flew out of gear one day and cut off two of his fingers. Had he thrust them in

among the wheels and knives himself, the fault would in some measure have been his own—and right here I should have offered a few reflections upon the sin of carelessness, and the duty of keeping one's fingers out of engine-lathes and punch-presses—but this accident being one which no one could foresee, and with which he had nothing to do beyond standing faithfully at his post, I refrain.

Well, Tom lost a little time, for at his kind of work two hands are necessary, unless a man has attained the pedal proficiency of those remarkable individuals who cut out profiles and sketch landscapes with their toes. As soon as possible he got to the shop again, but, unfortunately, in his horror of idleness he stirred out a little too soon; inflammation set in and he lost his arm, having a narrow squeak for it, indeed, with his life. One-armed mechanics have about as hard a time of it as one-armed soldiers—without having the pensions of the latter—and thereafter Tom didn't contrive to put much by towards paying off what he owed on his house, and the consequence was that one day he was sold out, and had to move into such quarters as he could get; for there are cases in which it does not behoove even those who are a respectable remove from beggars to be choosers.

It is said to be a long road which has no turning, and indeed there are many long roads in life. Tom's was one. From bad it went to worse, and when the first baby came there was little of merriment about the christening. Why a baby that was evidently destined to a tough struggle of it with the world should be thrown into it with a weak back I don't know, and neither did Tom and his wife, and so it is little wonder that they thought it pretty hard lines when it became evident that their darling would grow up—if grow up he did—humped like a camel—weighted for the race instead of allowanced, as he should have been by turf custom.

Poor Tom sometimes felt discouraged, but he had a hopeful mind, and never gave entirely up, often telling Susan that the darkest hour was just before day, and that light would

come to them yet. Unfortunately, though, the proverb scarcely holds good when a man is sinking; the lower down he gets in the quicksands the darker it becomes, and when it is at the darkest he is the most hopelessly distant from the blessed day. The only way out is by dropping clean through and coming up on the other side. And so after going through a series of disappointments and diseases, Tom at last lay down and died—not by any means that he thought it the best thing he could do under the circumstances, but simply because it was the only thing he could do. There was a cheap funeral at the city's expense, and Susan with the little boy was left to shift for both herself and him.

It is said to be a poor hen that cannot scratch for one chicken, but when the corn is locked up it must be confessed that the poor creature has hard scratching of it on a bare floor. Making trowsers at sixteen cents a pair, and shirts at six cents apiece, with provisions up, and everything to buy, is by no means a royal road to wealth. And the widow's checks grew thinner and thinner as she bent over her work, and her form more wasted, but the shadow on her pathway never lessened. All her little articles of furniture had one by one been sacrificed, and now the end was reached—there was nothing further to sell, however much there was to buy. When the winter came it was hard working with stiff fingers; and her little earnings dwindled down sadly, but how was coal to be had? All warmth had gone out of the sun, and though the stars shone into the room, they gave only sufficient light to make her misery visible, without bringing a particle of heat.

There were many in the city who liked the weather, and wished it were always winter, but the widow thought longingly of the tropics, where cold never comes, and bread grows on trees, asking only to be gathered. And we can scarcely blame Tommy for sometimes thinking that the Bad Place could not be so bad after all, and half wishing to go there—it at least would be warm. Poor little fellow; he

never had lain in the roses of life, but now he was thrown among brambles indeed. If he ventured out into the courtyard the other children called him "Humpty," and the men kicked him out of the way. His only offence was not being as spry and straight as other children. Why was he not? Sometimes he wondered whether God would punish him for not walking upright after flinging him into the world with a crooked spine. He wondered, too, whether he should be a hump-backed angel, and hoped, oh so earnestly, that if he went to heaven his wings would grow so as to conceal the deformity. His poor little face so pinched and blue, and the long elf locks hanging about it, he looked to be a gnome-child, and the day when he would go to rejoin his kindred seemed near. In the faces of children destined to die early there is always a preternaturally old look, as though a lifetime were crowded into their few years, or their vision was already penetrating the secrets of the future.

The end came soon, but none too soon. Cold and starvation at last did their work. The physician who was called when mother and child were found in each other's arms on Christmas morning—dead—felt their cold pulses and said they were carried off by a sudden attack of con—con ;—it was a word of several syllables, and I do not quite remember even its pronunciation ; but unless it was only another name for cold and starvation, he was wrong, and I am right in saying that they did the work.

About the time that the candles on Christmas trees were lighted, a coffin was carried up the narrow staircase to the widow's room. It was but a plain pine box, but I much doubt whether a more acceptable Christmas-box could have been brought to either mother or child.

My story is done. It may be complained that it has neither plot or moral, but to my thinking it has enough of both. Some have merry Christmases who do not deserve them, and some have them who do, but a great many deserving ones have them not. This is the fault of no one

in particular, as I know, and could scarcely be mended without re-modeling the plan of things generally; but it is as well to remember perhaps on this Christmas day, that he whose birth it is intended to commemorate said, "The poor ye have always with you," and that a trifle to some is much to others. It is indeed blessed to give, and fortunate should those consider themselves who are able to. So a merry Christmas to all;—and if it be as merry as the one in my home last year, merry indeed will it be.

LAST CHRISTMAS.

With Morning's first blush our two little ones woke—
Like twin roses they laughed in their bed;
For the day and their rest in the same whisper broke,
And their cheeks, like the dawning, were red.

Then their feet on the floor fell lighter than air,
Or the rain that pit-patters from eaves—
Each tiny foot, blushing because it was bare,
Seemed a rosebud with five lily leaves.

Away to the hearth-stone they stole on tip-toe,
And their laugh rang a glad Christmas hymn—
Their hearts like their stockings were ripe to o'erflow,
For both were filled full to the brim.

There were pea-guns and whistles and harlequin-jacks
That would dance though a monk pulled the string,
With gingerbread ponies and all the knickknacks
That Kriss Kringle is certain to bring.

Such blasts of tin trumpets, such volleys of peas—
You'd have thought the old room a Redan:
On the parapet sofa they hastened to seize,
And Tabby, its garrison, ran.

It chanced, too, the fire-place, awhile before day,
Had been belching out smoke like a pipe,
Which gave us a wonderful fact to portray
When their minds for the wonder were ripe.

For we told them the steeds that St. Nicholas drove
Did not like to stand still in the snow,
And so stabled themselves in the chimney above,
While their master filled stockings below.

The little ones firmly subscribed to this creed—
As soon they'd have doubted their prayers—
I envied their faith; we old Gentiles have need
Of a credence as ready as theirs.

Thus when legends all sacred to childish belief
Fade away, and we rank ourselves men,
The world calls us wiser—then wisdom is grief—
But indeed, are we wiser than then?

For oft when my soul trails her wings in the dust,
And would rest from the battlings without,
I say to my soul:—Is it folly to trust?
The deepest of wisdom to doubt?

CHAPTER LXIV.

NEW YEAR'S.

THE Seen from the Unseen
Is bounded by a breath,—
So very faint the line
We scarce know which is death.

We scarce know when to laugh,
And never when to weep;
We smile when babes are born—
We mourn when old men sleep.

Blithe rings the natal chime,
And sadly sobs the knell,—
The priest who prays below
Is wiser than the bell.

Last night while Dian slept,
Strange wonders filled the sky;
An infant softly crept,
A pale ghost shuddered by.

Twelve round and ripened moons
Dropped from their withered stem,
And twelve fair blossoms came,
To ripe and fall like them.

The clouds like pale-faced nuns
Hung weeping o'er a bier;
The gray and hooded hours
Were bearing out the year.

Fair speed the funeral train!
Old Year, Old Year, adieu:
There's cypress for your bier,
Here roses for the New!

Let gladness crown the cup,
We drink a courtly toast,—
Health to the living heir,
Peace to the graybeard's ghost.

NARRATING AN UNDERTAKING ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.

One New Year's Eve, during my residence in San Francisco, I chanced to be up very late, in the vicinity of the Plaza. It has been my custom, ever since reaching that proficiency in mathematics which enables one to cipher in unknown quantities, to sit me down, just before a new year dawns, and count up what money and time I have lost and foolishly wasted during the old one. Considerable room was required to count it in, so I generally chose the Plaza for this purpose.

Going down Sacramento Street, on my return to cheap but inconvenient apartments, it was necessary to pass the undertaker's. A bright light was burning in the window, and acting on the principle very generally adopted in that country, that what is nobody's business is everybody's business, I looked in.

The interior of an undertaker's shop is seldom a very cheerful place to look into. The coffins that are ranged about the room, bolt upright, can scarcely be called promotive of conviviality. There is a *j'y suis* look about them that I, for one, don't like.

But the undertaker's that New Year's night was a jolly place enough. The coffins had all stepped down from their perches and were going through the Lancers. A queer, lank looking figure, sitting on a stretcher in the corner, gave the music they danced by. He played the "bones" admirably well,—the way his loose finger-joints rattled was a caution to castinets.

Away went the gay and festive coffins in the wild whirl of the dance; now it was forward two, and anon it was balance to partners. But the fun was to see their queer, angular figures when they bowed. Had their maker known their needs and necessities, I fancy he'd have given them flexible back-bones.

One thing that arrested my attention particularly was the democracy of these coffins in the dance. A fine, portly rose-wood fellow, covered all over with silver nails, as a Grandee of Spain is with orders, led out a peaked-looking thing of pine that a pauper would kick in his last gasp if he knew it were meant for him. Distinctions of caste seemed wholly ignored. All seemed to acknowledge that, no matter what wood they were made of, they were mudsills, at best, and that nothing more could be made of them.

The room was decorated with a taste which would have surprised one not ready to admit that there are æsthetics in all things. The taller coffins had taken the hearse plumes down from the rack, and these, artistically arranged, nodded over the festivities. Crape and bombazine draped the ceiling and walls, and two or three palls snatched from the adjoining room were looped up over the door like banners, falling in graceful festoons to the floor. The gas was turned on with a frightful extravagance, and a gayer scene, take it altogether, had not met my eyes during the twelvemonth.

The women-coffins were readily distinguished from the others of the crowd, though not from any amplitude of skirts. They smirked and smiled, and had more paint and varnish about them, and their hoods were lined with pink or white satin scalloped and crimped in various fanciful ways. They made "curtsies," too, in the dance, instead of bowing stiffly, and the undertaker himself would have laughed could he have seen one frolicsome elit of an affair attempt to "make a cheese."

Think of a coffin attempting to "make a cheese!"

While the revel was going on I learned one thing that had never before occurred to me. Each coffin in the shop had been made for some person who was ignorant that his measure had been taken. But coffins themselves know who they are for, and look out through the windows at their future occupants when they pass, and talk about them to each other. (I remembered, then, that a cheap affair winked at me, one day.) In the pauses of the dance that New

Year's Eve, the coffins steadied themselves on their feet, and indulged in confidences that I will not now betray. It would scarcely add to the comfort of citizens to know that their coffins follow them around very often during the day, and come and sit by their bedsides at night, they thinking all the while that these inevitable and rather uncomfortable boxes are miles and years away.

Every coffin is marked with the name of its tenant to be, as soon as made. This is not done by the undertaker—he is a mere machine, doing the bid of others, eternally beating dead marches, but not understanding the rat-tat-tat of his own hammer. He would shape out the lid, and fix up the uncomfortable little pillow stuffed with shavings inside, and tack the satin lining carelessly into its place, whistling the while, and never knowing that he was filling an order for his own coffin. On every one of the coffins that I saw the other evening, there was a name written as plainly as the figures on a Dutch clock. Of course these inscriptions are written in dead languages; but if inclined to break faith with the spectacled schoolmaster's coffin that volunteered a translation for me, I could make some of my friends sit very uneasily in their chairs, for I know when their lease commences and they are to be put in peaceable and permanent possession.

So I will merely state that very many of the coffins now made, are for young ladies who wear thin shoes in the damp streets, and French corsets in ball rooms—others are for young men who drink bad liquor and sit up till morning, making the night hideous with their howlings, and disturbing the slumbers of respectable old gentlemen like myself, who go to bed early, and know of no larks but the ones they rise with.

The children's coffins took little part in the merriment, lying quietly for the most part upon the shelves as though they were in their mothers' arms. There were a few representatives of Young America, however: rapid little girls and boys that capered round and talked slang with such fluency that a big

burly coffin, intended for a prize-fighter, was obliged to confess with much humiliation that he couldn't understand the conversation at all. Now I love children, but it would not have pained me much had the number of those outrageous little coffins been multiplied by seven.

The Cracovienne was called for, just as the clock struck two, but I didn't stay to see it. A coffin about my own size was making towards me with a familiar air, and not caring to improve the acquaintance, I left, expecting to hear my friend clattering at my heels on every corner.

Men spend a good deal of time in dodging their coffins that might be much better employed. To use a very common but expressive phrase, "It can't be did!" The chances are that, in attempting to escape the clutch of your coffin, you rush to the very spot where death has been sent to find you. So the best way is to go straight on your path, neither hurrying nor loitering, ready to meet your fate, whenever and wherever it comes, like a man, not despising, but certainly not fearing.

Before leaving the subject, I wish to explain that the paragraph about thin shoes and all that and those, was thrown in simply for the moral effect. Whether the soles of the rising generation of young ladies are thick or thin, lost or saved, is certainly no business of mine, though I will not go so far as to say that it doesn't matter much whether they are or not.

CHAPTER LXV.

ABOUT CHILDREN AND THEIR SAYINGS.

A FEELING of embarrassment, almost of incompetency, comes over me; I feel that I am about to write of people who know a deal more than I do; and that in attempting to reproduce their wise sayings I may simply succeed in shearing them of all point and spoiling the general effect. Very much depends on the way a thing is said, and it is impossible to portray all the conditions of children's utterances on paper. These philosophers in pinafores—are they not wiser in their generation than the pundits of the period? In the very outset of my writing there comes to me a vision of a little child, for three days lost, and finally found—where? In the temple, “sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions!”

It was but the other day that a lady with whom I differed regarding the discipline of her household, declared that I could not enter into her feelings:—“You are not a mother!” she cried, in reproachful accents. This was one of those exceedingly plain and self-evident propositions which the most argumentative man never thinks of disputing. But notwithstanding my not amounting to much as a mother (which no one more than myself can sincerely regret), I claim to be in sympathy with children sufficiently to better understand them than do many who have given an alphabetical row of pledges to society—with little thought as to how they should redeem them.

I find myself in sympathy with children because of never having forgotten that I was once a child myself—one of the chief difficulties which I have to contend with in life is a disposition to forget that I am not one now. I remember how I felt and how I reasoned; how the wisdom of the elders not infrequently seemed foolishness to me; how my little world was filled with strange puzzles which kept my brain on the rack, and how indignant I was at having my demands for light answered simply with—"Little boys should not ask questions," or some equally grating saw which put my teeth on edge with resentment.

"Little boys should be seen and not heard." Does it not follow then, as a thing of course, that big men should be heard and not seen? In many cases the reputations of big men would be benefited were this converse of the rule adopted.

Very few parents realize how children—even at a comparatively tender age—cipher out the shallowness of parental excuses, and laugh in their tiny sleeves at parental inconsistencies. Instance in point, my little friend Willie:

He had just begun to go to school, but, strange to say, did not like it—for which reason I fear he can never become president of these United States. It was rather unfortunate, perhaps, that his first experience of school and of snow fell together. Temptation came to him in the shape of a sled, with red runners, and he fell an easy victim to it. So it happened that about school-time he became subject to an accession of headache, which made confinement impossible, but did not at all interfere with his going out to slide after an hour or two at home.

One glorious morning, in particular, he came to his mother with a "dreadful" headache—school was not to be thought of under such circumstances.

"Very well, Willie," said she, "if you have a bad headache you may stay at home, but remember you must not come afterwards and ask to go and slide."

Not a half-hour afterwards up came Willie—his "dreadful" headache all gone—with the usual petition.

"No, Willie, you know I told you if you stayed at home I should not let you go out with your sled, and you wouldn't have me tell a lie, would you?"

Willie turned away thoughtfully, but a moment after his face brightened up as he saw a path out of the dilemma, and he sidled up to his mamma with a confidential whisper:—

"I don't want you to tell a lie, mother, but couldn't you *just fix it with God*, you know, as you do when you put me to bed and say you are not going out, and then go?"

It had never occurred to the mother that the child had become acquainted with her tergiversations; and judge of her surprise when his discovery was so unexpectedly flashed upon her. There he had carried a knowledge of the truth of things in his breast none knew how long, and suffered himself to be put to bed night after night without betraying it. Believe me, children discover that their parents have a way of "fixing it with God" oftener than the parents imagine.

But a terribly wise little fellow was that same Willie—very old for his years. He was never willing to admit that he could not understand all that old folks could, and was not interested in all which interested them.

Thus, a literary society was formed in the village, the members meeting weekly for the purpose of reading the English classics. Willie heard of it, and was very anxious to join. His mother suggested that perhaps he had better attend a meeting first and see how he liked it; so when it next came off at her house he was permitted to sit up. Spenser's *Fairie Queen* was read. There sat Willie, perched up in his chair, wide awake as an owl. The queer old English fell drowsily on the air, and glances were ever and again cast at the new member to see if he were not dropping off. But no; without winking once he sat it all through, with the gravity of a judge, looking as though he understood and critically weighed every word. When all was over, however, and his mamma put him to bed, he called her back after the good-night kiss had been given:—

"Mamma," he said, putting his arms round her neck,

"your meetin' was drefful interestin', but I don't think I want to go again."

He would not confess to having made a mistake.

This same little Willie was in the room one evening when a game was being played by the older people, a game in which a word is given out suddenly to any member of the circle, the one to whom it is spoken being obliged to respond instantly with its opposite. Willie wanted to join in, and saw no reason why he could not play it as well as the others. It was explained to him and he gravely took his seat.

"Friends!" shouted one of the party to the new player.

"*Relatives!*" responded Willie as promptly as though he had lived with them all of a long life.

How observant children are, and how their ears prick up at an intimation that anything is going on which they are not particularly desired to see or hear!

A little fellow—a "minister's son," by the way—sat on the floor one afternoon, playing with his blocks, when some ladies called on his mamma. Very soon the conversation turned (I am sorry to say) on a bit of scandal that was in the village. Remembering suddenly that the child was in the room, and not knowing exactly how much he might understand of what was being said, an abrupt pause was made in the conversation.

There sat the little fellow, busy with his blocks, and in reality not heeding a word of what was being said. But no sooner did the pause come than he turned round, and rolling on the floor, and laughing as though his little sides would burst, shouted:—"Go right on; that's just such as I like to hear every day!"

Not inaptly has "the faith of a little child" been held up as an example for the emulation of the grown. Harry had been told that whatever he asked for in earnestness of heart would be granted of God. It was raining one summer day, and he wanted to go out and paddle with bare feet in the pools that had formed. "Mamma," he said, "do you think that God would stop raining a little while if I asked him?"

"Perhaps so," she replied.

Harry went to the window and put out his head far as he could stretch it. "Dod! Dod!" he cried, "stop yainin', please; I want to go out and paddle."

A flash of lightning and a clap of thunder made him dodge his head, as you've seen a terrapin retire into its shell. "Mamma," said he, "I guess Dod's angry because I didn't say mister."

By and by he tried it again:—"I say Dod—*Mr.* Dod—won't you please stop yainin' a little?"

Coincidentally, the sun looked out from the clouds, and the shower resolved itself into a few rattling drops:—"That'll do, Mr. Dod," he said, waving his hand in a rather patronizing manner, "I can put on my old hat."

But not always are children's supplications so speedily and surely answered. Very distinctly do I remember anxiously inquiring of my mother if it were indeed true that if one had faith like a grain of mustard seed his prayer would be granted—that a mountain for the asking would be removed and cast into the sea.

"Certainly," she replied.

The blue waters of Lake Champlain rolled at our very door, and in the distance beyond the Green Mountains reared their frosted heads. I had great curiosity to see what a splash they would make, and so, though inwardly trembling for the result, prayed nigh upon a week that they might be removed and cast into the lake. The faith of a grain of mustard seed indeed—mine was as strong as a whole mustard pot! But not a step would the mountains budge, and there they stand to this day.

However, I determined to give faith another trial; and so, for several nights, after going through with the set formula ending with "Now I lay me down to sleep," etc., added a postscript to the effect that I might find a little brass cannon under my trundle-bed on waking. The postscript, be it understood, was a mental one, for I had got down at the bottom of the Santa Claus business by surreptitious observation, and had a pretty clear idea that if my mother heard the prayer it

would stand rather too good a chance of being answered. I wished to give the thing a fair trial.

Never, I venture to say, was a faith stronger than mine on this occasion. Morning after morning, first on rising, I took the broom and swept it under the bed, whisking it around in every corner, and fully expecting each moment to poke out the coveted cannon. But none came. Fearful, then, that I had failed to reach its lurking-place, I would light a candle and throw its light under, illuminating the remotest recesses; but, alas, no miniature artillery bristled in its beams.

Oh the implicit, unreasoning, unquestioning faith of childhood! Is there not happiness in it? Could I gain back my belief in Santa Claus, even, I would not barter it for all the wisdom I have since acquired.

"Mamma, mamma," cried a little boy, when the sun set gorgeously red one Christmas eve, "see how hot heaven is over there. Santa Claus is baking, I guess."

In manner somewhat like did one of these natural philosophers account for another phenomenon. Hearing a man dump coal in the bin one day, with a terrible rumbling, he shouted:—"Oh, mother, now I know what makes thunder. It is God putting coal on."

Children are great realists, interpreting things in the most literal sense. To the infantile mind the beautiful metaphor of the Lord walking in the garden in the cool of the day, conveys the idea of a tangible presence. "I know," said a little boy to whom the passage was read; "just as papa does, with his hands behind him, and an old coat on."

"I don't want to *die* and go to heaven," remarked a little girl, laying down her book; "but if God would let down a big basket and draw me up with a rope I think I should like it."

Another little girl, after having learned what a *post-mortem* examination was, declared that she would not consent to be so dealt with after death.

"What, not if it would be greatly to the benefit of those who lived?" asked her mother.

"No, how would I look going to heaven all cut to pieces?"

Children are generally very much exercised as to the appearance and impression they will make when they enter the golden portals. Lottie lying sick with a fever—a cousin of corresponding age had died shortly before—was loth to take her medicine, and a pair of earrings was promised her if she would. Soon after, while all supposed she was asleep, she burst out in a great fit of laughter. Asked what pleased her, she replied, "Oh, it tickles me so to think how cousin Hiram will laugh when he sees me come walking into heaven with my new earrings!"

An eminent clergyman of Brooklyn lost a beautiful little boy lately—one of twins. They were greatly petted by all who knew them, and attracted great attention wherever they were seen. On his death-bed, while all around him were weeping in view of the impending change, the little sufferer looked up:—"Mamma, I wonder what Jesus will say when he lets me into heaven."

A few evenings since a little boy sat playing with his blocks. He was building a chair—a strange-shaped, druidical-looking seat. "Does God see everything?" he asked.

"Certainly, my child," returned his mother.

"Then *how* he will laugh when he sees this chair!"

"Do you see the new moon up in the sky?" asked Hattie's mother.

"Did God *just* make it and put it there?" was the child's quick question.

Lottie, when a little girl, was told that Harriet was her half-sister.

"Which half is mine?" she demanded.

A friend of mine has two bright little boys—Freddy, between three and four years old, and Willie about five. A chronicle of their doings and sayings would fill a volume, but two specimens must suffice.

Both were very fond of milk, and a mug of it always completed their supper. But, while in the country last summer, it so chanced that they one day saw the girl milking.

"There, Willie," said Freddy, "you see that, do you? I don't want any more milk after the cow's had it," and he withdrew very much disgusted.

That evening when their mugs of milk were placed on the table both stood untouched. A reason of this phenomenon being asked, Freddy simply declared that he didn't want any milk after the cow had had it, but further refused to explain. Willie, however, told of the discovery of the morning.

The mother then explained to them that the milk did not come to them second-hand—that the cow ate grass, which was changed into milk by a wonderful chemical process, akin to that which produced everything in nature. In the light of this explanation Willie was satisfied, but Freddy still turned up his nose at milk, sticking by the original proposition.

After supper, Willie, who on these important occasions always acted as expounder, took his brother aside into a corner. "It's all right, Freddy," he said, "and you can just go on drinking your milk again. The cow eats grass, and that's what makes it. Now if the cow didn't eat the grass, you'd have to, you see. That's what the cow's for."

Freddy resumed his evening draughts. To his mind the only alternative was eating grass, and from that he shrank.

On another occasion the mother was telling Freddy about the proposed sacrifice of Isaac by Abraham, assisting his comprehension of it by the picture in the old family Bible. There lay the boy bound on the altar, while the patriarch brandished a huge knife, drawn back apparently within an inch of the nose of the ram, which stood looking out from the bushes as unconcerned as though it were not his own funeral. The mother was expatiating on the greatness of the sacrifice and the opportuneness of the substitute, when Freddy, whose feelings were now worked up to fever-pitch, surprised her by shouting out:—

"Sheepy, sheepy, why don't you grab the knife and run?"

His sympathies lay wholly with the sheep, which will recall to the reader's mind the story of the little girl who was affected to tears on being shown the picture of Daniel in the

den of lions. On being told that she need not cry, for the prophet was not devoured, it turned out that she was distressed for fear that one little lion in the corner would not get anything to eat, Daniel being evidently too small to go round.

Children, by the way, are generally great humorists—unconscious ones, often. Practical jokes, in particular, are their delight. They like, too, to provoke expectation and then disappoint it. And they do not very often commit the too common mistake of laughing at their own jokes.

“What are you going to do to-day, Sherwood?” asked that sage’s grandfather.

“Nothing.”

“Did you ever see nothing?”

“Yes.”

“Where?”

“Down a well.”

“Isn’t there something burning here?” asked his mother coming into the room one day where he sat.

“Yes,” replied Sherwood.

“What is it?” (in alarm.)

[“Coal.”

All this as gravely as a judge, seemingly unaware that he was perpetrating “sells.”

Again, at a *soirée*, lately, a lady came up to a little fellow some seven years old, whom she knew very well by sight but did not remember by name. He appeared to be rather backward, and when dancing commenced had no partner. Seeing a young miss of her acquaintance apparently disengaged at the other end of the room, she offered to introduce him

“No,” said he, “I’d rather not be introduced to *her*.”

[“Why not? She is a very nice girl.”

“No, not to *her*; I’d rather be introduced to some one else.”

The peculiar emphasis he placed on “*her*” induced the lady to ask him, “Why not to *her*? What objection have you?”

The little fellow looked up with as roguish a twinkle as ever shone out of two eyes and said, "She's my sister!"

Breakfasting with a physician in the suburbs of New York not long since, during a pause in the conversation, little Julia began to talk very earnestly. Her father, quite a stern disciplinarian, checked her in rather a nettled tone, by saying, "Why is it you always talk so much?" "'Cause I've got somesin to say," was the quick reply. So witty was the saying that the whole table greatly enjoyed it, and even the good Doctor was forced to join in the laugh. Pity that all talkers—public speakers at least—wouldn't see to it that they have "Somesin to say" whenever they open their mouths.

Children not unfrequently get things strangely mixed. "Do you like Bible stories?" asked one little fellow of another.

"Yes, Aunt Susie tells them to me."

"Then get her to tell you about Solomon's swallowing the whale."

This suggests a recollection of how another little fellow aired his biblical knowledge on a memorable occasion. He was asked what animal spoke.

"The whale."

"To whom did it speak?"

"To Moses in the bulrushes."

"What did the whale say?"

"Thou art the man."

Arthur, however, had a strategetical point in view when he once ventured to take liberties with the text. He was being exercised in the Commandments, having a short time previously been pretty severely chastised for some infraction of the *lex scripta* of the household. Asked what was the first Commandment, he gave it as follows:—"Thou shalt not make graven images of anything, and thou shalt not whip little boys." The fun of it was that he actually thought to persuade his mother that there was such a clause.

Etta had lost a pet dog—he was taken with some canine fever and died, notwithstanding the most careful nursing.

Soon after a new minister was settled in the village and preached his first sermon. It was rather dogmatical—and indeed he made use of the word “dogmatics,” at which it was noticed that Etta’s eyes lighted up with sudden interest. Walking home the sermon was discussed, and the new minister commented upon rather unfavorably.

“I don’t care,” put in Etta, “I like him. He said something about dog-medicine, and I guess if he’d been here when Carlo was sick he’d have given him a dose and got him well.”

I remember once permitting a little nephew to trot through the field with me when I was going out quail-shooting. A snail-shell lay in his path as he was ranging about.

“See, Uncle Tarlie!” he shouted, rushing up to me with outstretched hands, his eyes glistening, “I’ve found a squail’s nest!” He had an idea that he had put up the first game.

And the “squail’s nest” brings to mind a freak of the little Sherwood before mentioned. He has a great fondness for pets, and had scores of them in the country, when he was summering. But returning to the city, he had to leave them all behind him. Soon afterwards the lady of the house where his parents were stopping took him to market with her one morning. He was delighted with everything he saw, but mostly with some clams which were frisking about with their customary activity on a dealer’s stand. He besought the lady to buy him a few.

“Why, what do you want of them?” she asked.

“For pets,” he replied, and refused to “move on” till the purchase was made. He has them still—quite still, in fact, and in their playful gambols finds some consolation for the loss of his rabbit. Going away from home the other day, he besought his sister to feed his clams. (Salt water is to them meat, drink, and lodging.) He did not want to come home and find them dead.

“Why, how can you tell whether they’re dead or alive?” asked his father.

“Oh, when they’re alive they bites!”

May it not be said that Master Sherwood is rather shell-fish in his affections?

It very much amused me to hear how a little girl got into bed. She was dreadfully afraid of rats, and insisted that it was impossible for her to climb into the great high trundle-bed alone, in order to secure a suitable and safe escort to her slumbers. One evening, however, an experiment was determined upon, and she was obliged to make the perilous passage by herself.

"Why, *how* did you get in?" asked her mother, when she came to see how the trial went.

"Oh," said she, "I just put one foot in and then said '*rats!*'" The idea was that so she frightened the other foot in.

It is a mistake to suppose that children are indifferent on the subject of their personal appearance. They have a very natural ambition to be considered good-looking, and feel the reproach of ugliness quite as deeply as older persons would—more deeply, indeed. I remember one child in particular, whose vanity was very often wounded by such remarks, rushing to its mother's arms, in an agony of tears, to ask why God didn't cut its face out pretty.

Not long since a gentleman with whom I was walking on the street met a very ugly child—fearfully, wonderfully ugly. "My poor little fellow," said he, putting his hand on the child's head, unthinking of the pain he might be inflicting, "You are a very homely boy, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir;" said the child—"but I've got a good forehead."

A tear glistened in his eye, and I can give you no idea of the pleadingness of his tone—of the earnestness with which he urged his one extenuating feature. Plainly enough, he was accustomed to similar disparaging criticisms, but some one had remarked that he had a good forehead, and to that straw of comfort he clung.

What do you think of the little boy who, soon after his mother's second marriage, asked his step-father one evening

for a second piece of sponge-cake, which request was peremptorily refused. Fixing indignant eyes on the tyrant of the tea-table, he burst out with:—"I don't care; we're sorry we married you, and mother says so, too!" He could scarcely prove a well-spring of pleasure in that house.

Vindictiveness finds a resting-place even in hearts which should be the gentlest:—

"I won't pray for you when I say my prayers," said a little girl to a companion who had vexed her, "and Jesus won't bless you—and he shan't redeem you either!" she added after a moment's pause to find a fitting culmination for her displeasure. There was a slight touch of Calvinism about the concluding threat, I think.

Edie had been teased by an older sister:—"I will boil you, Addie—and I will *eat* you!" she cried, her whole frame trembling with passion. To appreciate the comical effect of this terrible declaration you should see the diminutiveness of the little creature, her physical appearance so entirely at variance with the direness of the threat.

All children, I am sorry to say, are not good, and I know very few that are patterns of perfection. One sometimes finds biographies of such in Sunday-school libraries, but not having encountered them living, and meeting them only in biographical reminiscences, I incline to think that they all die early.

"Golly! — Gosh! — Gracious!" shouted a little boy one day, something having occurred to rouse his enthusiasm.

"Why, where did you get such a word as that?" asked his mother.

"Oh, I've heard you say gracious, and the golly gosh I just made up myself," he replied.

One little fellow whom I wot of, must have been born full of original sin, for he used the strangest adjectives and expletives as soon as he could lisp. At the time of which I write he was only three years old. His mother labored with him—and on him, occasionally—but with no lasting benefit, though she brought about spasms of repentance and promises of reformation. One day she told him that she could bear

him no longer; she couldn't have a little boy about her who used such language; she would put him away and get another little boy. In the bitterness and desolation of his heart, feeling himself discarded, another Ishmael, he went out into the yard and sat down on the grass to cry it out. A little bantam rooster, not appreciating the sadness of the surroundings, flew up on the fence and began a long, loud crow.

"Shut up, darn you," blubbered Bobby through his tears; "I have trouble enough on my mind without you." He had just resolved and promised to never use that and cognate words again.

But finally it seemed that reformation was indeed effected. For two whole days he had said nothing to offend the most fastidious, and great was the rejoicing thereat. The compression, however, proved too great, the load of forbidden expletives—brick-bats of the vocabulary lay heavily on his brain and must be worked off. So one day he burst into the house in a real or simulated state of excitement. "Oh, mother!" he shouted, "what do you think? I was over across the way just now and a horse was tied there—the wickedest horse ever you did see. He just stood there and said by golly, and by gosh, and gol darn you, and everything else you can think of. If you'd been there you'd a whipped him ever so hard, and so would I if I'd had a whip."

Did ever you hear of such an expedient for relieving the overburdened mind?

Occasionally, however, though at very long intervals—one does meet one of the children whose existence is generally doubted. I have one in my mind's eye now, daughter of a friend of mine, dear little Daisy—transplanted some four summers since to blossom in heaven. Sweet, gentle, and with a thoughtfulness and intelligence beyond her years, she was the darling of all who knew her, and indeed merited the charming memorial written by Mrs. Sigourney.

One day she came in from the garden with both a rose-bud and a rose:—"See mamma," she said, laying the bud in her mother's lap, "there's the fower; and here (holding up the rose) is the fower's mamma."

Visiting once in the country she enjoyed herself so much that she did not wish to return to the city when her mother did. "See here, mamma," said she, bringing in a star-faced flower she had found in the field, "can't you take *that* daisy with you and let *this* Daisy stay?"

She had a great idea of neatness and order, always folding her clothes nicely and putting them away without a wrinkle in her little bureau. Any violation of "heaven's first law" occasioned a reproof from her. So it was that visiting a relative of her father in New England she had great trouble with the fowls. She liked to call them around the door and feed them, but they made a sad litter on the steps, and this was objected to by others as well as reprehended by herself. One morning she was overheard talking to the flock:—"You old rooster, you," said she, holding up her finger at the responsible member, "aren't you ashamed of yourself, dirtying up Aunt Sarah's nice door steps? The chickens aren't so much to blame, for they're young things, but you're old enough to know better, you big naughty rooster."

Our own Paulina says things worthy of record oftener than occasionally. For instance, last winter she took great interest in the poor, and organized a sewing society to provide destitute children with calico aprons. First she christened her society "The Meek Lilies of the Valley," but on being told that lilies toiled not, neither did they sew, changed the name to "The Clinton Avenue Sparrows." And her frequent prayer at night was "If I do meet a poor little girl to-morrow, God, please put it into my heart to give her something."

But this chapter has already reached a greater length than I intended. It was simply my intention to narrate some childish sayings which pleased me, for the amusement of a larger circle. I might have made the children say wiser things perhaps, and might in several instances have added some garniture; but I elected simply to faithfully transcribe, and the reader may depend that I have written nothing which has not to my own knowledge been said.

CHAPTER LXVI.

WHICH IS DEVOTED TO A BIRD BREAKFAST.

IT is not of a "bird breakfast" in the common acceptation of the term that I purpose to write. In this instance it was the birds that ate instead of being eaten, a distinction which may not suggest itself as material to the reader, but which, there is reason to believe, makes a vast difference to the birds.

I spent that summer at home. Were I writing a romance, I should say "the home of my ancestors;" but as I am only making a plain book of it, rhetoric must be sacrificed to fact. My ancestors never lived at Border Hill cottage, if the truth must be known; and as it is a rather pretty and comfortable place, I am sorry for them. They might have played base-ball in the meadows and croquet on the lawn, and been all the better for it—perhaps alive at this day.

This cottage was situated upon the brow of a gently sloping eminence, about a half mile removed from the busy heart of the village, and from the busy bodies as well. It was backed by green woods, and relieved on either side by smiling meadows, across which the breath of clover-blooms was blown to mingle with the musk of the roses and the scent of the eglantines, which grew nearer the house. In the door-yard there were apple-trees, mountain ashes, maples, locusts, beeches, and any number of those seedy-looking trees among whose branches caterpillars delight to crawl, to say nothing of a cedar hedge. And of that hedge perhaps the less said the better. Like the side-whiskers of a younger brother, it was only an experiment; and the cedars which

composed it stood most unsociably and unbecomingly apart, each one looking scraggy and disconnected from its neighbor, as though it intended to advertise to passers-by :—" No connection with the concern next door !"

Still, for all its scragginess and uninvitingness, early in the season one bold bird ventured to build in that cedar hedge. Fanny, who took all the birds about the premises under her protection, brooding over their nests as though she were the bird that built them, and had a direct interest in the progress of incubation, spied out this nest one day, and brought us all to enjoy the discovery with her. Columbus was scarcely content with finding a continent; but to my little niece a fresh nest was a new world. There were four eggs nicely tucked away among the leaves, and the sight was certainly a pleasing one. But an unlooked-for misfortune occurred.

At the time that the summons came to see the nest, a monkey, which was the companion of my travels from the Isthmus of Panama, was on exhibition, and the family were wondering at his tricks. We took Jocko along to see it, thinking he might take an interest in such things.

The result proved that he did. The moment that his quick, mischievous eye caught sight of the nest, forth darted a long hairy arm, like the neck of that sea-serpent which is said to hover over the decks of vessels, picking up unsuspecting sailors; and the eggs were in his hand and down his throat before one could say Jack Robinson, or raise a finger in even ineffectual remonstrance. Not only the eggs did he swallow, but also the hair and wool with which the nest was lined; and there Fanny found a shadow of consolation, for it seemed a physical certainty that his health must suffer; but no—his digestion was not at all interfered with. Had he died he might have been forgiven, but he lived and was unrepentant. So he was known to Fanny as "*that* hateful monkey" to the day of his death.

After the unfortunate affair just chronicled, Fanny, persisting in considering me and the whole party as *particeps criminis* with Jocko, refused to reveal the whereabouts of

any subsequent nests. But strangely enough, this severe reticence produced a result quite as unforeseen and disastrous as did her former indiscreet confidence. One day the monkey was on the veranda, and we all stood watching his gyrations and performances upon a flying trapeze of a pattern that no human gymnast has yet attempted. Suddenly, while he was seated at the top of one of the pillars—taking, as we supposed, a breathing-spell between acts—a cloud of dust arose, there was a scattering of straw, and we caught a gleam of something speckled. Down at our feet lay the *débris* of a ravished nest, and we knew that the poor brown bird's speckled eggs had gone down Jocko's insatiate throat. There was no denying his guilt; the albumen yet dripped from his cruel mouth, and his paws were swift witnesses to his crime; he was taken yellow-handed, and even an alibi could not have saved him.

Thenceforth he was banished to the back-yard, where he served out a long sentence of solitary confinement with a chain and ball attached to his leg. And as for myself, the unwitting and unwilling accomplice in all the mischief, if Fanny had her way, it is probable that I would have done penance in like manner with that arch-offender, for she persistently asserted that "Uncle Charlie *knew* the nest was there, and *told* the monkey."

But all this while our bird breakfast is getting cold.

For some reason or other the birds seemed to prefer occupying the eaves of the veranda to nesting among the trees; it was considered more aristocratic perhaps. And as for the cedar hedge, after the application of a monkey-wrench to that unfortunate nest, as has already been related, it came to be regarded by feathered families about to set up house-keeping as not a very eligible location. It seemed generally understood among birds that any nest built in those deceitful cedars was certain to be destroyed and devoured by "a monster in human form;" but, notwithstanding the kindred incident which occurred on the veranda, it was impossible to shake their faith in that. So the bluebirds, immediately

after seeing their first nest wrecked under its shelter, proceeded to pick flint and try it again. Material lay ready to their shuttling feet, and soon these were at work with a click like a weaver's loom. Soon, too, the nest was built, and soon it was lined with eggs, though, as Fanny said, "*neither* of the birds *never* cackled once." Then we had visions of a solicitous-looking little head peering above the straw walls, while a bird, too busy to be a bachelor, though blue-coated and dandified enough to all seeming for a D'Orsay, brought grasshoppers and other light summer refreshments to his brooding bride.

In due time a cheerful chirping was heard, and then we knew that Lady Bluebird's work was ended—that the chicks were out of the shell. The mouths of those little birds, peeping over the edge of the nest, awaiting the arrival of their daily berries and worms, were indeed "curious to see." Have you ever seen a young bluebird's mouth? Why, it is as wide as a Christmas stocking, and almost as deep as one—literally stretching from ear to ear, and going down till you can see no further for the darkness. I was sometimes afraid that the old birds, as they leaned carelessly over the edge of the nest, would drop into one of the dreadful gulfs, and be seen no more in the air forever.

It was wonderful to me that Mr. and Mrs. Bluebird did not sometimes despair of filling the aching voids revealed to them; and it occurred to me, that were I Mr. Bluebird I should just drop a brickbat down each throat, and so fill each mouth permanently and at once. But the papa seemed patient; and if ever he reproached his partner in business for the trouble she had brought him, it was late at night, and after the young birds were asleep.

The particular breakfast about which this chapter is written, must have been a gala breakfast, in celebration of some holiday, or perhaps the wedding of the parents. Happening to be up early, I was present—though not an invited guest. My first entrance upon the scene discomposed all parties except myself. However, drawing up my chair near

to one of the pillars of the veranda, so that the honeysuckle which wound around them spilled its dews into my ear, I made myself at home—the best way, I have observed, of putting everybody else thoroughly at ease. But it was some time before the proprietors of the nest would trust themselves under the same roof with me. Pretending business abroad, they both flew twittering away. Feeling confident of their return, I waited and watched.

By-and-by a rush of wings, and there, on a twig of an apple-tree opposite, perched the happy couple. They looked at me sharply and reprovingly, as though to wonder what I was doing there, and why I did not take the hint and my departure, when I saw so evidently that I was not wanted. No idea of going entered my head, for I was curious to investigate domestic economy as practiced in dwellings where drawing-room, parlor, kitchen and bed-room are all on one floor, with not even a leaf between by way of partition. Both the bluebirds had something in their bills—"shad-flies," I think. After waiting some time for me to get up to go, Mrs. Bluebird, seemingly losing all patience, quietly swallowed the food she bore in her bill. Mr. Bluebird cast a reproachful glance upon her, but said nothing. His heart may not have been too full to speak, but certainly his mouth was.

What do you think that Mrs. Bluebird then did—perhaps by way of showing her independence? She very coolly picked the fly, grass-hopper, or whatever it was, from her husband's bill, and swallowed *that*. For an instant he looked at her, more in sorrow than in anger, an *et tu Brute* expression in his eye, then with a sudden burst of passion gave her a sharp dab with his beak which sent a feather or two fluttering down the leafy lane. I rejoice to record that Mrs. Bluebird accepted the chastisement meekly, and with the conscious air of one who knew that it was deserved.

After awhile the birds became bolder and made timid excursions toward the veranda, trying to get a flying peep at their nest, to see how things were going on in the interior.

Seeing that I made no hostile demonstration, these flights became less hurried, and at last they ventured inside for a moment. Never stirred I from my chair, nor winked even an eyelid, and gradually confidence was established between us, and I became accepted as one of the family. On this basis of mutual good faith they made thenceforth regular trips to their distant larder, leaving me in charge of things during their absence. As they always flew away in one direction, I imagine they must have had an immense number of worms on deposit in some great national mud-bank—a bank, if I may use the expression, upon which they were authorized to draw sight bills. For the first time in my life I understood how food came to be familiarly called “grub.”

How the parents discriminated among all the mouths stretched up to them for supplies, I do not know. Indeed, I do not think they pretended to discriminate at all; on the contrary, they just seemed to drop the “victual” into the first mouth that came handy. It may be that some distinction was made in favor of the one widest opened, but there are no premises to build such a supposition upon. Sometimes I suspected that one mouth got it all, the cunning little owner edging quickly around and presenting it at all sides of the nest in rapid succession. He succeeded in making a revolving mouth of it, but, unlike the patent fire-arm, ’twas one that could never be adequately loaded.

One thing I was glad to note for the credit of my sex. The papa bird was industrious, nay, indefatigable in bringing food to the house. I think he must be known among the nestwives of Bluebirddom as a good provider. With providing, however, I fear his mission ended, for I cannot conscientiously say that he seemed to know much about taking care of babies. Mrs. Bluebird would tuck the little ones in with her bill, fondle and dandle them in their straw cradle, and chirp all sorts of baby-talk for their delectation; but Mr. Bluebird simply brought his grasshopper, worm, or berry; poked it into a convenient mouth as though he were posting a commercial letter; stood on one leg for a minute

or two with a puzzled and awkward look, evidently impressed with a conviction that he ought to do something, but not knowing exactly what to do or how to do it; and then flew off after another worm. Had he attempted to be more useful in the nursery, I doubt not he would have made a distressful figure of it, perhaps holding his baby wrong side up, as I have seen ambitious papas do. But in the face of his inevitable awkwardness he was such an attentive father and devoted husband, that I wonder Mrs. Bluebird did not get up early some morning and sew brass buttons on his blue coat by way of giving him a pleasant surprise.

I was not permitted to enjoy my bird breakfast alone. One by one the whole family put in an appearance, yawning in the early morning as though each wanted a grasshopper. All the household, except the monkey, was represented; but the birds had now got used to spectators, and the breakfast went merrily on. The only interruption was occasioned by the introduction of a bright green paroquet, a companion piece to the monkey—also a native of Panama—and my *compagnon de voyage* thence. Fanny hung his cage out on the veranda, that he might enjoy the scene and be refreshed with pleasant reminiscences, possibly, of the days when he too breakfasted *al fresco* with his family, under great palms which cast the surrounding trees immeasurably into the shade.

Mercy on us, what a fuss there was! Both birds darted at the cage like furies, beating their wings against the wires, and endeavoring to spear the poor little inmate with their sharp beaks. He, poor fellow, was terribly frightened, betraying in his distress an agitation similar to that which King Phineas may have displayed when the harpies were rushing around him, and making free with his tables. Not content with being embroiled themselves, the excited blue-birds sounded a bird battle-cry, and in less time than I can write it, the air and trees around were full of feathered warriors. Not the birds in blue alone, but robins, sparrows, wrens, ground-birds, yellow-birds, linnets, cat-birds, flew to

the fray—for it could not be called a rescue. I remember one little tomtit, literally “no bigger than your thumb,” that dashed into the *mêlée* with a spirit worthy of a larger bird. He took little working part, it is true, but he sat on the fence and cheered the combatants on, ruffling his feathers the while and endeavoring to look as big as a buzzard. Thinking to end it all by showing that the green-doubled stranger was a friend of mine, and consequently entitled to the hospitalities of the mansion, I stepped forward and took him from the cage.

At once the confusion was doubled and redoubled, and in the wild sweep and swirl of wings and snip of beaks that followed, the Central American was knocked from his perch upon my finger and dashed to the ground with a violence which dislocated one of his brightest tail-feathers. It was indeed singular how the timid little creatures, before afraid to venture within the veranda’s length of a human being, became so suddenly brave when they thought their birdlings in danger. Picking up my *protégé*, I beat a retreat, pursued by the flying artillery so suddenly, but so effectively organized—robins, wrens, cat-birds, tomtits, and all setting up a wild concert of triumph in honor of their victory.

I fancy that long in bird history thereabout the story will be told of the appearance of the green monster with the terrible hooked beak, and his complete discomfiture, as well as that of his Anak allies, by the brave volunteers that rushed and rallied to the border.* The cause of all the alarm and pother I am yet unable to determine, but “Wearin’ the Green” so jauntily, the stranger was perhaps mistaken for a Fenian—the Head Centre, peradventure, of some feathered order, and the natives of the air rallied to the support of their soberer colors.

The next morning the house was awakened at an unusually early hour by a distressed voice. It was that of Fanny

* Border Hill cottage is near the Canada line, and at the time my bird breakfast came off, there was great excitement all round, over the Fenian raid.

weeping for her birdlings and refusing to be comforted, because she thought them dead. Mother confirmed the sad intelligence, and further said she had held a *post mortem* examination over the remains. Deserted by their parents, owing to the fright of the previous day, they had perished of cold and hunger during the night. So ran the coroner's verdict, but it is never advisable to believe bad news implicitly even when we see it published in the newspapers. That so much beauty and such appetites could die seemed impossible, to an old campaigner like me, and issue was taken with the statement upon purely logical grounds. But mother had higher grounds, she asserted, for her belief. She had climbed upon a chair, put her hand over the nest, and all was quiet.

However, notwithstanding all this direct and circumstantial evidence to the contrary, that the birds were dead I could not believe. That they could have perished of cold when the night was so warm, that, not satisfied with kicking the bedclothes off, I got up and threw them out of the window, seemed impossible; and that they could have perished of hunger when the day before each and every one had swallowed bugs and things enough to set up an entomological museum, looked improbable. Hurrying down to determine the matter, I mounted a chair and found the little creatures all alive, and certainly showing no symptoms of collapse or *tetanus*, for each little mouth was stretched like a pair of tailor's shears, and I quickly drew back my nose from the dangerous vicinity lest it might be mistaken for a cherry.

An explanation of the previous quiet and torpidity which alarmed us all may be found in the habits of these young ogres; for I discover that after one of their late lunches, or early breakfasts, they lie as does the boa constrictor after having swallowed a goat or two, scarcely stirring in their nests and not uttering a sound until the work of digestion is completed. What do you fancy they thought when mother's hand folded over them? Tender as is its touch, gentle her voice, and winning her smile, I really do not think she suc-

ceeded in passing herself off as *their* mamma, or making them believe she was the old bird ! And when they grow to birdhood, I imagine that to their children and their children's children, along with the story of The Green Monster, the Battle, and the Escape, will also be told the legend of the great white cloud which swept over their nest, how it threatened to fold and crush them in its embrace, how cunningly they counterfeited death, and how unharmedly they escaped.

Very soon the birdlings were fledged and flew away, and amid the multitude of blue-coats around us we failed to distinguish our former pets and guests. The nest still remained, but, dilapidated and mouldy, it would scarce do for another season's occupancy without many and thorough repairs. And this story, which I have written of the early life of its inmates, may well look tattered, too, when another summer comes. It may be thought light and trivial, even now in its freshness, but is it not a legend of hours at home?—the pleasantest hours, to me, of life ; hours which I always cherish and remember, and turn back to with longing and regret.

CHAPTER LXVII.

THE "TRUE AND VERACIOUS" HISTORY OF JOCKO DE PANAMA.

IN the previous chapter mention was made of a monkey which accompanied me from Panama. Jocko in that instance was held up before the public in rather an unenviable and unpleasant light, as a ravisher of nests, as a disturber of domestic peace; a wretch, in short, whom it were base flattery to call a coward. Little did I then think that he was so near to that undiscovered country referred to in a quotation with which the reader is perhaps familiar. Had a suspicion of the sad truth dawned upon me, had a shadow of the coming event so much as cast its pale penumbra upon the disk of the future, I should have tempered justice with mercy, and, while chronicling his failings, have confessed the sweet and saving amenities of his nature, setting forth his graces and virtues with a tenderness which should have redeemed him from utter reprobation in the eyes of a critical community.

But as with men, so with monkeys; justice is often denied them until they have passed away from the immediate sphere of action, and their ear-drums are numb and dumb to the tap of honest praise. Let me pay to Jocko dead that desert which was denied him living. A brief record of his life and services, public and private, should not prove uninteresting even to the reader who vociferously disclaims a common humanity. And, though it serve no other end, it will surely comfort and interest the survivors of the family, contributing a sort of beacon-light for other monkeys to steer by, reminding them that they, too, departing, may leave behind them tracks upon the sands of time for

the encouragement of men and brothers. Very many biographies are written with no better motive, I fancy.

I first met Jocko de Panama on the Isthmus. The cars which were to whirl us across the narrow neck of land which partitions the two oceans were about starting, and I was looking through them to find a seat. The passengers as usual on railway trains looked wearisomely alike, dusty, dirty, and disagreeable. But one face and form broke the monotony. After this prelude it is needless to say that the face and form were those of Jocko.

He sat as any other traveler might and probably would, occupying one seat with his body and another with his baggage (having no carpet-sack, nor shawl, nor Saratoga trunk to file a preëmption claim with, he simply coiled his tail up alongside of him), and altogether evincing as little regard for the rights and convenience of others, as he could had he been human. Notwithstanding that the seat on which he sprawled out was plainly enough meant for two, he could not have shown less intention of making room for me had he been a city merchant riding out to his suburban villa at Yonkers, or a lady with a plenitude of skirts and flounces. By way of hinting to him that I desired a seat, I planted the box I carried upon his tail; whereupon he drew it in to him with a growl, while I took immediate possession of the recovered territory.

His face was intelligent and decidedly prepossessing, though not such a one, perhaps, as a sentimental girl would fall in love with at first sight. The brow was neither very lofty nor expansive, but the nose, besides being excessively characteristic, was quite delicately chiseled. His eyes were quick and piercing, but so red and restless withal, that no novelist would ever feel justified in treating them as "grand and beautiful orbs." His mouth, though it might not have been considered good for a man, was excellent for a monkey. It was not "a rosebud mouth," perhaps, but I make bold to aver that it was a very good fruit and sugar mouth, as was amply demonstrated on our voyage. So much by way of personal description.

Deeming it one's bounden duty to make some attempt at sociability and agreeability even in a railway car, I at once made overtures to my neighbor. But a moment before I had succeeded in carrying on quite a pleasant flirtation with a most unpromising-looking parrot by scratching her head. So, reasoning by analogy that what pleased Poll must needs please Jocko, I put out my hand. His head disappeared from view as completely as though he had swallowed it, and nothing was to be seen but mouth—mouth—mouth—open, defiant, and expectant. Declining to gratify his whim by putting a finger or even my foot in, I drew back, and after musing a moment on the ingratitude and inconsistency of men and monkeys, turned my attention to the scenery without. Palms, palms, palms—nothing but palms so far as eye could reach ; thick, impenetrable palms, of every variety and size, their trunks wound and bound together by an undergrowth through which a weasel could scarcely make way without the constant and most wearing use of teeth and claws.

It seemed strange to be whirling through such a savage solitude in a regular passenger train, quite as close and uncomfortable as those with which we are familiar in the highest civilization. There was a strange blending of tame and wild in the scene and surroundings. Palm-trees brushed the top of the smoke-stack with their leaves, and parrots from the branches peered down the fuliginous funnel, clattering away on noisy wings with shrill shrieks when the shriller whistle was released to notify tigers and terrapins along the route, that the engine was coming and the track must be cleared at the risk of their lives.

On one side of me sat this untamed monkey ; on the other, a little dandy, wearing patent-leather boots, and his hair parted in the middle. In front of me sat a New England girl eating bananas and remarking upon the "long apples" of the country, while behind me lolled a returning Californian, who evidently held to the orthodox belief that a successful miner should neither shear nor shave, but always

wear a slouched hat and his boots outside his trowsers. An old gentleman a seat or two distant was cracking fresh Brazil nuts with false teeth ! Everything, in fact, was anomalous, and not the least of the anomalies was the composure with which I turned from a contemplation of the wild and beautiful, the strange and unaccustomed, betaking myself to sleep, as though the train was only whirling us past farmyards where pullets cackled and cows lowed about red barn-doors.

Murder ! what *was* that ? And I sprang from my seat with a yell which rose clear and shrill above the rattle and thump of the train. By accident I had trod on Jocko's tail, which hung pendent to the floor, and snap through some of the best and thickest cloth which ever loom wrought or tailor cut, went his white and glittering teeth. Never did Durham cow closer cling to her calf than clung that monkey to mine. His owner came to the rescue, and, vicious and snarling, he let go his hold. Punishment, prompt and weighty, followed. So terrible, however, were his shrieks, and so pleading his supplications, that I begged for his pardon and procured it. I do not know that I deserve any special credit for magnanimity on the occasion, since, after having been bitten and stung by the jiggers, mosquitoes, and gallinippers of those latitudes, the bite of a monkey was rather a pleasant relief. Jocko seemed to appreciate my interference in his behalf ; at least he curled himself up in my lap, and sobbed himself to sleep like a naughty child.

On the passage up from Aspinwall I saw him frequently. He was a study to me. In some things he was very human indeed. All memory of subsequent kindnesses seemed to have passed away, and he only remembered that I once trod on his tail. I tried to revive some recollection of my generous interference in his behalf, but this could only be accomplished by "tipping" him with a lump of sugar.

Another monkey was on board, and a greater contrast than existed between these two cannot well be imagined. The

one was lively and jolly as a fire-cracker on the Fourth of July, jumping about and swinging his tail, for want of a hat, in one perpetual jollification. But the other—my Jocko that became—was sullen and morose. He seemed to look upon every one who approached him as his natural enemy, and to view the world at large as a great ball of dirt, against which he entertained a grudge of long standing. If one attempted to do him a kindness, he suspected that some sinister motive lay beneath. He must have been betrayed, I think, in early life. The object of his young affections, perhaps, took up with some other monkey that had a higher roost and knew where there were more bananas and cocoanuts, or perhaps he was an aspirant for political preferment which was denied him. The theory that it was grief at leaving his native woods which jangled the sweet bells of his temper so sadly out of tune I discredit and deny. But whatever may have been the cause the effect was indisputable. Like Byron, he did not love the world or the world him. The treatment he received from the sailors, perhaps, had something to do with confirming him in his morose views of life and the eternal unfitness of things; for it certainly could not conduce much to his amiability of temperament to have tobacco-juice squirted into his eyes, while his neighbor was fed and fêted with gingerbread from the cabin.

In some cases discipline hardens rather than softens. Poor Jocko! I think of his trip from Aspinwall hither with sorrow and regret, for emphatically his hand was against every man, and all hands were against him. For the time he was the Ishmael of the seas, and received indeed what is proverbially said to be "monkey's allowance"—more kicks than halfpence. He could not have been worse treated had he been a cabin-boy.

Judge of my surprise when on reaching New York his owner came up, and, putting the raw-hide thong which bound him into my hand, said, "Me presentez you." What moved my Spanish friend to the generosity? Had he

noticed that somehow there was a sympathetic feeling between us? That I, too, was naturally of a rather unhappy turn of mind, viewing the world through dyspeptic and bilious glasses, shrinking from specie and my species, and preferring solitude to the busy hum of the masses, folding sorrow to my breast and brooding over a secret grief? Verily, I know not; but whatever were the motives which inspired the ~~don~~ the thing was done, and a tableau in which I stood as the central figure was the result.

In my astonishment I fear that I forgot to return thanks, or even signify a gracious acceptance of the gift. And the man was gone and the monkey mine! There was a position for a stranger to occupy, landing, after an absence of years, in the metropolis of America. I thought of the man who drew the elephant in the lottery; of a book just out called *What will He do with It?* and contemplated a small work myself, to be entitled *Too Much by Half*. But there was no help for it; and with a resignation worthy of the politest Parisian I prepared to "accept the situation." To a certain extent Jocko was a foundling thrust upon my hands, and I could not conscientiously abandon him to the cold charities of the world.

There was some slight trouble at landing. The reader, perhaps, knows that at the gang-way of all vessels arriving under suspicion of having touched at foreign ports in their wanderings, a custom-house officer is stationed, whose business it is to overhaul baggage, and ask passengers troublesome conundrums before permitting them to go ashore. To satisfy him that I had nothing contraband about me, and at the same time, keep the frightened Jocko quiet, was more than one man could do. It was the monkey's first introduction to hack-drivers, and he was endeavoring to outchat-ter them. Some sympathizer approached him to offer an apple, but he, mistaking the overture for one of a threatening character, sprang from my arms, and seized the unaccustomed officer of customs by the hair, at the same that his tail wound round that astonished individual's neck like the folds of a small boa-constrictor.

The startled man gave a nervous spring, which would have landed him over the rail and in the bay had not the monkey's tail held him in check as firmly and securely as a tug-boat snubbed by a hawser. A wonderful prehensile force lurked in that tail of Jocko, let me here explain, and his first movement on effecting a change of base was to lasso the most convenient thing that offered. Lead him through a room and he would switch chairs along with him and overturn tables like a medium of extraordinary power. The only time that I remember to have seen him fairly baffled in an attempt to garrote anything animate or inanimate was when he curled his narrative round a red-hot stove, and attempted to drag that from its firm-set foundations. It was too heavy, and he let go in despair. But to leave his tail for a moment and return to *my* narrative.

We finally got ashore, Jocko clinging to me more closely than a brother; a carriage was chartered, and in a few minutes we were safely housed within one of the leading hotels. "Entertainment for man and beast" did not appear upon the sign of the caravansary, but in this case it was forthcoming. Jocko was turned over to the tender mercies of the freedmen connected with that great bureau, and among them he seemed to feel perfectly at home. Indeed, he made himself so much at home that he hesitated not at all in inserting his teeth into a convenient leg or arm, and numerous complaints came to me of his conduct. I always made answer that they must not tease him; for it is a pleasant fiction to suppose that no animal will bite or scratch unless provoked to such unbecoming violence by unkind treatment. For all that, however, I don't know that I should like to caress one of those huge turtles which are found in the vicinity of the Galapagos Islands, or have the care of a wild-cat.

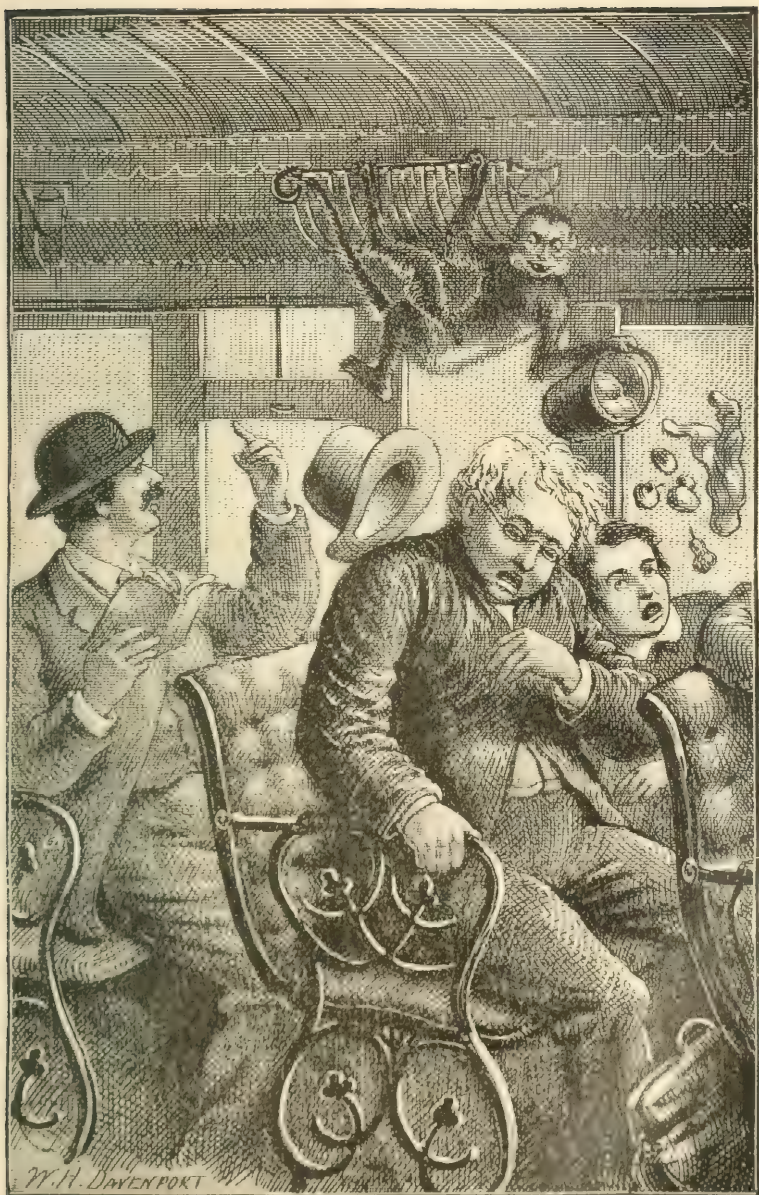
On one occasion Jocko tore up an overcoat belonging to one of the porters. I have no doubt but the man had poked sticks at the monkey a day or two before, and that this was merely one of those astonishing cases of in-

instinct and revenge which are occasionally to be met with in natural histories ; but notwithstanding, I had to pay for the coat. I regret to record the fact, but there seemed to be quite a feeling of relief among the freedmen and our fellow-boarders when myself and the monkey took our departure.

The journey to the country home which was to be the future scene of Jocko's life and usefulness was not performed without many trials on my part. He persisted in viewing everyone who approached as an enemy, and scolded at the audiences which congregated round us in a way that was perfectly deafening. And his disregard for the rights of property was perfectly startling in its proportions.

A clergyman, I remember, who sat in front of us, had opened a nice lunch-basket, and was regaling himself and little boy with the cakes, provided probably by a careful wife and mother. Jocko, without the least warning of his intention, reached over and snatched the whole affair from the old gentleman's lap, instantly and almost simultaneously swinging himself to the rack intended for the reception of hats and umbrellas. In that stronghold he intrenched himself, by the aid of that wonderful tendril of a tail, refusing to be dragged forth, scolding and chattering like one possessed when a restitution of the plunder was peremptorily demanded.

It was at one of the stations where we changed cars that he made his first acquaintance with the great principle of caloric, as practically illustrated and set forth in a hot stove. Down on the Isthmus stoves are not in very general use, especially in the summer season, and at the hotel, owing to that unfortunate prejudice against color which some landlords entertain, he was put into a room without a fire. This morning it was biting cold, and there was a glowing fire in the station-house stove. The warmth was grateful to Jocko, and he cuddled up within its radiations. Being of an essentially investigating turn of mind, he was not willing to accept a good without understanding it ; and so put forth his hand to



JOCKO'S RAID ON THE PARSON.

feel the stove. He gave a short, sharp cry of pain and astonishment, looking first at his hand, then at me, and then at the stove for an explanation of the phenomenon. Neither myself nor the stove responded. Being but a child of the forest, the saying about a burnt child and the fire originally failed of exemplification in his case. He put out his hand again and patted the stove, as though he would disarm it of will to hurt by a caress. One howl and there was an end of all experiments; Jocko was satisfied. And I thought to myself how much better it would have been for him had he been satisfied before.

Are there not many sweet influences in life which it is better to accept and be thankful for than attempt to grasp and analyze? On leaving, however, Jocko was reluctant to come with me, and on my attempting to drag him he as usual lashed out with his tail, and the stove being handy, selected that as his *piece de resistance*. You may be sure that he did not hold to it long, and this, as I have already remarked, furnishes the only instance in which I ever knew him to be thoroughly beaten and baffled in his great caudal trick.

Finally our destination was reached. The family rushed to the door to embrace the returned one. But Jocko was before them. Alarmed at the sudden demonstration and the shouts of welcome, he sprang upon my shoulder, curled his tail round my neck, and set up a series of most discordant screams. It was impossible to dislodge him. Very few embraces fell to my lot, with Jocko thus claiming his full share of the endearments.

The paroquets which I brought home going to Fanny, the monkey, as a matter of course, fell to Willie. Frankly let me confess that Jocko's *début* in Falsefield created decidedly more sensation than did mine. Numerous calls came from both old and young, professedly upon me, but such speedy inquiries were made for the monkey that I very soon regretted having brought such a rival in popularity to the village. I "had him" (the phrase is almost a classic one)

on wealth, good clothes, and slightly on good looks, I flatter myself, but he had the great advantage of novelty. One young lady kissed him and called him a "sweet creature." No such pleasant experience fell to my lot. Some ragged shreds of his halo, however, fell upon me, for was I not his showman?

The great card was to show him eating an egg. This he took in his hand, biting off one end in his mouth and smoothing the edges till he had a perfect cup. He would then put it to his mouth and drink off the yellow lees as though it were the wine of life, and he were privileged by letters patent to quaff the draught. Disturb him as you would, chase him even to the eaves of the barn, and still he carried that royal cup in his hand, never spilling or wasting a drop. There was a great demand for this exhibition, but eggs being scarce and high, the head of the family put in a mild inhibition, and it was not often given, being reserved for special and great occasions. With the manner in which Jocko got up a show-piece with birds' eggs the reader has already been made familiar. His fondness for eggs gave me a chance at a *bon mot* which got to be a great favorite of mine after a month or two.

The question was asked, "What is his diet?"

"Oh! various" I replied with perfect composure, and by and by folks came to understand the joke.

A pole some twenty feet high was finally stuck in the ground, with a sliding ring on it, to which Jocko was secured by a chain. A rope or a leather string proved useless to confine him, as he would cut through either with almost a single snip of his teeth. At the base of the pole was a neat little cottage, comfortably bedded down with straw, and at the top was a sizable truck, made from the head of an oyster keg. Jocko had a choice of amusements. He could either sit in his house and indulge in reminiscences of the past, or he could climb to the top of the pole and busy himself with the present. It was indeed a sight to see him seated on that royal truck, contemplating the surround-

ing scenery and smoothing the kinks out of his tail. He had the air of an astronomer looking out for a meteoric shower, or endeavoring to discover some planet which Herschel had overlooked. Down below, seated in the door of his house, so cynical was his whole air, that he strongly reminded me of Diogenes in his tub. Like Diogenes, too, Jocko fairly refused to believe in honest men. He was suspicious of all about the premises, and never tasted food without smelling to see if it were poisoned. It was strange to me that with all his sagacity he did not press the cat into his service as cup-bearer or king's taster. His keen, quick eye was never still, and his wrinkled face might be seen popping out of doors if a step was heard advancing toward his dormitory. Of the horse, "Old Mike," he entertained a comical horror, and if at any time he refused to climb for the benefit of guests, it was only necessary to open the stable door and let Mike put out his head, to send him hand over hand up the pole, like a sailor mounting the main-top gallant mast of a man-of-war.

The Canucks of the village took a special interest in him ; and one day Willie received a note making some inquiries about the *singe*. He knew by internal evidence it referred to the monkey ; but his lessons in French had been few, and the *singe* troubled and puzzled him. On finding out that it meant *monkey*, he traced the derivation of the word to something connected with a singed cat, and I am not sure but the boy was correct in his theory, since in many respects Jocko resembled the creature which has become a metaphor.

Fannie refused to join the train of Jocko's admirers. Besides destroying her birds' nests and eating the eggs, he pulled out what little tails her rabbits had, and this she did not like at all. One day, too, he made a rush at her kitten, and nearly tore the little thing's scalp off in an attempt to solve the mystery of its ears. The idea of husking a kitten's ears, as one might ears of corn, did not strike Fannie so comically as it did others, and her com-

plaints were loud and many. She liked the bird I brought her better; but still her sympathy did not much incline to foreign pets, and to have heard that the monkey had calmly and peacefully died of a fit of indigestion, consequent upon having eaten the parrot, would have filled her cup of happiness to overflowing, I think.

I rejoice to say, that as time wore on Jocko improved in temper and habits, and promised at some day to become quite an ornament to society. He developed a degree of intelligence which was really surprising. One day, after I had whipped him for some outrageous misdemeanor, and was leading him to serve out a sentence of solitary confinement in the barn, he climbed to my hand by his chain, seized the switch which I was carrying, and threw it far away. At times so human was the expression of his face that I could scarcely believe but it *was* a little wrinkled old man. If a switch was raised to punish him, down he would lie; and raising his hands in the most supplicating way, beg for mercy as intelligibly as any human being could have done. Very often I am inclined to think that the Africans who claim that the monkey only refrains from speech through fear that he would be set to work if he betrayed his possession of the gift, are not so far out in their theory after all.

But cold weather came on apace, and then what to do with Jocko became a serious question. The barn was not warm enough for him, and he would scarcely be "a good thing to have in the house." After much cogitation, I determined to ship him down to Barnum. In the great Museum, with all its wonders of vegetable and animal life, he might fancy himself in his own isthmus forests. There were the Giant and the Dwarf, types respectively of a higher and a lower life; the Albino woman, looking not unlike a female Chimpanzee; the Fat Boy, puffing and blowing like a river hippopotamus; and the Lightning Calculator, who would answer admirably for any kind of a bore—constrictive or otherwise. Was there not, too, the Happy Family, and why

should not Jocko join it? True, he was by no means of a happy disposition naturally, but so much the more reason for giving him cheerful domestic surroundings. I bethought me of the "pleasant family" that every now and then advertises to board one or two young gentlemen, giving them "the comforts of a home;" and though I had never availed myself of any of these opportunities, there was no reason why Jocko should not. So to Barnum I wrote.

He curtly replied, "Send him to Greenwood." Surely there is some mistake, said I; they think I come to bury Jocko, not to praise him; and I wrote again. Answer came that Greenwood was the managing man of the Museum, and that the cemetery was not meant. Very soon, thereafter, a box was made, and in it Jocko was shipped, by express, duly provisioned for the voyage, and legibly labeled, "This side up with care."

"Send him to Greenwood!" Strange that my foreboding soul had not recognized the omen!

On coming down to the city a few weeks afterwards, my first visit was to the Museum. I expected to hear that the last addition had strangled the happy cat, bitten the happy little dog's nose off, and devoured two or three of the happy hens. But no: no such report met me. His behavior had been good in the main, though the keeper did not think he was quite as fond of gayety and gymnastics as some monkeys he had seen. I visited that third floor—easily traceable by its smells—where the Happy Family had its abiding-place. Sure enough, there sat Jocko, but a more unhappy-looking fellow never saw I. He was perched up most unsocially by himself, holding no communion with his kind, and in no way manifesting any interest in the abounding happiness which surrounded him.

The beatific monkeys of this blessed family swung themselves by their beatific tails, and rolled themselves and their echoes from pole to pole of the cage; the beatific cock crowed, and the beatific owl winked its wise eyes, but no attention to any of them paid Jocko de Panama. In memory

I still see that grim Saul among the prophets, hanging silent and solitary as Tara's harp, upon those happy walls. I spoke to him, but—strange commentary on the affection of animals—he evidently knew me not. His eye did not brighten at sound of either my step or my voice. In my most winning way spoke I to him again, but again there was no sign of recognition. He scratched himself, but made no sign. The keeper said he was sick, but would be well in a day or two. I asked what ailed him, and the reply was, "A little cough." Little cough, indeed! it is so that all anxious friends of a patient are cheated. Once or twice Jocko coughed, and I noticed that the sound was hollow as though it came from a sepulchre. There was a narrowness about his shoulders too, and he sat in a stooping attitude, looking more like a wrinkled little old man than ever. But there was no hectic flush upon his cheek to speak of consumption, nor did I then know that the disease is one to which his transplanted race is subject, though I have since been told that it works fearful ravages among monkeys in this northern climate. With an adjuration to the keeper to be kind to my old pet, and a small gratuity to insure such a result, I took my leave, promising to look in again in a few days.

Alas! when I again looked in, Jocko had stepped out: the Happy Family was destitute of its unhappy member. On inquiring for him I was answered only by the monosyllable, "Dead!" The particulars of his death which I was enabled to ascertain were very vague and meagre indeed. Cod-liver oil was given him, but I've an idea that he did not take kindly to it. Had eggs been good for the consumption, there would have been no difficulty in persuading him to take medicine, but oil was another thing. "His decline was very rapid, indeed," so said the keeper. And I do not doubt that he spoke the words of truth; for it had been whispered to me by an *attaché* of the establishment that when a bird or beast was pronounced incurable, whether the complaint were consumption dropsy, trichina or what not, it was

forthwith taken out from its cage and knocked on the head.

I do not know that I am so sorry for Jocko's fate as I should have been had he enjoyed life more. But, like King Felix, I fear he was only destined to ring the "happy bell" in death; and I have sometimes thought that the happiness around him had quite as much to do with doing him to death as any pulmonary complaint. For poor Mr. Barnum, who scarcely had time to get his money back, I had some sympathy; but, after all, I do not think he suffered from this death what might have been called a dead loss, for unless my eyes deceived me I saw that same monkey stuffed and doing duty as a very respectable mermaid a few days after. Knowing that some use would be made of his skin, I made no application for the body at the time. But depend upon it, that on the green banks of Lake Champlain a cenotaph shall be erected. And on a palm-leaf, sculptured above the monumental mound, shall be written :—

TO THE MEMORY

OF

JOCKO DE PANAMA,

whose premature decease was occasioned by

the rigors of a northern climate,

and too much

Happiness in one Family.

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

CHAPTER LXVIII.

THE LAST OF MY PANAMA PETS.

HOW it may be with others, I know not, but with me the Dear Gazelle principle runs all through life. My friends either fade or fail. With trees or flowers, I never tried any experiments; but it is certain that I never loved a pretty girl, and wrote sonnets to her soft, black eye, but when she came to know me well, she was sure to either move away, or—worse still—marry some one else in the immediate neighborhood. So disastrous do my affections prove to their objects that I now feel a certain delicacy about fixing them on goods, wet or dry, of a perishable character.

When I lived in the land of gold I never managed to secure more than a ton or two. The most promising mine petered out if I invested in it. At last things reached such a pitch that owners of quartz-ledges would not sell me stock on any terms—not even on sixty days. When it rained, my dish was by no means upside down—I always attended to that—but some way it never *would* hold water.

Making up my mind that there was no use staying in a land of gold, I took passage for home. Crossing the Isthmus of Panama I felt the need of companionship, and it occurred to me that I'd better buy a bird. After casting about for some time, and cheapening and chaffering like a Chatham Street Jew, I finally succeeded in purchasing a couple of paroquets—at a higher price, I flatter myself, than any other pair were sold that day, or will be for many a day to come. For the birds, and the cage, I paid five dollars in gold. The cage was of bamboo, but I did not fully realize how thoroughly I had been bamboozled, until I saw *two*

pairs in a magnificent *tin* cage, sold to a gentleman on a neighboring seat for one dollar and a half. Why this difference in price I did not then know, nor do I now clearly understand. My birds may have been better for eating, but, so far as looks and behavior are concerned, there is every reason to believe that my neighbor's purchase was just as good as mine.

My paroquets were a sad trouble to me, crossing the Isthmus. They conducted themselves much like young girls at concerts and singing-schools, seeming to have no idea at all of the proprieties of life. All things, however, have an end, even performances on the piano by indifferent players; and, in course of time—a course nearly as long as Pollok's, and quite as tedious—the Isthmus was crossed.

Then we embarked. On the steamships they have a rule that no pets shall be allowed in the cabins and state-rooms. This edict is promulgated, I fancy, for the benefit of the porters, who make very handsome perquisites from the parrots and monkeys which the passengers are thus compelled to intrust to their care. However, I managed to evade the rule, and smuggled my birds, cage and all, into my state-room.

But we had more fun over a bird that wasn't brought aboard than over any that was. An Englishman fresh from the colonies bought a very small bird, scarcely the size of a tomtit, at the Isthmus. He purchased a cage nearly as large as a hen-coop, and put the bird in at the door. I have an idea that originally the cage was intended for a turkey-buzzard. On being put in at the door on one side, the little bird very sensibly walked out between the slats on the other. All unknowing of the escape that had been made, the Englishman brought the cage on board the ship. At supper-time he stuffed enough yams and potatoes in it to feed an ox, and set a small bucket of water down by the door. At night he took the cage into his state-room, and hung a blanket over it. In the morning he brought it out and aired it. Thinking to amuse himself with the captive, he chirruped

at the door and thrust in his finger, but no bird perched thereon. The look of blank amazement on his face when, after peering in every corner of the cage—he was very near-sighted and used eye-glasses—he found no bird there, was comical indeed.

My birds, being the only ones allowed about the after-deck, attracted much attention. But on all sides I was warned of the folly of attempting to bring them North. The oldest passenger—corresponding to the “oldest inhabitant” so familiar to the shore—stated that they very rarely lived through the voyage; the cold winds, the change of climate and of food, the salt air, the motion of the vessel, their own tenderness of constitution—each and all of these malign influences and natural drawbacks were adduced as reason for the certain demise of my pets. But I had determined, whatever their inborn habits and instincts might be, to make them “birds of passage,” and so persevered to the end.

Part of the oldest passenger’s prophecy came true enough—one died. It was the female bird, and would have been the mother of the brood—had there been a brood. I noticed symptoms of sickness on her part soon after leaving port. The color of her bill underwent a sea-change; from a beautiful pink it turned an unhealthy yellow, soon fading to a spectral white; her feet also paled and bleached out until the little claws looked like skeleton hands, and I have no doubt the pulse was slow and feeble, though all my efforts to find it proved unavailing. Her feathers became rough; she no longer combed her back hair of mornings with her claws and dressed her side-curls with her beak; her eyes looked jaundiced and dull; she was drowsy all the day through, and sat with head perched on breast, indifferent to food and inattentive to the performances of the steamer’s brass band—which latter might almost have startled the dead.

I did all for the sick bird that could be done—perhaps more than ought to have been done—trying various remedies. The last was olive-oil, suggested by a gentleman who

claimed to know all about paroquets. I believed he did from the fact that he knew nothing about anything else. The steward brought me a cruet of oil from one of the casters, and of that gentle aperient I administered to my patient one table-spoonful, as directed. The consequence was that she died in one minute, as had not been suggested.

The oil was slightly rancid, I fear, and ill-calculated for medicinal purposes. But it cannot be said that she died without "extreme unction." A lady friend of mine and the birds, sewed the little thing up in a shroud made of a tiny kid glove, a pistol-bullet was tied to her feet, and over the side we launched her—a victim to the climate and empirics.

I would like to chronicle that the poor bird's mate pined himself to death, but truth compels me, in the very teeth of romance and tender tradition, to declare that he did quite as well afterwards as could be expected—better, in fact; seeming decidedly to enjoy having all the cage to himself. He hopped around livelier than ever, and paid more attention to his dress than formerly. With the water-cup for a mirror, he would prank and prink himself up of mornings as though he intended making early calls. I have seen widowers conducting themselves similarly before the first grass had sprouted above the grave of the "late lamented," etc.

The idea that he was hiding his grief by an outward show of jollity, and secretly pining away at heart, does not seem reasonable to me; for affliction and appetite seldom find lodgment in the same breast. Indeed, I am somewhat suspicious that he had something to do with the death of his spouse, for, under the pretence of caressing her, he used to give her sharp dabs with his beak, and her feathers were few when she died. I am too familiar with married life under certain phases and conditions to be misled by caresses which, in fact, are kicks and pinches, and especially I'm not to be "fooled" by birds.

"Laurita"—the old gentleman who claimed to know all about birds, and recommended olive-oil, so christened the

survivor, asserting that it was the Spanish name for *all* paroquets—throve like a green bay-tree; wild as a hawk, and full of health and strength, he would scream as he swung on his hoop, and chatter to himself all the day and half the night through, till it seemed that nothing, not even olive-oil, could shatter so splendid a constitution. And he reached port in safety.

It was May, the middle of May, the month when flowers are supposed to be in blossom; and in view of the ethereal mildness attributed to the season I put on thin clothes and the bird molted. We both caught rheumatism in consequence, and lay on our backs for a fortnight. I got up after a while, but there seemed no probability of the bird's recovering. His legs were doubled and twisted up like grape-vine tendrils; as he was not able to sit on his perch, I had a bed of cotton-wool spread for him at the bottom of his cage, and there the poor thing lay, incapable even of rolling himself over. I had to turn him like a slap-jack. But he was a fellow of exceeding pluck, and seemed resolved never to say die. Approach him with your finger, and he would peck it as vigorously as ever, rejecting all offers of sympathy, and evincing a determination to go down, if go he must, with colors and claws defiantly flying.

After trying various liniments without any apparent good effect, I took him in my hand one day and carried him to a bird-doctor to inquire what could be done for his restoration. The man shook his head deprecatingly, and said that nothing could be done beyond putting the poor thing out of pain. It had cramps, he explained, and they were invariably fatal. Paroquets were too tender to endure a northern climate—even in spring; they were sure to have such attacks, and never recovered from them. And he kindly volunteered to kill and stuff my pet for me, at a less price than I could get as good work done at any other establishment in the city.

I rejected the proposition with horror, for as long as there is life there is hope, even for a bird; and that afternoon I started for the country. (When I can't think of anything

else to do I always start for the country.) I had noticed that on putting the bird into the cage again he seemed much better, and his legs and feet were not quite so gnarled and tangled as before. This good result I attributed not so much to the beneficial effects of the walk as to the warmth of my hand, and gathered a hint from it which I afterwards made available.

The family at home were very much interested from the first in this sick stranger—he looked so disconsolate, lying on his back, his claws sticking up in the air like cock-robin's in the picture representing the murder done on that innocent by the sparrow; besides, he had such a foreign air about him, such a savor of travel, that the feminine sympathies were enlisted in his favor immediately.

For some two weeks he had not been able to wash himself, and Fanny at once suggested that he must have a bath. A bath is her sovereign remedy for all pains and aches that come to her pets, and she had already drowned one rabbit, two kittens, and a guinea-pig. I offered no objections to the proposed practice, and a bowl of tepid water was instantly prepared. But the paroquet, being a party more immediately concerned, did not take things so quietly.

"It will do you good, poor Birdy," said Fanny; but Birdy entertained a totally different opinion, and kicked and pecked and screamed, and was only finally plunged head and tail under, after a most emphatic protest.

After coming out of his porcelain tub, poor Laurita was a sorry-looking object indeed, and of this he seemed conscious; for he dropped his tail and his indignant tone, and made no further demonstrations of pride. After having his feathers tenderly dried, he was hung over the kitchen stove, from a string used in the fall for drying apples, and very soon no traces of moisture were visible on his body. He seemed to feel better immediately; his black eyes twinkled as they had not done for days; and he opened and shut both them and his claws, as though rejoicing in a new strength.

That evening, Fanny was very busy with needle and thread

and red flannel. So many other objects of interest were on the carpet that very little attention was paid to what she was doing; but the next morning the secret was out. She had made a pair of red flannel drawers for the paroquet, and they were tried on him before breakfast. A more astonished bird you never saw. One would really have thought that he never before had on drawers—the heathen! He pecked at them, evidently under the impression that they were something good to eat; indeed they made his feet look not unlike red berries. By-and-by he became used to the integuments and seemed to view them with considerable satisfaction. His attempts at swallowing them ceased as soon he discovered that they were saturated with somebody's pain killer.

Thenceforth Fanny's attentions never ceased for a single moment. For something more than a week, I do not believe that bird had a dry hour. He was bathed before meals and after, early in the morning and late at night. No restrictions, however, were placed on his diet; he was allowed to eat everything; cake, light and spongy, flecked with raisins and currents, was baked especially for him. Hickory nuts were cracked and the delicate white meats thrust into his bill—making them literally "forced meats." And at last he came to enjoy being fussed over and made an invalid of so much, that I do believe he was rather sorry when he got well.

His convalescence was rapid. After once recovering sufficiently to cling feebly to his perch, he very soon got strong and steady on his pins as a feathered cathedral; and the first use of his recovered feet was to kick and tear off his drawers, seeming to regard them as a badge of suffering and sickness. Or, as the summer was advancing with rapid strides, perhaps he found them uncomfortably warm.

How he did enjoy that summer! Hung out on the veranda in his cage, he would fairly shriek in his great glee until we were fain to stop his mouth with sugar. He never learned to talk, in spite of all the lessons that were given

him. I mean he never learned to talk intelligibly, for, though he kept up an incessant chattering to himself, no one could tell what he was saying. But he developed a surprising faculty for imitating sounds. It was rather unfortunate, perhaps, that his chief talent lay in the reproduction of the most discordant noises; the clang of the pump, the creaking of a cart, the stridulous song of the patent self-acting swing—all these awoke his throat to emulation, and not one of them got the better of him. Indeed, he rather improved on the original discords, and gave us the shrillness with variations. He had one soft note, however, the most charmingly melodious whistle ever heard. But, strangely enough, when you wished him to pump or creak, he'd whistle; and, when you wished him to whistle, he'd clang and creak. That perverse element of human nature was not wanting in his breast. Whistling he reserved principally for his own amusement, when no audience was gathered round; then, swinging in his hoop, he'd whistle for hours. Little did I think that in his case alone the old proverb would verify itself, and that a whistling bird would come to a bad end, while many a crowing girl lived and thrived the country over.

He was always crazy to be taken out from his cage, and put up in the vines, and among the apple-blooms. With the assistance of that beak of his, he would perform the most wonderful and funniest gymnastics, in the gravest way. Now he would swing by it, or make his way from branch to branch by its aid, somewhat as that beauty of the vermicular creation, the measuring-worm, progresses; then, again, he would hang by one claw, and take a bird's-eye view of things and the sky from that most unusual position. He ate neither leaves, nor apple-blooms, nor branches, but he delighted in pulling them to pieces. From the utter recklessness with which he ignored his inability to put the pieces together again you might have thought him an out-and-out reconstructionist.

Altogether, I do believe he enjoyed himself, and was thoroughly happy, never once regretting his native forests,

nor his dead and ocean-buried bride. In his way he was a philosopher, and the *carpe diem* idea seemed to strike him most favorably. He belonged to the *nil admirari* school, moreover; seeming to expect everything, and be surprised at nothing, and accepting events as they developed themselves with a perfect indifference to causes, remote or immediate. I never remember to have seen him surprised but once; that was when the bluebirds, jealous of his proximity to their nest, made a raid on him. Then he *was* astonished, dumb-founded, and utterly bewildered. When the ill-tempered wings came flashing around him, in their blueness like the best tempered Damascus blades, while beaks snipped at his eyes like scissors, a look of astonishment did indeed wrinkle his brow, or rather his beak, and he opened the latter in a threatening way on a general principle of combativeness, though utterly incapable of making any effectual and organized resistance. On that one occasion, especially when dashed from my finger by their fierce onslaught, he lost his composure, as well as his balance, but never lost he it before, nor afterwards.

When I left him in the fall, his health, general and particular, seemed excellent, and any insurer of birds' lives would have taken a risk on him at small rates against anything but cats. He seemed determined to live forever, and I had commissioned a medical friend, plying between this port and Panama, to ship me a wife for him, when the warm suns of July came to endow the experiment with a probability of success. But as the winter wore on one sad morning's mail brought me a letter from Fanny, containing sad news. I give it in her own words, and with her own punctuation, for I never take liberties with authors—as editors do :—

“Poor Laurita is dead, he seemed perfectly well one day, I found him with his feet all curled up just as he was when you brought him here. I put him in a warm bath and held in my hands he felt better, and all at once he flew out of my hand to the floor and died. We miss him very much, he was so happy that he always was whistling, I think he died of too much happiness, like the monkey—good bye.”

I like to get news in that way; the story is told without adornments or circumlocution. First, we are made to understand in one short incisive sentence, that the bird is dead; then, without any unnecessary flourish of rhetorical handkerchiefs or torrents of that twaddle which passes on paper for tears, we have the facts about his death, and the particulars of his last moments. Yet another dispatch from home informed me that Fanny felt the loss most keenly, and came down to dinner with her eyes red and swollen as though she had been weeping; and looking over the open page of the letter, in which the calamity was so simply set forth, I could discern blots on the paper, all too pearly to have been made by ink.

Poor Fanny; her pets seem fated as well as mine. One summer she had a rose, a rabbit, a kitten and a great Newfoundland dog. The rabbit ate the rose, the kitten ate the rabbit, the dog devoured the kitten, and it only remained for a bear to come along and carry off the dog, to make her desolation and the work of retribution complete. The parouquet was a sort of company property between us, and finally *it* went. Ah, well, such is life—or rather such is death. Fanny must learn a lesson somewhat earlier in life than it came to me, and school herself not to love anything that is made of clay, or even of wood, iron, brass or german-silver; since all such toys are fated to go to pieces.

From the symptoms set forth in the letter, I fancy our bird died of cramps. The fairest and best of human creatures are subject to cramps, and should not be loved for that reason. It rejoices me to learn that a warm bath was administered promptly to the sufferer, for *persistence* is no less a jewel than *consistency*, especially in the learned professions, and to know that Dr. Fanny kept her practice to the end (*i. e.* the end of her patient) convinces me of the certainty of her success, if she pursues the course of study I have mapped out for her and finally graduates as an M. D.

CHAPTER LXIX.

CONCERNING EARLY RISING AND COUNTRY LIFE.

EARLY rising is a practice based not so much upon the example of the lark as upon the reprehensible habit of the goose. The lark is warm and snug in its nest, dreaming of speckled eggs hidden where the eye of no truant boy can find them, while the other fowl is standing upon one leg in the early morning damps, looking as cold and uncomfortable as can be. The lark is a sensible bird, and never runs the risk of catching cold by standing with its feet in the wet grasses. Immediately on getting up it flies to the most convenient fence and goes to sleep again. As to the idea that the early bird catches the worm, that is one of those popular fallacies which originated in an ignorant age, to be perpetuated under the guise of a proverb even to the present day of enlightenment. The fact of the matter is, the early bird doesn't catch anything but a cold. The worm never wriggles out of his hole before noon, and the smartest and earliest bird that ever was known can't bring him to the scratch before that time. The worm is a practical housekeeper—keeping himself in his house as long as possible—and he has a deal to do in the way of getting breakfast before stirring out of mornings. The bird that brings him out of bed before he gets ready must have an extremely long bill—and even then it is better presented after dew.

When the fires of youth warmed my blood, I have several times committed the mistake of getting up early in the morning to go gunning. But I never got any game by it. The only birds that were up that early were up trees. Experience

demonstrated to me that the best way to get squirrels, was to go out in the middle of the day, sit down under a tree and pretend not to be looking for them. They were sure to come and chirrup all around you. Later in life I found that girls could be caught in the same way. Laziness is very often a better policy than honesty. Sit under a tree, for instance, and cherries will probably drop in your mouth—climb for them, and the chances are that you break your neck.

Poor Parepa, who now has another morn than ours, sang "Five o'clock in the morning," very sweetly. And she did so win upon the popular fancy by her marvelous voice that all the country over, young women and young men were getting into the habit of turning out at that unreasonable hour, until I wrote the following sweet and expressive verses to show them

THE ABSURDITY OF IT.

It is all very well, for the poets to tell,
 By way of their song adorning,
 Of milkmaids who rouse, to manipulate cows,
 At Five o'clock in the morning.
 And of moony young mowers who bundle out doors—
 The charms of their straw-beds scorning—
 Before break of day, to make love and hay,
 At Five o'clock in the morning!

But, between me and you, it is all untrue—
 Believe not a word they utter;
 To no milkmaid alive does the finger of Five
 Bring beaux—or even bring butter.
 The poor sleepy cows, if told to arouse,
 Would do so, perhaps, in a horn-ing;
 But the sweet country girls, would *they* show their curls
 At Five o'clock in the morning?

It may not be wrong for the man in the song—
 Or the moon—if anxious to settle,
 To kneel in wet grass, and pop, but, alas,
 What if he popped down on a nettle?
 For how could he see, what was under his knee,
 If, in spite of my friendly warning,
 He went out of bed and his house and his head,
 At Five o'clock in the morning?

It is all very well, such stories to tell,
But if I were a maid, all forlorn-ing,
And a lover should drop, in the clover, to pop,
At Five o'clock in the morning;
If I liked him, you see, I'd say, "Please call at Three;"
If not, I'd turn on him with scorning:
"Don't come here, you Flat, with conundrums like that,
At Five o'clock in the morning!"

If early rising be pardonable under any circumstances, it is only when one is living in the country, and the fresh morning air woos you from a bed none of the softest. Ah! the dear, delightful country; it was there I first met the first love, of whom you have so often heard me speak. Of all times can I ever forget that time? The month was June, and the trees were in blossom, and the birds were in the trees—and what with stones and bows and arrows, and old shot guns, the boys about the village made the trees very warm for the birds—and the lark sung early in the morning, and the dairy-maid sung sweetly as she deftly made the cow render teat for tat, until the cow kicked over the milk-pail, and then she sung out, "Drat the critter."

The little lambs gamboled and frisked about the meadows, and occasionally we had one for dinner. On these rare and festive occasions I was always asked—it was a way they had of pulling wool over my eyes. And no objection was made to my staying as late as I pleased, provided I assisted in shelling beans and peas and things, and made myself generally useful.

Sometimes I stayed rather late. The clock would strike eleven, and then the young woman would rise saying she guessed she'd have to set out the bread to rise.

Whereupon I assured her that a little after 'leven she could leaven the whole lump, and made her sit down.

One night I rather crowded the mourners. The clock struck one before it occurred to me that it was time to go. But the next morning I made amends by sending her some original lines of my own composition, beginning:—

"Will you come to the bower I have shingled for you,
And your bed shall be shavings, all spangled with glue."

Once upon a time a gentleman, who dropped in by accident to spend the evening, hinted that he would willingly be kissed for his mother, if his country's welfare demanded it.

"Go to," she said, for she was modest as well as classical.

"Nay, I had rather come twice, love," I made answer.

"Marry, come up," she cried.

"Not so, dearest," I replied, "when people marry they have to come down."

And still I besought her to kiss me, urged it upon her as a duty she owed to society, a duty which had too long been neglected.

"What do you take me for?" she asked.

"For better or for worse, dear girl. Come to my arms," I cried, and at that moment her father, who had been standing conveniently at the keyhole outside, entered with a pick-axe in his hand and asked if I was waiting for anything in particular. He ought to have laid his hand on our heads and said, "Bless you my children," but nobody expected him to begin swinging that ridiculous pick-axe of his about and go to calling names. People should never be too familiar, even with old acquaintances; and by way of showing a proper contempt for the old gentleman's behavior, I came away without saying good evening, and never called on him again.

CHAPTER LXX.

A TALE OF THE TRULY RURAL.

“GOD made the country, and man made the town,” I had remarked, settling myself back in my chair with the air of a man who advances a proposition which cannot be disputed.

“Stuff!” said Taximagulas, with a vigorous pull at his cigar.

It was a late hour of an early day in June, and we were dining, Taximagulas and myself. The café was one of those comfortable ones where women never come and smoking is allowed. In consequence a freedom of manners and a generally negligent air obtained, the only drawback about it all being that your *vis-à-vis*, at dinner, stranger though he be, was permitted to put his feet up on the table, and you had no right to remonstrate so long as he actually did not plant the leather on your plate. Taximagulas dined there because he hates conventionalities; I because of its cheapness. On this occasion the waiter had just brought cigars, and conversation flagging for the moment, I, by way of instilling freshness and vigor into it, ventured the remark above quoted. Let me premise that Taximagulas hated the smell of clover.

“Besides,” continued that philosopher, blowing a great cloud of smoke from out between his beard, and giving a vicious after-puff which sent it whirling and spinning in scattered spirals to the ceiling, “the idea is not original. I’ve heard the remark before. It’s Cowper.”

I made answer:—“Its feet take hold on the eternal fastnesses of truth nevertheless; God made the country.”

HOW I MADE MYSELF USEFUL.



"If he did he made it for countrymen," growled Taximagulas, biting the nether end of his *Reina Victoria* so savagely that the sparks flew from the lighted one in a meteoric shower. "But what does that prove after all?"

"It proves that God made the country," I modestly replied. In our discussions I always confine myself to the plainest possible propositions.

"But as an argument for the superiority of the country it proves nothing," rejoined Taximagulas. "The same thing may be said of fish and chowder, but for all that who eats tom-cods uncooked? God made potatoes, too, and man made pots—but we eat the vegetable boiled and give God praise. The raw material furnished, all else is left to our own ingenuity and common-sense. God made the country, true, but he made it to make towns of—and made man to make 'em."

It was an unusually long speech for Taximagulas, who is all unaccustomed to sustained efforts, and he fell back in his chair, breathless and exhausted. "I am dry," he said, raising the pewter to his lips. And the argument was ended.

I always had a passion for the truly rural, and for nearly a week had been trying to imbue Taximagulas with a kindred feeling. As well shake a bag of fresh oats or a wisp of new-mown hay under the nose of one of those monumental horses which adorn the public squares. "Think of the pretty girls," I urged.

"Just as pretty in the city, and more of them."

"But the innocence of the country girls, their beautiful simplicity, their—"

"Oh yes, I have room for it all in the corner of this eye;" and he winked horribly with his red left. "The only difference between country girls and city girls is that country girls don't dress as well, and have big feet—the natural result of going barefoot when young."

The temptation was strong upon me to hurl a plate at the speaker, for to me early traditions are sacred; I only refrained because I knew that it would be put down in the bill, and that he would object to dividing the cost. "But the honesty

of the country people," said I, mildly, "will be a pleasant relief after the cheating and chicanery of the city."

"Try some bumpkin on a horse-trade, or go round the country trying to buy up eggs and butter on speculation."

"You have said it," I eagerly cried; "the eggs! the butter! the milk! the country living! What do you say to that?"

"Simply that it is all of a piece with your mermaids and milkmaids," was the rejoinder. "If you want good eggs and butter while you're up there, you'd better leave an order at a corner grocery here; the best of everything is shipped to the city. And be sure to leave word at one of our markets to have fresh vegetables sent to you regularly; they are wholesome in the spring of the year, and you'll miss them sadly up there in the country."

I sighed. "Taximagulas, you are indeed incorrigible, but I am loth to leave you inhaling the poisonous gases of the city, while I am breathing the pure fresh air which has been filtered through fragrant ferns and flowers, drinking in the ambrosia which distils from clover-blooms in the early morning, bathing in the luxurious dews which—"

"—will give you the rheumatism, and land you in a premature grave if you stir out before the sun has dried the grasses," interrupted the scoffer. "Do you know, my dear boy, that I consider you a very promising candidate for a lunatic asylum or the poet's corner of some bucolic weekly. Talk of gases and smells! In the country they let carrion lie till removed by the crows; here we have scavengers and chiffonniers. I have counted nineteen distinct and differently bad smells while walking through a garden where honey-suckle and sweet-pea were specially cultivated. And as to the breath of the meadows; did ever you walk across a meadow without encountering on the air the rather peculiar bouquet of the pole-c—?"

"Touch not the poles; avoid extremes," I cried.

"It is precisely an avoidance of extremes which I am urging on you," returned the Imperturbable. "In this matter of

town and country it is strange to me that people cannot occupy a middle ground. Human nature is the same in both, and both have their conveniences and their inconveniences. In the city your eyes are blown full of dust, and in the country you get bugs in your ear. In the city your Sundays are noisy, but in the country you get uncomfortable pews and bad preaching. The sweet butter business does well enough in poetry, but it signally fails in practice; pastorals are pleasant in their place, but from pastures deliver me. I have no desire to browse. Even were I a horse, I'd quite as lief live in the city, for the city horse is generally less worked and better taken care of than the country brute. But I am dry." And again the flagon visited his lips.

I bowed my head meekly and feigned acquiescence. For what use to argue with a man who took the floor in that fashion, talked till he was thirsty, and then drank all the beer? But that night I packed my traveling trunk, nailed a card upon the door, stating that I had gone to the country and would not be back for months, and prepared to turn my back on the city.

Taximagulas kindly turned out an hour before his usual time next morning to see me off, and promised to forward letters for me to the North Pole, if I extended my journey so far. He even went with me to the dépôt. "Good-bye, old fellow," said I, wringing his hand; "may that good God who made the good country bless you, and give you good sense enough to appreciate it!"

But the train was starting; the last whistle was blown—and so was I, when, after elbowing and fiddling my way through the mass of persons not going, who always insist upon blocking the path of those who are, I at last managed to gain the platform of a car.

"Good-bye!" shouted Taximagulas after me; "if I hear of a cold spell up your way I'll ship you a wax nose. You are sure to get yours frozen. And about those vegetables—"

But I was whirling away from the city at the rate of thirty miles an hour.

In due course of time the pleasant little village selected as the scene of my summering was reached. My friends had written in their note of invitation, "everything is green up here;" and on stepping out of the station I found the statement confirmed to the letter, even in the window-blinds of the cottages. All nature was wearin' of the green, and I said in my soul, Ah, this is delightful; here is the Truly Rural at last!

Around the rural hearth that evening various plans of amusement were laid out to be carried into effect immediately. Boating, fishing, picnicing—the summer seemed all too short for the contemplated round of enjoyments.

"Are you fond of croquet?" asked the most charming of my cousins, glancing at me from out the corners of her great gray eyes.

Now if there was one thing in the world which I knew nothing at all about, that thing certainly was croquet. True, I had seen bright-colored balls and big wooden hammers in shop-windows, but here my acquaintance with the game ceased—if a thing may be said to cease before it has begun. For I had always confounded croquet with crotchet, imagining it to be a species of feminine amusement, somewhat akin to knitting. However, divining that an answer in the affirmative would elevate me in my cousin's estimation, I replied that if I had a special weakness it was croquet.

"Oh, that *is* bully!" cried my cousin, clapping her little hands—girls with big eyes always have little hands—"won't we have fun!"

A game was arranged to come off the next morning, and my dreams that night were of croquet and cousins; but I wished even in my sleep, that Minnie had not said "bully!" One would have soon expected a bullet from a rose-bud. "Jolly" would have conveyed the same idea much more pleasantly.

The next morning it rained—a cold, drizzling, wretched rain. "An excellent thing for the crops," said my uncle, as he sawed away at the steak at breakfast.

I bethought me of the poor hens, which I had seen from

my window, their chignon-feathers all bedraggled, and the reflection occurred to me that the rain was a little too much for *their* crops. But I said nothing.

"Who cares for crops?" cried Minnie. "*My* mind was made up for a good game of croquet, and it's too bad, so it is. Farmers are always complaining about their crops and praying for rain. They'll bring another deluge on us some day—and then, perhaps, they'll be satisfied."

My aunt looked reprovingly at Minnie, but uncle sawed steadily on at his steak until all were helped. I confessed in my own mind that morning, that country beef is scarcely equal to that which we get in the city. Remarking this fact to my uncle subsequently, he explained that the bucolic butcher rarely kills a "beef crittur" until its period of usefulness is passed, and neither milk nor work can be obtained from it.

All that day through it rained, and the next, and the next, and the next, until ten days were passed. Pleasant days they were, though, for I passed them all with Minnie. She was very pretty and very bright, and I soon found myself on the verge of falling in love with her. The only thing which restrained me was her perfect want of sentiment. Really I do not think she understood what the word meant; and I am certain that she did not appreciate poetry. One evening, while reading to her a little composition of my own, I paused at the line,

"With eyes all in soft languor swimming."

and glanced over at her for comment.

"Do you like swimming?" she asked, turning suddenly from the window through which she had been watching the gambols of ducks—"you ought to see *me* strike out once!"

I blushed sensitively.

"Why, mamma, just look at Cousin John!" she shouted; "he's as red as father's flannel night-cap!"

Indeed my face was crimson, and I was painfully embarrassed. In addition to being very little accustomed to the

society of young ladies, I was becoming conscious of a tenderer feeling toward Minnie than I cared to acknowledge and this made me more than commonly bashful and awkward.

"Never mind," she added, coming up to me and patting my cheek patronizingly with her plump little hand, "he sha'n't be teased, so he sha'n't, for, after all, he *is* a good fellow."

I shrank back nervously; what if she should call me a "bully boy," I thought—a "bully boy, with a glass eye?"

It was a positive relief to me when Minnie's little brother dashed into the room crying that the cows had got upon the lawn, and were trampling and tearing the week's washing into shreds. Here was a capital chance to prove myself as useful as I had hitherto been ornamental, and I rushed to the rescue, seizing my uncle's cane which stood by the door.

"Shoo! Seat! Get out of this!" I yelled, plunging in among the cattle and flourishing the stick wildly. All obeyed with the exception of one old wretch possessed of a malignant eye and a crooked and crumpled horn. She charged upon me like a regiment of horse, and I only escaped impalement by throwing myself one side into my aunt's geranium-bed, breaking my uncle's cane, a present from the poor of the village, in my fall.

It by no means contributed to the pleasantness of the situation to see Minnie at the window, laughing and clapping her hands in a perfect ecstasy of mirth; nor was I at all sorry, subsequently, to learn that all her summer dresses that happened to be out bleaching might indeed be termed "gored" for the future, though my best shirts happened to be in the same predicament. I returned to the house in anything but an amiable humor; had I been permitted my way, there would certainly have been several quarters of excellent beef thrown suddenly on the market. My uncle said nothing in plain terms about the loss of his cane, but he very often referred to it indirectly, as having been one of the most treasured of his possessions, and of the value of my aunt's ruined geraniums I was frequently reminded by allusions to

the rarity of certain specimens, and a lament that there were none in the village *now*.

By-and-by the bad weather gave over, and we had a delicious season of croquet. Minnie and I generally played on the same side, but when the contrary happened to be the case, we were very tender of each other. She rather sympathized with my mistakes, and I never croquetted her very far; once, when I "put a foot" for her, and she by accident struck it instead of the ball, causing a sharp ejaculation of pain and lameness for several days, I thought I detected a tear trembling under her long, dark lashes. Certainly there was a tenderer light in her eyes than shone there on my first coming, and we "did spoons" together after the most approved fashion. She was more subdued in conversation than formerly, and never called her father an "old duffer" without an apologetic look at my corner of the room, and it was generally voted in the village that the affair was as good as settled.

Strangely enough, in the same proportion that she seemed to grow tender I became hard and critical. Her manners suggested themselves as scarcely quite the thing. I began to think that her feet were big, though in the early part of our acquaintance I thought them so pretty and petit that I stole Herrick's couplet and passed it off as my own, comparing them to little mice—at which my aunt, who overheard the whisper, looked as though she smelt a rat. Above all I wondered what Taximagulas would think of her, for I dreaded the frown of that cynic. Her slang would never do in the nursery, I thought, in the final summing up—think of her telling the babe at her breast to dry up! Besides, she does not know a word of French, and would appear shockingly awkward in polite society abroad. No, no, she will not do as a wife for me, and I clenched my teeth on that decision.

Thinking it my duty, under the circumstances, to make her aware of the true state of my feelings, I adopted a kind but distant manner toward her. Poor girl, said I to myself, she shall not have it to say that I have trifled with her affections, and I thought in my soul how base it was for young

men to lead girls on with false hopes and by flattering attentions, merely for the pastime of the moment, and really with no serious end in view. Minnie noticed my altered manner, I think, and it grieved her, for several times I caught her casting inquiring glances at me. There was pity in my heart, and I tried to convey it in my return looks; but below all I must confess to a sweet feeling of satisfaction at discovering that I was potent to make an impression.

One evening, soon after the self-communion above mentioned, we sat out on the veranda, and I explained the mysteries of an expected eclipse to an attentive audience of young ladies. "Don't you want to smoke and drive away the mosquitoes, Jack?" said Minnie (she had dropped the "cousin" by permission, if not by request, long before). "Let me get you a cigar?" And with her own hands she brought a cigar, even offering to light it with her own lips, but this I would not allow. It was plain to me that in igniting the Havana she hoped to kindle my heart, and why encourage my poor cousin in hopes and aspirations which could not be gratified! I detected in advance a scheme to get nearer to me under the shallow pretense of "liking smoke;" and so the result proved, for she came and seated herself by my side.

"Did you know that I'm going to Sturgeon Bend to-morrow to stay a week?" she at last asked; for I, true to my purpose, was silent.

"No," I quietly replied, "are you indeed going?"

"Yes, there's no help for it, it is a visit that must be made; these conventionalities will be the death of me yet; I'm always selected as the martyr to them. Are you very sorry that I'm going?" for I had made no expression of regret.

"Certainly I'm sorry," I said, "for I like you very much—as a cousin. But life is made up of partings and regrets; we cannot be always together, you know, and in any event, I should soon return to the city."

"Oh don't Jack! it will be very lonely when you are gone. Besides, we haven't had that drive round the bay yet. You'll

not think of leaving us so soon, will you?" Her voice was quite tremulous.

"I scarcely think I shall leave before you return; but business may call me," I said.

"Business! that's what you men always say; what business have you fellows to have so much business?" she asked, with a laugh of simulated merriment; however, I detected a hollowness in its tone. Indeed she was right; I had no business in town; but it seemed to me that duty pointed the path, and, despite my passion for the Truly Rural, I did indeed contemplate a speedy return to the city.

Minnie left on an early train, and the next morning her seat at table was vacant. I missed her, but said nothing. The house seemed rather deserted after breakfast, but I consoled myself by thinking how lonely Minnie must feel without me. In the afternoon a croquet party came off. But somehow I took no interest in the game; it was immaterial to me which side lost or which won, and I made a wretched hand of it with my mallet. I missed everything; really I do not believe that I could have caromed on a church. There was a little party in the evening. But everybody seemed stupid; there was no spring in the floor of the dancing-room nor the conversation of the drawing-room, and I left at an early hour.

Next day it rained. I suddenly discovered discomforts and deprivations which before had passed unnoticed. The season had been so backward that strawberries did not ripen and peas did not get green enough to eat; they were scarcer and dearer than pearls, and to swallow one was an emulation of Cleopatra. There was nothing stirring in society but scandal. The only thing which transpired to break the monotony of things was a quarrel between the congregation and their pastor; this, unfortunately, did not get beyond words nor assume proportions sufficient to be interesting.

Life, in short, became dreary; the Truly Rural tedious—and I wrote to Taximagulas that I was having a splendid time, and he must come up and join me. He replied that it

made him happy to hear that I was happy; it was an assurance to him that I was virtuous, and he hoped my happiness would continue to the end. But life, he said, was too brief to spend even the summer months away from the great centres of civilization, and he added a postscript about the wax nose, asking whether mine still survived the frosts which he heard were setting in up north, though it was only the middle of July.

About the same time that Taximagulas' letter arrived came one from Minnie to her mother, saying that she had been persuaded to stay another week, and giving her "love" in a postscript to "dear Cousin Jack."

It rather vexed me that no message of a more tender and private nature came to me, for all that I had so sternly resolved to nip my cousin's young affection in its bud; and I went to bed that night more out of conceit with my country life than ever. But I abandoned all thought of going before Minnie returned.

As the next best thing to do I telegraphed Taximagulas to join me at once. This time I flung a brown-hackle under his nose—availing myself of his weak point. I told him that the streams were full of fish (and certainly there was every reason to suppose so, for I never knew of any being taken out.) I told him not to lose a day, but to come at once. He replied by mail that the fishing at M'Comb's Dam was excellent, quite as good as he cared for; that he had been out there the preceding day and caught ten excellent eels, besides getting a nibble which he felt sure came from a bass. He advised me to hurry back and enjoy the sport.

Minnie still had not returned, and to crown all cold rains set in. Every day brought the same picture of dismal skies, mud—and no sidewalks. Rain, rain, every day until a dry nurse could not have been found in the village, no matter what the emergency was. In despair I took to fishing. I hied me to the streams where trout were said to lurk—and did lurk so closely that I never saw the nose of one. Perhaps they were loth to come out in the rain through fear of

wetting their spangled jackets. But though no fish rose at the flies on my hook, flies on their own hook rose in swarms at me—black-flies, sand-flies, horse-flies, shad-flies, gallinippers. Had I got as many fish as bites, the market would have been overstocked.

Returning home in disgust, I found Minnie taking off her traveling things. "Why were you not at the station for me, Muggins of the world, that you are?" was her first salutation.

I could have kissed her—I mean I would have if I could have. As it was I took both her hands in both of mine and told her how we'd missed her.

"That is right," she said, "that's the way to treat a cousin; what's the use of putting on as much dignity as though you were making a treaty with a copper-colored Indian chief!"

At this my old reserve came back. I can not marry the girl, I said to myself, and it is plain she has not recovered from her affection for me. I must discourage it.

But Minnie would not be discouraged; her spirits were exuberant—so boundlessly so that I became seriously alarmed; I thought she was deluding herself still more with false hopes, and resolved to end the matter at once. If she would persist in loving me I made up my mind to return to the city immediately, though the weather was now quite delightful—blackberries were coming into market, and we occasionally had a vegetable.

In this emergency I consulted a friend—an old friend from Boston, as to the propriety of telling Minnie the state of my feelings, and explaining as gently as possible that the present relationship of friends and cousins was the warmest that could ever exist between us.

"No, I hardly think I'd do that," he said, reflectively. "You are sure that your cousin is in love with you?"

I replied, sadly, in the affirmative.

"And you are wholly blameless—you really did not attempt to win her affections?"

"On the contrary I have discouraged them in every way

that I could without being actually rude. One must be civil to one's relations, you know."

"Just my fix, old fellow," said Bob, seizing my hand; "we're in the same boat, only it isn't a case of cousin with me. There's a girl dead in love with me—real nice girl, too—got a farm. Now I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to marry her."

"But do you love her?"

"No matter whether I do or not so long as she's sweet on me. And you just marry Minnie. She's a real nice girl, isn't she?"

The idea of making a question of so plain a proposition provoked me. "She is *my* cousin, sir," I said.

"Got a farm, too, I believe."

To relieve myself of any suspicion of mercenariness I explained that nothing grew on it, and that they even had to buy hay to feed the cows.

"That's because of the bad season. Now I'll tell you what to do. Marry Minnie."

"But I don't love her."

"You have made her think you do, and that is just the same—a little worse if anything. All the village has been talking about you two; to quit now wouldn't be using the girl at all fairly. It doesn't matter whether it was your folly or your fault; you say she has become so fond of you as to exhibit her feelings noticeably, so there is only one thing you can do in honor. At least that's the way I look at it, and I mean to practice just as I preach. I shall come to the scratch this afternoon."

And before we parted I had agreed to come to the scratch too. Considering all my previous reluctance, it was indeed strange how easily I was persuaded. But example is all-powerful.

Going home I found Minnie in the swing, under the apple-trees. "Always around when you're wanted, never when you're not," she cried; "you're a jewel of a Jack, and oh, *what* a husband you'll make! Come, swing me."

I swung her until the shadows of the trees lengthened along the lawn and the stars were swinging in the sky, all regardless of the tea-bell, but somehow I felt reluctant to approach the subject. Her meeting me half-way made me half resolve to go back.

I did a little better later in the evening, when we sat under the harvest-moon, trying to count the stars. The moon is better for complexions than either day-light or candle-light, and Minnie was so bright and so pretty that I renewed my resolve to sacrifice myself to her happiness.

"Minnie," I said, "I have something to say to you."

"Well, why don't you say it then? Have you got a new conundrum?" she asked.

I did not half like this beginning, and felt slightly angry at her. She ought to have divined what was coming, for I had led the conversation quite skillfully up to the point it was intended to reach. A tremor in her voice would have steadied me, but her coolness had the contrary effect. The business had become awkward, but determined to finish it I blundered on, taking her hand, after the style of declaration set forth in all novels:—

"Minnie, I never can think as much of you as you do of me—I mean, Minnie, you can never think as much of me as I do of myself—I mean—I mean—don't you want to be my little wife?"

"Why, Cousin Jack!" she cried, springing from her seat in astonishment, and oversetting the last of my aunt's geraniums, "are you crazy, or are you in fun, or what? I see"—after glancing at my crimsoned face—"you've been down to the village all the afternoon drinking cocktails with that horrid Boston friend of yours—I hate him—and you're tight—your nose is as red as fire."

"Hear me, Minnie—" I began.

But she cut me off with, "No, I'd rather hear you sing 'Hear me, Norma.' Don't be foolish, Jack; you're only my cousin, you know, besides, I'm—I'm—"

"I see," said I, a sudden pang of jealousy darting through

my breast, "you love some one else." With that sharp pain came a sudden revelation; I found that I loved Minnie, had loved her from the first, and could never be happy with another. Strange that the discovery of all this should be simultaneous with ascertaining that she was beyond my reach.

"Yes, Jack," she went on, pityingly (it was her turn then), "I am engaged. Indeed I didn't know any thing about all this. One time I thought you were a little spooney on me, but you seemed to get over it mighty soon. And when I went off to Sturgeon Bend I thought you positively disliked me."

"May I inquire if the happy man who is to enjoy the honor of becoming my cousin lives at Sturgeon Bend?" I asked, biting my lips in ill-concealed vexation.

"You certainly have no right to ask in that way, Jack, but I'll answer you nevertheless. No, he does not live there; he lives in New York, but came up on a visit to his sister, who is married—it was in her family that I visited—his name is Henry Sheldon."

"Old Taximagulas, by all that is holy!" I shouted, forgetting my disappointment in my astonishment. Minnie bounded into the house like a sky-rocket, imagining that I had gone clean crazy. I was not sorry, for the conversation just ended was not of that cheerful character which one cares to prolong beyond reasonable limits.

All was explained now. Minnie was one of the eels that Taximagulas wrote he had been bobbing for. Or was she the hypothetical bass of the glorious nibble? I who was wondering how Taximagulas would like Minnie for my wife, had it made plain to me how he would like her for his. And they met and loved, and Minnie was wooed and won at Sturgeon Bend! Shades of Venus, what a name for Cupid's Bower! The flying-fish might nestle there appropriately enough, but not the nightingale nor the turtle. The eternal fitness of things seemed strangely disregarded, nor were the unities preserved. I suddenly remembered how Taximagulas had dolefully hinted that he had a visit of duty to pay, and would

probably have to spend a few days in the country during my absence. And here was I, who had pitied poor Minnie for being all adrift in her love of me, at sea myself in an open boat, with not even a hope to steer by. The martyr's crown I had so patronizingly consented to wear was suddenly transformed to a wreath of willow. The situation would have been funny had I not been so immediately interested, but there are very few who feel like whistling at their own funerals. I essayed to whistle "My bark is on the sea" as I took my candle and groped my way to bed; but could any one have looked into my heart and seen its bitterness he would have thought that it was a bitter bark indeed.

Next morning I went down to the village and found a letter which compelled my immediate return to the city. Delay, even of a day, would be disastrous to all my prospects in life, I explained to my friend. And I met Bob. He had a surprised and bewildered look on his face, and a small carpet sack in his hand.

"Halloo! where are you going!" I hailed.

"Boston!" He bit the word off viciously and short.

"How did you come out yesterday?" I asked.

"Got the mitten, by thunder! Girl said I was after that potato-patch of hers; wouldn't believe that I did it all because I thought it was the correct thing, and wanted to save her from being a blasted being. And you?"

"Oh, my affair isn't quite arranged, but it's in a fair way to be," I made answer, pleasantly, and walked away, much relieved to find that there were two fools paddling in one canoe.

That same evening my trunks were packed and aboard the train. "Don't go yet, Jack," urged my uncle and aunt, and "What on earth is your hurry, *Cousin Jack*? We're going to have splendid weather for croquet," chimed in Minnie.

"Business, business!" I briskly said, "gold is going up."

"I don't see as that is any reason for your going down," returned Minnie; but entreaties to stay were lost upon me, and the next evening found me dining at the accustomed

café, with an unusually large cloud of smoke curling about my head.

Taximagulas met me with the old heartiness and playfully inquired about my nose—seemingly all unconscious that he had put it out of joint. He informed me, by-and-by, in after-dinner confidence, that though he did not like the country in the summer, he thought he should take a short vacation and go up in the winter, about Christmas time; wouldn't I go with him; he had some rather important business; in fact, he was going to be married; perhaps I knew the girl; she came from my neighborhood; and he told me her name.

I replied that I knew the girl, and mentioned incidentally that she was my cousin; that it was at her parents' residence that I did my summering.

I did go up in the winter, and assisted at the ceremony. Taximagulas and Minnie are now living in a little village in New Jersey—he seems strangely impressed with the charms of a country life—and I and my wife have a standing invitation to spend the summer months with them. But I am not so fond of the Truly Rural as I was, and the city has developed charms to me of late which I never discovered before. A brown-stone is quite comfortable enough for me at any season of the year, and as for croquet, the only playing that I have seen done for a year past was by the inmates of a private lunatic asylum in the western part of New York State.

CHAPTER LXXI.

THE PROSE AND POETRY OF CROQUET.

PERHAPS you know something about croquet—its mallets, its hoops or arches, the stakes—often reached by a miss—the red rover, the “splitting stroke”—sometimes made by irate young ladies on the skull of an awkward partner—and all the balance of the nomenclature and technicalities of the mysterious game?

It is played very little now in comparison with the absorbing occupation it furnished when first introduced; still, as has just been intimated in the preceding chapter, you may occasionally see a party of private lunatics playing it even now. That I never was proficient at the game you will readily understand by the following lines addressed me by a young lady with whom I had the honor of playing one evening:—

TO THE GREAT UNSKILFUL.

Miss! miss!! miss!!!

Leaving never a stroke for me;
And but for politeness I'd utter
The contempt I have for thee.

Oh, well for your niece over there,
That she has my uncle to play;
Oh, well for the sake of us both,
That I'm a good bat at croquet.

And the other players go on
To the stake, while your ball stands still;
Don't ask me “Which arch you are for”—
Just play wherever you will.

Miss! miss!! miss!!!

Oh, you muggins from over the sea;
But the tender grace of a good croquet
Will never be won by thee.

The ensuing stirring verses are supposed to have been written by a young and blooming lady of eighteen, entitled by birth to a portion of that talent which it is thought lies buried in a napkin among my kin. They are entitled

THE MAY GREEN.

You must wake and call me early, call me early mamma, dear,
To-morrow'll be the nicest time I've had in many a year;
Of all the good, *good* times, mamma, by far the merriest day,
For I'm going to play croquet, mamma, I'm going to play croquet.

Pa snores so loud all night, mamma, I'm pretty sure to wake,
But if not down to breakfast, please save a piece of steak,
For I must wait a wee, perhaps, to fix my back hair gay,
For I'm going to play croquet, mamma, I'm going to play croquet.

There's many a skilful hand, they say, but none so sure as mine,
There's Margaret and Nellie, who think they play it fine,
But none like little Aggie, in all these parts they say,
So I'm going to play croquet, mamma, I'm going to play croquet.

As I came from the village whom think you I should see
But Mr. Buffside on the bridge—he scarcely bowed to me;
He thought of that bad stroke, perhaps, that I made yesterday,
But I'm going to play croquet, mamma, I'm going to play croquet.

They say he swore a little when my mallet hit his knee,
They say his shin is aching, but what is that to me?
There's other chaps to "put a foot," if he takes his away,
And I'm going to play croquet, mamma, I'm going to play croquet.

There's Maggie will be with me—we play upon her green,
And you may come with sandwiches—please let the ham be lean.
My stupid beau will come, perhaps; but if he comes to stay,
I'll give him just a hint, mamma—his big feet I'll croquet.

The balls roll to and fro, mamma, upon the cool, clean grass,
And the hoops that you see there, perhaps seem easy things to pass,
But if you tried them once, mamma, I rather think you'd say,
No hoops you wore did ever drag, like these hoops in croquet.

Yes, wake and call me early, call me early, mamma dear,
 To-morrow'll be the nicest time I've had since we've been here.
 You must loop my dress a little high—no matter what they say,
 For I'm going to play croquet, mamma, I'm going to play croquet.

In both the preceding pieces you have had the practical of croquet, the *real*, the matter of fact of the game. If you do not think it has its romance, just listen to the sweep of this harp, the burden of the air being

CROQUET.

Out on the lawn, in the evening gray,
 Went Willie and Kate. I said "Which way?"
 And they both replied, "Croquet, croquet!"

The evening was bright with the moon of May,
 And the lawn was light as though lit by day—
 From the window I looked—to see croquet.

Of mallets and balls the usual display;
 The hoops all stood in arch array,
 And I said, to myself, "Soon we'll see croquet."

But the mallets and balls unheeded lay,
 And the maid and the youth? Side by side sat they,]
 And I thought to myself: Is *that* croquet?

I saw the scamp—it was light as day—
 Put his arm round her waist in a loving way,
 And he squeezed her hand. Was *that* croquet?

While the red rover rolled forgotten away,
 He whispered all that a lover should say,
 And kissed her lips—*what* a queer croquet!

Silent they sat 'neath the moon of May;
 But I knew by her blushes she said not Nay,
 And I thought in my heart: Now *that's* croquet.

CHAPTER LXXII.

IN WHICH THE AUTHOR RESPECTFULLY REFUSES TO BE PASSED
DOWN TO POSTERITY AS A CALIFORNIA HUMORIST WITH A
LARGE H.

WHEN a man dates from Boonton, N. J., on a Thanksgiving day, or deliberately sits down to write about himself from anywhere, you may know that he is desperate—that very few alternatives are open to him on this side of the grave.

The cause of this present anguish was found in the pages of the *Atlantic* for December, just arrived and displayed for sale on the counters of the only drug-store in town. Under the head of "Recent Literature," my frenzied eye lit upon the following exposition:—

"What the native Californian is to be in literature we do not know any critic who is able to foretell, and the first-born of that state is yet too young to give us any means of rightly guessing. The California of the present times is merely a set of circumstances, and the literature which has come from it is the work of young writers who have all felt the same shaping influences, but who are of widely various origin. Very likely the real Californian, son of the red soil and the blue sky, will be altogether different from Mr. Mark Twain Clemens, formerly Missourian, or Mr. Bret Harte, formerly New Yorker, or Mr. Prentice Mulford, or Mr. Charles Webb, or Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard, who are all conscious of their California, and view it objectively. He will probably be no more aware of his Californianism in this sense than the Bostonian or New Yorker is aware of his local qualities. He will have no ground of former associations from which to regard it, and it may never occur to him as a stupendous joke of which he is an amusing part, and so he may not be a California humorist, as each of these writers is. It is very possible that he may take it entirely *au sérieux*, and be a poet, say of a high, earnest, and sober sort.

The writers whom we have named, and whom, without an invidious silence concerning other clever people, we may consider as having given California her

distinction in our literature, were Californians of occasion, and are now Californians no longer, Mr. Clemens living in Hartford, Messrs. Harte and Webb in New York, and Messrs. Stoddard and Mulford in England. Yet they have each deeply received the same Californian stamp, and their humor, broad or fine, has the same general character, as if in each of them, it came from a sense of their own anomaly, as men of the literary temperament and ambition in a world of rude adventure, rapacious money-getting, and barbarous profusion. The state of things in which they found themselves must have affected them as immensely droll; in it, but not of it, they must have felt themselves rather more comic than anything about them; and this sense of one's own grotesqueness in the midst of grotesqueness, is Humor, with the large H, which we have been gradually coming at. All literary men, we suppose, feel their want of relevance to surrounding conditions at times and in some degree; and the conditions being exaggerated in the case of the Californian *littérateurs*, we can readily account for the greater irreverence and abandon of their humor, which has now become the type of American humor, so that no merry person can hope to please the public unless he approaches it."

Now I don't wonder that Mr. Osgood sold out all his magazines, for these gentlemen who edit them would have got him killed had they kept on in this way long. There are some things that cannot be passed over in silence. I have been called a good many names in my time, but this is the first time that ever I was grouped as a "Californian Humorist"—a "large H" clapped on top of me at that! To the paragraph which lately went round stating that I am Miss Ida Greeley, I do not object. For, were choice left open to me, I certainly would rather be an estimable young lady than most anything else. And the feminine delicacy of my style, the airy grace of my expression, would very naturally lead any country editor, knowing me only through my polemic essays and unacquainted with me personally, to mistake my sex and put me up for a young lady; the error is quite pardonable. But there is no reason for Boston's treating me as it now does and always has; and if you will permit a crushed worm to turn in your columns, I'll kick back.

The idea of a crushed worm kicking back will perhaps be regarded in Boston as a characteristic touch of "California Humor," but the crushed worm is in dead earnest this time, and, with your kind permission, will now proceed to put his fins up.

In the first place, I don't know why I should be called a Californian at all—if we except the fact that I once owned and edited a weekly newspaper, of that name, in San Francisco, which nearly bankrupted me in an inconceivably short space of time. Circumstances over which I had no control—to which the *Californian* was something more than kin and considerably less than kind—once made me a sojourner in San Francisco, for the comparative eternity of three years. What that remarkable city or I ever did or left undid, to deserve such a dispensation, I have never been able to determine, but I suppose we both merited a severe lick—and got it. After serving out my three years, faithfully, however, I returned to New York, where I have lived ever since, with the exception of a week in Boston, which should not be counted against me.

On landing in San Francisco my arrival was chronicled as that of a "Copperhead," and an "Englishman." During my residence similar attentions were bestowed upon me, by the press of the Golden State, with few exceptions. On leaving there I can truthfully say that the general editorial expression of tumultuous joy at my going was only equaled by that which swelled within my own bosom at getting away. This auspicious exodus occurred nearly eight years since, yet even now my attention is not infrequently called by good-natured friends to a paragraph in some California paper wherein I am pleasantly followed and pointed out, if not as a fugitive from justice, as a fugitive from something still more severe—from a wife, and advertised for by her. This being the way of it, you perhaps will not wonder that I object to being called a Californian Humorist, and am more than half disposed to question the propriety of the title!

Still a greater reason for my dodging the nomenclature is an abiding conviction in my breast as to what will come of it. I know that even now the Thunderers of the sage brush are nibbling their editorial quills anew, to go for me. "There," they will say with that precision of statement and elegance of diction which my prophetic soul too well remembers,

"there goes that half-baked galoot, dumping his hog-wash and slinging his purp-stuff around the country and trying to palm himself off for a Californian." You see I've been there, and if the reviewer in classing me among those who "view California objectively," means that I object to returning to the country and settling down as a permanence, why then he's right about it. I'm rather curious to know what they'll say about him when the *Atlantic* gets out there and they find that he calls California "a set of circumstances."

Notwithstanding, however, I wish to take up the cudgel for California in one respect. The *Atlantic* does injustice to a state that has rightfully enough a good deal to answer for, and wastes sympathy that might be better expended nearer home, when it attempts to shed any in behalf of "men of the literary temperament and ambition in a world of rude adventure, rapacious money-getting and barbarous profusion." Emerson, who is a born Bostonian, says very much the same thing, but this is how he says it:—

"I do not think very respectfully of the denizens or the doings of the people who went to California in 1849. It was a rush and a scramble of needy adventurers; and in the Western country, a general jail delivery of all the rowdies of the rivers. Some of them went with honest purposes, some with very bad ones, and all of them with the very common-place desire to find a short road to wealth. But Nature watches over all, and turns this malfecance to good. California gets peopled and subdued—civilized in this immoral way, and on this fiction a real prosperity is rooted and grown. It is a decoy-duck; tubs thrown to amuse a whale, but real ducks, and whales that yield oil, are caught."

The main difference between the *Atlantic's* idea and Emerson's is, that the one thinks California will in time yield real Californians, while the other looks for "real ducks." The phrases are equivalent, perhaps. But I imagine that Emerson would scarcely have written as he did in 1855, had he thought that the *Atlantic* would say so nearly the same thing in 1873. What was true then is not true now, however. The prophecy of the Sage of Concord is fulfilled—more than fulfilled. California *has* produced whales, whales that yield oil, whales that are caught and minced up and tried out until the smoke of their fatness fills the land, and all but

the whales are the better for it. As for ducks, the "City of the Bay" had a large sprinkling of "Sydney Ducks" among her fixed population at the first, but many have since been caught by sudden and sundry sweepings of the *vigilante* net, and the number is happily diminishing.

What the San Francisco of '49 (or the spring of '50) may have been I do not know, but probably Mr. Emerson is right about it. But so far as the San Francisco of to-day is concerned, the head of the *Atlantic* is far from horizontal. That West, however gorgeous, does not shower on her Bohemians barbaric pearls and gold and mutton chops. A hungry man looking round for dinners does not find waiting tables miscellaneously spread in "barbarous profusion." As for "rude adventures," you can walk several squares in San Francisco after night-fall without getting knocked on the head, and I wish as much could be said for Brooklyn. And my regard for the undressed truth forces the admission that I have seen rapacity for money-getting out of San Francisco—say in Broad Street, New York. San Francisco, in fact, is very much like other cities at present. It is each for himself, and one member of a profession goes for another when opportunity offers with an avidity equaling anything I have ever seen in a New England village. If called upon for a frank expression of opinion, and guaranteed protection from the bean-nurtured hands of outraged Puritans, I should say that San Francisco very much resembles Boston, the main difference that I can now recall being that in the one city people take their drinks up stairs in broad daylight, while in the other, they go down into a dark cellar for them.

But I am not prepared to deny that the "real Californian, son of the red soil and the blue sky, will be altogether different from" everybody else, including myself; for his own sake I hope he will be. But I prophesy that if the *Atlantic* writes about him, and he takes things *au sérieux*, as the critic intimates that he may, the first aspiration of his young ambition will be to go immediately on to Boston and kill his reviewer—at least this would be his ambition were he a "real

Californian." The late Mr. William Mulligan for instance, would never have stood being called a "Californian Humorist" more than once!

The fact of it is, there's a deal of bosh written by transcendental critics about "climatic influences" on writers. Take our own sweet thrush—memorialist of "marjorie" but not himself a "Daw" by any manner of means—he of the topaz crest and emerald pinions, for instance; does he not sing of palm trees, and "syrup," and spices, and bulbuls? Yet the while he is sitting in Boston Common, and not on the shores of the Bosphorus. And has not Swinburne, swaddled and soaked in the chilling fogs of England, evolved warmer verse than ever sprang into rank life under the burning sun of the tropics? Verily, look at what I myself have done under the most opposite surroundings. From the embroidered magnificence of this present essay you may fancy me sitting on a silken divan, with a houri on my left hand and a fragrant demijohn of applejohn within convenient reaching distance on the right. But the real truth of it is, that I am straddling a stool in a Boonton drug store, with nothing around me more inspiring than complicated soothing syrups, patent cathartics, and last *Atlantics*—the issue of last December month, I mean.

How it may be with the other gentlemen whose names are mentioned as having "deeply received the California stamp" I am not prepared to say. But so far as I am individually concerned, California contrived to take all the stamps I originally had, in behalf of several very laudable mining enterprises to which it was my blessed privilege to contribute--and I never received any from her in return worth speaking of.

I may be over sensitive, perhaps, as regards the classification put upon me. But turn the thing about and take the other end of it for a change. Suppose that I were to sit me down and write an elaborate treatise on the Italian poets—Dante, Boccaccio, and all the rest, among them mentioning the editor of the *Atlantic*, putting him in, too, with a large

P over him—how would he like that? I have never called him an Italian Poet—never said that he was a Poet at all, not even a writer of macaronic verses, if I remember rightly. Yet he was a resident of Italy much longer than I was of San Francisco. Still I do not see that for a four years' sojourn in Venice I should set him up as a Venetian Blind, notwithstanding that he has never seemed to see the value of my contributions very clearly.

Nordhoff spent some time in California writing about agriculture. I suppose the *Atlantic*, the first opportunity it has to say anything about California Farmers, will refer to Charles Nordhoff as a representative one, and fling a large F over his familiar figure by way of making him readily recognizable.

Nearly four years of my early life were spent—or mispent—on a whale-ship, alternating between the South Seas and the Arctic regions. Why not pass me down to posterity as the Feejee Funny Man, or the Esquimaux Prose-writer? This would be nearer the correct size of it, I fancy. And then something might be written about the "shaping influences" of compressing the head by lashing a board on the top of it, after the fashion practiced by some tribes of ingenious aborigines; something might be said of my having "deeply received the Feejee stamp"—which would be literally true, indeed, as I have some very choice tattooing about me to show for it. Or the stimulus which a dissipation upon train-oil exerts upon the brain might be gracefully discussed; the critic if facetiously inclined, and feeling "his want of relevance to surrounding conditions" at that particular time—which I take it is the reviewer's mild way of intimating that some one is drunk—might remark that my codexes smelt of the midnight oil.

To return now to the *Californian*. I was—and am—rather proud of that paper. It represented considerable of my money and a good deal of my time, for all of which I had nothing else to show. To the *Californian*, under my management, many who have since obtained wide-spread

reputations contributed, and it was called considerable of a paper—to be published so far away from Boston. True, the contributors never received much pay for their work, and no flattering inducement of more was ever held out to them, but on the other hand, they did not have to pay anything for the privilege of expressing themselves weekly, and this was a blessed immunity which never fell to my lot while owning the paper. It has sometimes occurred to me that possibly the *Californian* did something toward bringing out the latent genius of the Pacific coast, a genius which has since blossomed to such an extraordinary degree that much has been transplanted to the nutritious soil of Plymouth Rock—a change more beneficial to the Rock than to the transplanted—and there is still some left. But I do not remember to have ever heard this opinion expressed by any one else, and merely throw it out for what it is worth.

Consequently, when it began to be published that Mr. Bret Harte established the *Californian*, I felt in my own mind that he didn't; but as that very clever gentleman never seemed to think it worth while to defend himself against the imputation, I let the matter rest. But when the *Every Saturday Gazette*, in an official biography of Mr. Harte, accompanied by a beautiful portrait, after mentioning a number of heroic things which he had done in early youth, went on to say:—"Then followed an unsuccessful newspaper enterprise of his own, unsuccessful commercially, though the *Californian*, which he and Mr. Webb managed, was lively and agreeable literature, and merits remembrance for the publication of Mr. Harte's delightful parodies, 'The Condensed Novelists'"—then I must acknowledge that a wave of trouble rolled across my peaceful breast.

First, it wasn't gratifying to be spoken of as second fiddle in mention of an extended performance where I had vigorously sawed away as first, and was for sometime nearly the entire orchestra. Then it seemed to me that the *Californian* "merited remembrance" on some other accounts than because of the clever parodies which graced its declining days. My

cash contributions were for some time a distinguishing feature of the paper, and it seemed to me that these merited remembrance though the contributions of Mark Twain, Charles Warren Stoddard, Ina Coolbrith, Bowman, Johns, Eliza A. Pittsinger, Frank Pixley, Emilie Lawson, Frank McCoppin, W. C. Ralston, Joseph A. Donahue, Bishop Kip, John Sime, William Sharon, Hall McAllister, and a number of other rather clever persons and poets, should be passed down to oblivion by Boston.

My remarks may seem somewhat digressive, but I wish to shadow forth the bare possibility that literary talent may exist in various quarters of the world, and work its way quietly without Boston's ever suspecting it; and there seemed no way of doing this more convincingly than by the careless mention of a few sparks of genius which smoldered on and worried along in a smudgy sort of a fashion for a good while without Boston's finding it out.

As I was about to explain I started with an eager determination to set the matter right. Conscious that I was laying myself open to the imputation of nefarious designs in hinting that Boston could be wrong even in writing of that about which it knew nothing, I fortified myself with documentary evidence. "Indorsements" of my claims could have been had from New York, but I knew how little they would avail in the latitude of Cape Cod. But I said, Verily, though they believe not Moses Taylor, nor the prophets, yet will they believe when Boston speaketh, and accordingly from many other notices in Boston papers, of the *Californian's* first appearance, selected and submitted the following from the *Evening Transcript*:—

"We have received the first number of the *Californian*, a weekly journal just started in San Francisco, under the editorial charge of Mr. Charles H. Webb, a gentleman well known to New York journalism. Mr. Webb was for several years attached to the editorial staff of *The New York Times*, where he occupied the responsible post of literary editor, and where his criticisms were the object of special remark for their freshness and piquancy. His new enterprise, the *Californian*, bears the impress of his editorial skill on every page. It is a handsome paper of sixteen pages, about the size of *The Round Table* before it was

out down, and not unlike that journal in character and scope. It is printed upon a quality of paper which in these days seems almost prodigally fine. If such a journal can be sustained in California it is certainly a good token for the literary taste of the land of gold. At all events, judging from the first number, no man is more capable of directing its career in a successful path than its projector and editor."

Having sent this on, with a "card" to the editor setting forth the facts, I said to myself, Now justice will be done me. These Boston affidavits will settle the business, and in its next number *The Every Saturday Gazette* will let itself out as follows:—

"We regret to have been betrayed into a misstatement in our last issue. The *Californian* was not an unsuccessful commercial enterprise of Mr. Harte, but of Mr. Webb. We congratulate Mr. Harte cordially on this fact, but do not exactly see how its establishment advances Mr. Webb in the social scale. We may here remark, *en passant*—in which remark, however, we are *au sérieux*—that had Mr. Webb possessed the business sagacity indispensable to success in newspaper enterprises, he would have known that no journal of a literary character could have been established or maintained out of Boston. We never make a mistake; it will be noticed that in the matter of the statement which we now correct, we were simply misinformed."

Well, nothing of the kind was said. My little personal "card" was published, but newspapers all the country over went on giving Mr. Harte the credit of establishing the *Californian*, never once mentioning me as the editor of the *Overland* by way of a set-off. If Boston had only spoken editorially, it would have settled everything; but her silence left the question still open, and none would give me the benefit of a doubt. By-and-by, however, I became used to the misstatement, and didn't mind it much. But happening into an auction-room one day, I picked up an English edition of Harte—published by a John Camden, or John Camden and Amboy, Hotten. It was prefaced by a biography of the author, written by one Bellew—a man who went to and fro upon the earth giving readings, I am told. Here I found it stated, among other worthy and heroic acts of Mr. Harte, that "he established a newspaper of his own in San Francisco called the *Californian*, in which he was assisted by a

Mr. *Welby*." This was the crowning outrage, and I rushed off to Boonton to beg of my friend Harte, who was reported to be residing in New Jersey, that if it was his habit to furnish biographers with data, he would write my name plainly in the future, so that under no circumstances could they shield themselves from my just fury if they printed it "*Welby*," in consideration of which kindness I wouldn't care a cent whom they set up as founder or founderer of the *Californian*. Also to explain that, though he might permit his publishers and other evil-disposed persons to hack away at his life on their own hook, I should defend mine to the last gasp if they attempted it in the same connection. But on getting to Boonton, I was confronted by the *Atlantic*, and as has already been set forth, in my new indignation I forgave the foreigner who trumpeted me forth as "a Mr. *Welby*."

In conclusion I simply wish to point the moral that nothing is easier than not to write about a man or a thing if you don't know anything about him or it. It is always easy to leave *Welby* enough alone. And not even a born Bostonian can dive down into the interior of his Chance Acquaintance and prophesy why they did this or how that came to be done. As for "surrounding conditions," no one can bet on them. It would be absurd for any critic, for instance, to attempt to trace the sweet influences of even a single Boston bean in the charming pages of "*Their Wedding Journey*." When I shake hands reverently, and with a saving sense of my own grotesqueness, with the Coryphæi of Cape Cod, and notice that they are lame about the arms, I imagine that it comes of excessive literary labor and not from patting each other on the back. It would be unfair for me to assume that their shoulder-joints were in a chronic state of dislocation from reaching up to pat us fellows on the head who do not live in Boston. All assumptions indeed are unfair unless one has positive reasons for them. I also wish to make it plain, if I have not already projected my meaning clearly on the wall, that at a bald-headed period of middle life one does not care to be held up as a "young writer" molded in style by the

barbaric influences of a civilized city in which he spent three unprofitable years.

As a writer of English, poor and undefiled—I suppose I occupy the same position that I did thirty or forty years ago, except that of late I have confined myself more to finance and theology, and coruscate modestly over a *nom de plume*. But I warn Boston, that if she keeps up her persecution of me, I'll be revenged on her before I've done with it—even if I have to go and live there. Rough on the subscriber as that might be, it would effectually finish Boston.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

DEACON BROWN—A DIALECTIC EXCUSE FOR A GOOD MAN.

IT'S DEACON BROWN yer askin' about?
He haint been round fur a year;
They planted him last kibbage time,
Which is why he isn't here.
Fur p'raps ye've obsarved as a gin'ral thing
Thet this livin' under ground
Fur a year or two don't make one feel
Pretty much like sloshin' round.

His kerricter, eh? What, old Deac. Brown?
Well, I'm ruther 'shamed to say
Thet he wan't much the sort o' saint
Sot up by Harte and Hay.
He never cussed in his nat'ral life—
I mention this with consarn—
He didn't know how, though he might a know'd
Ef he hed a cared ter larn.

But it makes it rough fur the chap thet gets
The writin' of his biog.,
To hev ter confess he's a slingin' ink
Over sich a bump on a log,
Who didn't amount to shucks in a row,
Who never war out on a tear,
And fur tacklin' a neat little game of "draw,"
Couldn't tell a full from a pair.

Fur the Deac. jest war a common cuss
O' the most ornariest kind,
Who never looked out o' the winder o' sin,
And dursn't raise a blind.
Ye've no idee how parvarse he was,
I've hearn him remark—this limb!
Thet though he war raised in a Christian land,
One wife war enough fur him.

His canal-boat onc't—it was yers ago,
 When drivers both druv and steered—
 Run agin the bank jest above Penn Yan,
 An' some o' the help got skeer'd.
 The Pilot sot in the ingen-room,
 And helt his nozzle an' swore.
 But the Deac. spread *hiss*self at the gang-plank
 A handin' the ladies ashore.

P'raps the Deac. ef he'd hed the rearin' o' some,
 Would a panned out better that trip;
 But, considerin' of his broughtens up,
 He didn't quite lose his grip.
 Onfortunite-like fur the Deac. an' me,
 He'd careful raisin' to hum;
 An' yer can't 'spect much of a chap, yer know,
 Unless he sprouts from a slum.

Ef he'd been a high-toned gambolier,
 Or the rough of a mining camp,
 With a bushel of sin in his kerricter,
 An' a touch of Sairey Gamp.
 Or an injineer or an injin thar—
 Any kind of a rum-histin' lout—
 Per'aps he'd a done some pretty big thing
 Fur me ter be splurgin' about.

But he jest plugged on in a no 'count way,
 A leadin' a good squar life,
 Till the war kem on—then he pulled up stakes,
 An' said good-bye ter his wife.
 I've hearn tell a grittier man nor him
 In battle never trod,
 An' he didn't let down in the face of Death,
 Although he b'lieved in a God.

It's queer how he fout at Fredericksburg—
 The Deac. jest went in wet,
 A pray'n an' shoot'n, an' every time
 A fetchin' his man, you bet.
 Yet he wan't sustained by the soothin' thought,
 When he fell—October 'leventh—
 That he'd knock'd spots out the commandments,
 An' been special rough on the seventh.

Jest over beyond thet turnip patch,
Some twenty holes yer kin see,
Thet air filled by chaps who went from here
To fight 'gin Ginerall Lee.
They went from here 'bout plantin' time,
They kem back when corn was ripe,
An' we buried 'em by that walnut tree—
All chaps of the Deacon's stripe.

We'll cross over thar to the old man's grave,
And I guess I'll be gittin' then—
Yer pardin, stranger, I allers unroof
At the grave o' that sort o' men—
I've been gassin' away promiscus like,
But now I make bold ter say,
It don't foller on a man's a sneak
Cause he lives in a decent way.

I know some folks reck'n contrairywise,
An' sling their ink quite free,
But they hain't got holt the right end on it,
Accordin' to my idee.
An' thet's why I've sort o' been chippin' in,
A pleadin' the Deacon's excuse,
Fur you know we all can't be gamblers and thieves,
An' all women needn't be loose.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

THE GREAT DISASTER OF MILL RIVER AND AN ANXIOUS NIGHT IN THE VALLEY.

NO need to describe Williamsburg as it was before the flood swept over it to any who have ever passed through Massachusetts or Connecticut, for to have seen one of these little manufacturing villages is to have seen all. Nestling down wherever there is enough water to turn a wheel, they dot the green banks with their white cottages, measure the pulse-beats of time with the swifter and equally regular throbs of their ponderous hammers, make the night as well as the day alive with the hum of their busy industries, and tangle the tops of their tall chimneys in among church spires. If "to labor is to pray," the mingling is incongruous, for the chimney of a work-shop must in logical sequence be very nearly akin to a steeple, the ringing of anvils to that of church bells!

One who visited these villages of the valley after the occurrence of the terrible deluge, for the first time, and had no former acquaintance with the locality to judge by, could not "realize" the change which that brief, terrible half hour, with the details of which all are familiar, wrought. He found, for instance, naked areas of territory where nothing seemed to have been destroyed, simply because there was no evidence to lead him to suppose that anything ever existed. To mention one case in point, a long reach of plain, covered with sand and boulders, over which a stream trickled in irregular channels—he did not know that this waste but one day before was a fertile meadow, for there was nothing to

show that it had not been as then was since the first flood. Again picking his way along over broken ground, where never a wheel seemed to have rolled, how was the stranger to know that he was in reality threading a main street, along the line of which once stood the usual array of houses. Even I, who should have been somewhat familiar with the old localities, having visited Williamsburg four times within the year, stood on a piece of low ground—just outside the village, as I supposed—over which the water had evidently swept, and remarked to a bystander what a fortunate thing it was that no one had builded there. He informed me that I was standing near the junction of two streets, and on ground once covered with houses! Inquiring what some twisted leaden pipes, which at odd intervals protruded from the ground and spouted water into the air in an apparently aimless way, were, I was told that they once led spring water into the kitchens of houses which had gone away from over them, and of which no other trace remained.

The devastation has been compared to that occasioned by a great fire. There is not the suggestion even of a parallel. Fire leaves vestiges of what it consumes—ashes at least; in the path of this fierce flood you cannot find even *cellars*, to mark where once substantial dwellings stood. Destruction is not the word; annihilation alone can describe it, and scarcely adequately at that. Compare this fearful work with that wrought by a fire, indeed. When fire comes you have something to fight; you can stay and defend your property until the flames die out or the rafters fall in. When this *avalanche* of water dashed down upon Williamsburg there was nothing to do but run for it, and fortunate indeed was the father or mother with children in arms that could run fast enough to find safety. Fancy the swiftness of destruction, when the bell which rang to warn the inhabitants came near being whirled from the belfry and carried along on the crest of the torrent with its first stroke choked upon its iron lips, and the bellman had to drop the rope and take to the hills! Even he who on a swift horse flew through the valley

shouting "Fly! for your lives, fly!" could not stop to gather a breath or say to the wondering dwellers along the stream why they should fly or where they should fly to, for death roared at his horse's heels, and to pause for one instant was to be overtaken and overwhelmed.

The suddenness and completeness of the fate which came upon Herculaneum and Pompeii is marked by the bread and roasted meats found in ovens. What think you of ovens with unbaked loaves therein—loaves that did not even have time to brown before the fire was extinguished and both stove and kitchen carried into another village? No slow sifting of ashes over housetops here, as in the case of the buried cities of the Campanian Plain. Five minutes did the work in this valley!

If I have in any degree made you understand the suddenness and completeness of the catastrophe which came upon Williamsburg and its sister hamlets, I have brought you to a point which I myself scarcely reached after being personally upon the ground and having explored it in every direction—in the light too, which a visit barely a week before the accident afforded.

Can you imagine or enter into the feelings with which I seated myself to write what I had seen, the sensation akin to despair of its accomplishment which came upon me as I contemplated the task? I had been wandering all the day through a desert where but yesterday, as it were, I had left a garden; I was dwelling amid desolation, and yet this very spot where even the trees were now uprooted, when I before was here, blossomed with thrift, was hung on every side with the ripened fruits of industry. Sad women on every side went about in black, but of the bereaved the greater number by far had no black to wear, for with the bereavement came the loss of all that could enable them to symbolize it outwardly. Of friends whom I loved, some were utterly ruined; others had lost what it would take them years to regain. Was it strange, then, that I took up my pen as one might who dreams that he but dreams and is going to put upon paper

that which he will find blotted out on awakening; to record what he hopes and almost believes will turn out to be but a distressing vision which came with the night, and will vanish with the day?

It was claimed for a clergyman once, as a reason for giving him a "call," that he was "powerful in prayer and especially happy at funerals." Now funerals never were a source of much enjoyment to me, and the funeral of several whole villages at once I hope never again to attend.

My attention was called to a man evidently bearing an overburdening sorrow about with him. His face had the restless look you have seen on the faces of those haunted by a great grief, who go about with wistful eyes which seem to ask of strangers if they know not some way in which they may turn for escape. A wife, two children, and a home he had, and lost them all at the first swoop of the torrent. Yet another man, superintendent of one of the mills, perished in the flood, with his wife and three children. I have seen this alluded to as "the most dreadful case of all." There are different ways of viewing things. Not so dreadful this to my thinking, as the instance mentioned above, and similar ones which I could recite. Grief remains with those who are left behind, and when all are taken there are none to mourn. Anything but the separation of families, husband taken from wife, wife from husband, children from parents, or, worst of all, children left to the cold fatherhood of a pre-occupied world.

I have never been able to understand how, in the face of the commonly expressed and professed belief that this world is one of sin, and sorrow, and suffering—simply a sort of probationary prison-house, where it is necessary to pass a few transitory years before entering upon a life of blissful immortality hereafter—people should be so loth to quit it or shrink back from the golden gates and jasper pavements with the unmistakable horror they exhibit when the thing looks likely. There are worse things in the world than death—and chief among these I may instance the fear of it. Nevertheless, as

my personal acquaintance below the moon is considerably more extensive than above it, I do not know that I am particularly anxious to have a new address put upon my cards at present.

One of the freaks of the flood was the lifting bodily of buildings and moving them a considerable distance, then to set them down as squarely as they were set on their original foundations. In some instances houses were protected by single trees which stood in front of them ; in others, the trees were torn up and became missiles of destruction. In the trees which the flood strewed along its path you saw evidence of the violence of the torrent ; huge pines lay stripped of their bark and branches, and with their bleached roots twisted and torn into splints, might have been mistaken for gigantic brooms.

Of the amount of *débris*—surface earth, sand, and brush-wood brought down and deposited—you will get some idea by knowing that several of the bodies recovered were found buried twenty feet below these accretions. And it was feared that the mischief was not all ended ; like the fabled monster of old, a flood slays with its breath, and malignant fevers almost invariably follow in the train of a great freshet ; terrible, is it not, to think that to such a testament of destruction there can still be a codicil of death attached !

The scene for days after the accident reminded one of placer-mining in the early days of California. In gravel-beds and in scarred and seamed gulches, you saw workmen with pick and shovel excavating the sand and sifting it carefully, exhuming, not nuggets of gold, but metals that glitter similarly—ingots of copper, and brass and silver-plated goods. But the mining of the huge piles of *débris* at which men were digging, and hewing, and hauling, was of a more terrible character. It was for corpses they were looking. Strange that among the many dead you looked in vain for a single one of the men who ought to be.

This remark *may* seem strangely out of place ; let me explain what I mean by it right here. In company with

a competent civil engineer, I visited the broken dam. The defects of its construction were apparent to the most superficial observer. A mud foundation where there should have been one of concrete, sand for mortar, where there should have been cement. Too little money was set apart for its building in the first place, and not enough of that went into the work. Dams should be built with both money and brains, and it was attempted to build this one without either. It was a death-trap, in brief, and the constructors are wholesale murderers. The "wall," instead of being set in a trench, as it is supposed that all such dam walls are, and as they certainly should be, was simply planted on earth from which the surface soil had been skinned to a trifling depth, and on which it slid as a flat-iron might on a greased skid. Had as many gone to see it while building as have gone to see its ruins, it would never have been suffered to be built; it was only kept from falling over of its own weight, while in course of erection, by the embankments of earth that were piled up against it. The "masonry wall"—what remained of it, at least—looked not unlike the fences of loose cobble-stone which you see piled up in sections of country where decent stones are scarce, except that the interstices were filled with sand. I say sand, for I dug a lot of the stuff out of the heart of the "wall" and brought away a handkerchief full of it. As for "cement" there is not a trace of that nor of lime in it; such as it is it is just good enough to stuff down the throats of the contractors who did the work, and good for nothing else; and if any mild and judicial body of men wish to stuff these contractors in the way that I suggest, I should be proud to lend a hand to the work as well as a handkerchief full of material.

With a full understanding now of how that reservoir was constructed, may it not be taken for granted that very few men would travel more than a thousand miles for the sake of lying down to peaceful slumbers under two similar ones? Assuming that, the reader will not accuse me of more than common cowardice when I confess to having spent rather an

anxious night in this valley a few days after the disaster.

In the first place, let me explain, duty and not curiosity called me to the scene of ruin, and duty and not satisfaction at what I saw kept me there. But for the better understanding of my story, a little topographical prelude is perhaps necessary. It may be that the situation of the streams which worked all this woe is generally understood, but as the contrary may be the fact, I will apply the old rule of whist in cases of doubt, and make sure of the trick by explaining the lay of the water.

"Mill River," which so suddenly leaped into terrible notoriety, begins in fact at the foot of Williamsburg, and is formed by two streams which there unite. In the arms of the fork, or "V" formed by this junction, Williamsburg lies. The reservoir which burst fed the stream that flows down on the left of the village, and this side and the lower portion of the village it was that suffered so terribly; the upper part and that lying along the banks of the stream on the right remained intact. This right wing of the stream, on the banks of which stand the post-office, stores, and principal dwellings, none of which suffered in the flood, is fed by two reservoirs some five or six miles back, one of which was finished and filled only last winter. So you see there is still considerable of a threat hanging over the town.

The lower reservoir is thought to be tolerably safe, but the upper one was said to be another "sham-dam" water-gun, loaded to its rubble muzzle with the most dangerous of forces, and its mud trigger set ever on the "hair," modeled in all respects after the pattern of the one which shot itself off so disastrously a few days before. If this upper piece of crockery cracked, the contents would of course empty themselves upon the lower one and carry that away also. Even in drawing the upper one down in case of its becoming too full, the water would necessarily have to flow into and through the lower basin, and it required little engineering skill to demonstrate the danger of this added volume straining the dam of

the latter beyond its powers of resistance. If ever these two reservoirs do get loose, and come down together, no reporter need be sent to learn the particulars, for there will be no one to give them, and there will be neither post-office nor any other general source of information to inquire at!

So you see how artfully the ingenious inventors of these hydraulic infernal machines planned. They made a double-barreled water-gun of it, a breech-loader at that, with a sort of supplementary chamber back, and brought it to bear point blank on the village, so that if one barrel didn't do the work clean enough to suit them, they could let off the other one and so rake what remained.

As already remarked, I was domiciled in Williamsburg. Wet weather came amain; the greater part of one night, the whole of the next day, and all of the night of which I write, the rain had fallen in torrents; swash, swash, swash; there was no "let up" to it, and the right wing of our mill power began to make itself heard. When rains fall in that part of the country, a good many mountains lend their sloping shoulders to the work of inundation, and streams rise pretty fast. The facts which I have recited concerning the construction of the dam were familiar to the remaining residents of the village, and they knew by a practical demonstration what water can do when it bursts its chains; so you can readily see that I do not exceed the bounds of belief when I say that we had rather an anxious night of it. You will understand how women, sick on their backs from the nervous excitement of the last few days, and knowing that they were unable to make a run for it if running became necessary, tossed on uneasy pillows and moaned to equally alarmed husbands—though they dared not confess alarm for their wives' sakes—a wish that the rain would cease. For the swash, swash, swash, became monotonous after a while. And all women are not sufficiently trusting to believe there is no danger simply because men assure them there is not, if they happen to know that a loaded blunderbus, with more blunder about it than buss, is pointed directly at their heads, and cocked and primed for quick work of it.

Teams were busy long into the night getting goods out of the stores and hauling them to places of safety by lantern-light. A prudent man foreseeth the evil and gets out of the way, but the simple stay where they are and get swamped! I did my part of the good work, and lied to the ladies with the ease which comes of long experience, telling them that the men across the way were simply getting in the supplies for the destitute that had just arrived from charitable towns by the evening train—which they knew would not be due for an hour. This, of course, relieved their fears, and made them feel quite certain that any other statement or assurance of safety that I ventured to give might be relied on with equal confidence.

No precaution was neglected. Double guards were put on duty at the water-columbiads above, to watch the unstable cobble-stones about the muzzles and give timely notice of the first wiggle of the treacherous triggers, and men with relays of ready-bridled horses were stationed along the road leading down to the village, at intervals of a half mile or so, that they might mount at the first alarm and pass the warning signal on from one to another. Torches and lanterns were made ready and placed where they could be had and lighted at a moment's notice; no precaution which could be thought of was neglected, and then there was nothing else to do but to sit up or lie down and wait for the next thing to turn up—at least that was what we did at the Hotel de James. The people of the two other hotels and occupants of the houses lower down effected a very general change of base, leaving their own quarters and seeking shelter in houses on the hills, some even camping out in the rain. This latter is an innovation in housekeeping, to which I could not bring myself under any stress of circumstances, and especially do I consider it the part of prudence, if a flood is expected, to avoid wetting one's clothes before the water comes. You will pardon me if I remark in this connection, that I never did like water anyway, and that my prejudices against it in the future will be greater than ever before.

By way of putting in my time profitably and pleasantly, I sat down the moment I determined to sit up, and wrote a long and interesting narrative of my observations and impressions during the day and the day before for the *Great Moral Organ*, while my host lay down on the sofa, with his boots on, to think over a little business that lay on his mind, and, fatigued by the incessant work of the week, he was soon boring pump logs at an excellent rate of speed. It was not his wish to alarm anybody by seeming to sit up, premeditatedly, but I think his wife remarked, incidentally, that she had always observed that men could think about business better by lying down with boots on. I did not take off my shoes for the simple reason that I did not happen to bring a button-hook along with me, and any one with experience will bear me out in the assertion that it is extremely inconvenient to button up one's gaiters with one's fingers, or even with a hair-pin. And who would want to wade over rocky bottoms barefoot? When I finally laid down it was on the outside of the bed, and with my clothes on, for I never did like to have to dress in a hurry.

But when I turned out at my usual hour of five next morning, for a sniff of morning air and to see how things were working, the morning had broken fair and beautiful, and the dam hadn't; the swash, swash, swash of the rain had ceased at last, and not a drop was falling, though the river was; the glorious sun looked down on the post-office over the way, which in its turn looked up fair and white in its integrity, and seemed rather glad to be around; I certainly was.

Asking a man, who was going early to market with a basket on his arm, if he felt at all apprehensive last night, he said he didn't know exactly what that meant, but that he did certainly feel a little "skeery." I then asked him if he took off his boots before going to bed, to which he made prompt and graceful answer that he'd be darned if he did, or his hat either. So I guess there were others beside my host and myself who had business to think about and didn't bring their button-hooks along.

It did very well to treat this thing lightly when the morning had come and the rain had gone, when the sun was up and the river down. But there was certainly good enough ground for apprehension during the night, especially in the light of the fearful precedent so lately furnished ; and when to this you add the anxiety one naturally feels when there are several sick women and many little children among his friends, and he does not know exactly how many sick women and little children he can take on his back and swim gracefully and vigorously across stream with—having never counted the number that he had on his back at any one time—I think none will misinterpret me when I frankly confess that frequently before in my varied experience I have sat up all night, and felt jollier while doing it, but never felt better the next morning.

All this occurred sometime ago, and no further calamity has occurred to my knowledge in that immediate vicinity, though dams elsewhere have been bursting in all directions. This of course proves that there is no danger going there. But I am set in my ways about some things, and until the water is let out from these reservoirs—the charges drawn from the guns, so to speak—or the dams are examined and proved to be safe, I for one do not care to sleep at Williamsburg. Those fonder of water than I may nightly pitch their tents there—and a tent certainly would have to be well pitched to keep the inmates dry if a dam broke over their heads—but I do not care to pitch mine quite so many days' marches nearer home ; and so am not to be counted in as one of those "little pitchers," though I may have "long ears." And until I know whether or not that "bowl of Goshen" up in the hills is liable to crack, I shall refuse to accept the hospitalities of friends in that part of Hampshire County. For in my native Gowanus the level of the canal is below my cellar floor, and never was it known to rage above the roofs or sweep away any householder of about my size and social status.

CHAPTER LXXV.

TELLING HOW THE AUTHOR ONCE AFFORDED KETTLE RUN.

IN Virginia all the little rivers are called "runs." To begin, there is Bull Run—famous for all time—Broad Run, Ram's-horn Run, Oak-bend Run: but, without attempting to keep the run of all these Runs, let us arrive at once at Kettle Run.

The spring of 1862 found me a war correspondent, camped at Centreville, awaiting the development of events. The new Department of the Rappahannock had just been created.

In company with another correspondent I had spent a very pleasant week there. The main body of the army was lying motionless as an anaconda after a full meal of bullocks, and we had nothing to do but play seven-up, skirmish around the country for chickens, and minister to the creature comforts of the wretched raw-boned horses which the generosity of journals provided for the convenience of correspondents in the field. Strange animals these same horses were, and I have often wondered where the newspaper proprietors picked them up. On ordinary as well as necessary occasions, it was impossible to urge them out of a walk; if a cavalry company chanced to be in pursuit of you they would stumble and blunder along with the most provoking indifference to possible consequences; but let the tables be turned, and they evinced the most indecent haste. Their main ambition seemed to be the carrying of correspondents into danger; with that end in view they would sniff the battle afar off, and rush madly forward, breaking down the moment they got fairly on the ground, and leaving their

riders, whose pens were much mightier than their swords, to bear the shock of contending squadrons.

One Sunday, however, my companion and myself were aroused from our *dolce far niente*—not by sweet tintinnabulations, for the sound of the church-going bell was not then heard in Virginia, the tradition being that all the bells had been recast into cannon—but by rumors of action and actions, for “the blood-red blossom of war with a heart of fire,” which had so long promised fruition, was about to burst into full flower on the banks of the Rappahannock, and it was necessary for us to respond to the call. Following the kettle-drum brought us to Kettle Run.

The reputation of Virginia for prudent and pleasant weather had already been seriously compromised, but on this day Virginia lost her character forever. Rain, hail, and snow fell alternately, producing a state of things which no contractor can ever achieve in the streets of any city which he may agree to clean. But uninviting as the prospect appeared, correspondents need must ride when duty drives, and we set out on our forlorn journey.

However antagonistic journals may be in principles and politics, however they may abuse each other in public, those who furnish the thunder generally meet in private on the friendliest footing, and interchange courtesies and confidences with a heartiness that would astonish the outside world of readers. Breasting the sleet with ponchos drawn snugly round our chins, and beguiling the tedious hours with conversation as cheerful and pleasant as our tightly-set teeth would allow, my companion and I rode over the sacred and swimming soil, while our horses plodded along, side by side, voiceless and mute—not that they had any prejudice against each other on account of being in the employ of different newspapers, I fancy, but simply for want of a common language. It is rather to be regretted that the vernacular of horses consists simply of a neigh, neigh, without a corresponding and alternating yea, yea, since otherwise they could directly express that mutual good feeling which they now

can only manifest by sharing each other's oats, clinking their bridle-bits together, and hobnobbing over hay.

Arrived at Manassas—everybody once knew where Manassas was—we learned that the swollen streams had overflowed their natural barriers and borne away bridges and fences upon their broadened bosoms as triumphal badges. But there was no resource other than to ride on. Aside from the urgings of duty, the unfortunate country around offered entertainment for neither man nor beast. Literally there was no shelter, neither for the crown of the head nor the sole of the foot; it was emphatically a critical corner, and the stern police of necessity admonished us in peremptory tones to “move on.”

About three miles from Manassas—oh! how long those three miles were—we encountered the stream known as Kettle Run. Bivouacking on its borders were a number of batteries and several companies of cavalry, which feared to plunge in, accoutred as they were, and attempt a crossing. We had several old and intimate friends among the officers, but not one offered us shelter for the night, though several kindly volunteered to show us the ford. Kettle Run, indeed; here was a pretty kettle of fish! The snow was fast falling, the shades of night had already fallen, the wild Run was running riot, level with its banks—a wide and white swirl of waters was before us. This we saw, only this, and nothing more. We certainly had no desire to display individual heroism by doing what so many hundred heroes had not dared attempt, (and if unambitious to appear as a Hero I was still less anxious to figure as Leander) but the stream at least offered us a bed, wide enough in all conscience for two, which was more hospitality than any of our friends on shore seemed inclined to extend. In short, there was no alternative; so with cheerful chirrups, assuming a hilarity if we had it not, we approached the brink. Our horses were singularly averse to the enterprise, hinting by gentle snorts, expressive of distaste and indignation, that they were not fishes; but, remorseless and determined we urged them on, quieting their constitu-



KETTLE RUN - A FISH'S-EYE VIEW.

tional and conscientious scruples by spirited applications of whip and spur and the vociferation of wild shouts. They obeyed; but would to heaven they had refused! Scarcely had my horse left the bank when, rushing with the velocity of a mill-race, the stream lifted him bodily from his feet and bore him into a maelstrom dark and dreadful as Charybdis, where like Ixions of the deep, we revolved for some minutes on a watery wheel—the furthest remove from a “right wheel” ever attempted in the face of a friendly force. You would have thought we were members of some fresh-water circus company, performing for the entertainment of a sub-aqueous audience, and that this was a benefit night. But however entertaining the exhibition may have been to lookers-on, it was anything but fun for the performers. A better illustration of how circumstances alter cases could not be desired. Seen from a salmon’s standpoint it may all have been very fine, and I have sometimes wished that I had a sketch giving a fish’s eye view of the scene. At the time, however, I am free to confess that any one could have had my seat who wanted it.

On escaping from the rotatory clutch of the whirlpool, my horse developed a peculiarity in swimming on the part of that noble animal which never before obtruded itself quite so violently on my notice. Settling down by his stern in the water, as though he intended to walk on his hind legs, but sagaciously elevating the tip of his nose an inch or two above the surface of the water, he suddenly instituted a series of startling and spasmodic struggles. For the first time I learned that when he comes down to square swimming this otherwise unselfish beast is not at all solicitous as to the comfort and possible fate of his rider. I learned too, why those singular little fish we see in all well-regulated aquaria, which wriggle through the water standing perpendicularly on their tails, are called “sea horses.” Their attitude is precisely the one which my horse adopted. It was afterwards stated by those who stood upon the banks—and volunteered no assistance—that for some minutes the crown of a hat and the tip

of an equine nose were the only things visible. I had one mane reliance, however, and to that I clung with a desperation worthy of a better hold. Had the mane proved as treacherous as did the tail of Tam O'Shanter's mare, dire indeed would have been the consequences. But, fortunately, nothing broke.

The water was cold—a natural result perhaps of there being snow and ice in it. Such a baptism as we then endured never fell to the lot of correspondent or convert before, I fancy. My teeth chatter at the very recollection. It is said that at such critical moments all the bad deeds of one's lifetime pass before one in rapid review. How it may be with others I do not know; but the most prominent impression on my mind at the time was, that a leading morning journal was in imminent danger of losing either a correspondent or a horse—possibly both—and that I was directly and personally interested in the result.

How we finally extricated ourselves and escaped what is sometimes alluded to as “a watery grave,” I do not know, and have never seen any one else who could give a very clear account. But probably the sweet little cherub that is said to sit up aloft and watch o'er the fate of poor Jack mistook us for mariners, and interfered in our behalf. Certain it is that I reached the shore a half mile or so below where we rode in, a wiser and a wetter man. Everything in pockets and saddlebags was saturated—even some sardines which I providently carried, had got uncomfortably wet in their snug little tin boxes. My wallet, which under ordinary circumstances would never attract much attention, presented itself then as an object of curious contemplation. Free tickets, complimentary notices of my last contribution to periodical literature, coupled with personal abuse of the author; various appeals from tailors, some peremptory, some pathetic; greenbacks—(not many for not many had then issued) a photograph and a half-dozen withered rose-leaves, were all mingled and massed together in a most extraordinary pulp. Of a bright golden tress which I had promised to keep and treasure for-

ever and ever, but a few straggling hairs remained. It grieved me to think that the hair of my Annie should become a gill net for shad, that of her fair curls springes to catch minnows should be made instead of threads of amber.

A change of clothing would have been highly appreciated, but it was not to be had though an artillery company kindly permitted us to dry what we had on before a few scattering embers. Certain am I that the fire of artillery was never more graciously encountered, either in front or in rear. We slept that night on the floor, with a wet blanket over us, waking in the morning coldly moist and steaming like tea-kettles—a natural consequence perhaps of having been steeped in Kettle Run.

It is a peculiarity of these mountain streams that they fall quite as soon, even sooner, than they rise. Next day we forded the Run with very little difficulty. To satisfy my curiosity more than my thirst I scooped up a little of the water in my hand while crossing—a flavor of gray-mare was plainly perceptible to the taste. It is little wonder that after such experience with a run we declined to encounter a river, and abandoned all thought of following in the advance upon Richmond by way of the James. Had I concluded to continue with the army, I think I should have provided myself with a good, steady-going, easy-riding duck, a salmon that did not particularly object to the saddle, a hippopotamus with a groom from the river Nile, or at least a few carrier-fishes to bear dispatches across streams. Had it been necessary to cross Kettle Run again I would have insisted that the proprietors of the journal with which I was connected, provided me with pontoons. Death under fire, was accepted as a possible chance by the correspondent who consents to follow an army; but death under water is a different thing. And I never professed any intention of dying in the "last ditch."

CHAPTER LXXVI.

“POOR CHIPS”—AN OCCASION ON WHICH I TOLD A LIE.

REFERENCE has been made in a former chapter to an experience on a whale-ship, in my early life. In this instance as in others, I claimed no honors which were not mine of right. As a seaman, however, let it be understood that I was never an “ordinary” one. On the contrary there is reason to suppose that I was from the very outset of my career, the most extraordinary one ever on record. The ancient-mariner feeling, a wild impulse to button-hole somebody and tell an improbable story to him, comes over me occasionally—indeed it is strong upon me now. So if no fastidious reader objects I’ll hitch up my trowsers a bit, after the manner of the stage sailor, and go on with my yarn.

“All hands, ahoy!”

It was my middle watch below. For a weary week and more we had been beating against the baffling sou’ west winds of the Cape; but with the morning of this day came a fair northerly wind, and we were making the most of it. Contrary to the usual custom of compliment to these rough latitudes, we had not sent down our lighter spars from aloft; and so with the first breath of the favorable breeze, were flying before it under a cloud of royals and stun’sails. But as the day grew the wind freshened; one by one the royals were furled and stun’sails sent in, though our captain, whose hardihood in carrying sail had become proverbial, manfully held on everything to the last, so that when our watch left

the deck the ship was staggering under top-gallant sails, top-sails, and courses.

Soon after going below we heard the other watch setting jibs and stay-sails, by which we inferred that the wind was hauling on the quarter. But I was drowsy; the creaking of the jib-sheet block overhead was soon merged in the chirping of robins round the door-way at home; in the rattling cordage I heard but the stir of autumn leaves, and the groanings of the strained masts were to my retrospective fancy but the swaying of nut-laden trees in the merry woods which we boys were wont to rifle. Thus wrapped in dreams of the past, I lost all consciousness of the present until recalled to a ship's life and duty by the hoarse cry at the fore-castle hatchway, "All hands to shorten sail, ahoy!"

We were not long in getting on deck, for a sailor's toilet is soon made. He has no collar to adjust, no cravat to tie; nor is he very particular as to cleansing his teeth or running the point of a marline-spike round the rims of his finger-nails, when thus hurriedly called. A growl, a shake, and he is dressed. Confusion enough was visible and audible on deck when we got there. It was "clew up!" and "clew down!" "let go halliards!" here, and "start away sheets!" there. And well they might be starting sheets, for the wind, fair when our watch went below at eight bells, had now hauled to the westward and was blowing a whole gale. The watch on deck had furled the top-gallant sails, clewed up the courses, settled away the top-sails, and were then furling the mizzen. Our watch took its accustomed station at the fore. Many hands make light work; in a few seconds the sail was lying to the yard in loose folds, and the word was given to furl it. After belaying my clew-line, I stepped to the halliards to see that they were set well taut—not deeming it necessary to go aloft, since the yard was already alive with more men than could well work—when the mate, who, after his customary fashion, had been stamping about deck and cursing the whole crew for a lubberly set of land-crabs, sung out to know who was forward. I answered.

"Lay aloft, then, you Sandy, and see why they don't pick up that sail, and tell me if you find any skulkers in the top."

"Ay, ay, sir!" and I sprang cheerily into the rigging.

On getting into the top I found Chips shivering under the lee of the fore-mast head.

"Chips! Chips!" said I, "why aren't you out in the yard there? The mate is swearing a blue streak below, and if he learns of your being stowed away here he'll make you ship all sorts of seas!"

"Oh, Sandy!" said Chips, "I'm too weak; the wind would strip me from the spar:" and the tremors that shook the poor fellow's frame as he clung cowering to the eyes of the rigging confirmed his words.

"Any skulkers there in the top, Sandy!" shouted the mate from below.

"Not a soul, sir!" I sung out, cheerily, and swinging myself to the yard above, assisted as best I could in stowing the bunt of the sail; for, as I have before remarked, the yard was already packed with more men than could well work.

It may have been a lie that, but if no more aggravated charge of falsehood be brought against me when this watch below is out and all hands are summoned to the great quarter deck above, my soul will rest sufficiently easy with itself on the score of truth. Singular as it may seem, I have told the truth very frequently in my time, but looking back I get more comfort and satisfaction out of that one lie than out of all the truths ever I told!

A word here to tell the reader who Chips was all this while. The name, you know, is a generic one, and applied to all ship's carpenters. Sailors are most sensible godfathers, and always christen with an eye to the preservation of "the unities"—thus the cooper is known as Bungs, and the blacksmith as Smut. But our Chips was of a gentler humanity than the generality of these hewers of wood, and, of course, a favorite with the crew. Something more than a pun was meant when a frolicsome youngster swore that our Chips was of finer grain than any that ever before floated. It was in

the hope of re-establishing his health, much impaired by some pulmonary disease, that he came to sea; and for a time, while cruising in the balmy tropical latitudes, it seemed as though his object would be attained. The soft, caressing breezes that linger in the courts of the sun, with the bewitching nights and refulgent days, would woo the weary soul back, if any temptation on earth could, from the very verge of the grave; for it almost seems impossible that any brighter heaven can lie beyond.

But as we sailed southward, and the Southern Cross began to bend above our heads, and still southward until the Magellan Clouds poised themselves over the royal-truck, the rough winds and icy sleet which reveal themselves with these wonders proved too much for his frail constitution, and he failed rapidly. It was then that we began to speak of him as "Poor Chips;" and we spoke thus quite as much in love as in pity. It came out afterward that he had been engaged to a girl in the old country. I remember that often in his sleep he would murmur the name "Mary Haley;" and in our tropical cruising, through long hours of the night-watches, he would sit between the knight-heads or on the windlass bitts, humming a song of which I can only remember that the refrain was "Aileen-a-Roon."

I have said that his gentle manners and unobtrusive disposition endeared him to all on ship-board. I should have said to all except the mate; but then to have his good-will was small credit to the man with whom it rested. Years have passed since I sailed with the wretch, but looking back through their intervening vista, I see him before me now, as then, a perfect nightmare of meanness and ugliness. His quarter-deck name was Maxim, but in the fore-castle he was known as "Devil-bug." Tall and snaky in build, with that unsightly curvature of spine which makes a ship what we call "hogged," a man stoop-shouldered, the villainy of his face hedged in by a pair of brick-red whiskers, sure no man ever lived on whose whole exterior nature wrote "tyrant, coward, and scoundrel" more plainly. His arms, long, lean,

and bowed, as they hung loosely by his side, might not inaptly be compared to a parenthesis; but it was a miserable incident of a heart inclosed. Indeed, nature seemed aware that it was not worthy of appearing in the body of her work, and so inclosed it in brackets—a sort of postscript to an ill-favored sentence.

From the first he took a dislike to Chips, and never suffered an opportunity of venting his spite to pass unimproved. He reveled in that infernal delight which a mean nature ever has in degrading a nobler one. Was a ringbolt to be scoured, a mast slushed, or any other piece of drudgery, important or unimportant, to be done, to Chips it was appointed. Even at the time of which I write, in that rough weather of which all who have ever sailed around the Horn have had experience, while the poor fellow was so weak that in dressing he had to steady himself by laying one hand on his bunk, if not on deck as soon as the others of the watch, this ever-to-be-execrated Devil-bug would rush into the fore-castle, shake him from his hold, and "freshen his way," as he termed it, up the ladder with a rope's end. Many a hand longed on these occasions to drop a handspike on the rascal's head; but discipline prevailed, and his punishment was not then.

To return now to my story.

While on the top-sail yard I noticed that the parrel-band had worked loose, and notifying the mate, he ordered me to remain and make it secure. I detained Chips with me, nominally to assist, really, to keep him beyond the reach of his tormentor. Having finished the little job we went down. The balance of the men were furling the main-sail, and I stood by to attend their calls to the deck, while Chips busied himself in coiling up the loose rigging. At this moment the mate came along with a spare gasket in his hand.

"Here, you Chips, take this gasket, and lay out and stow that flying-jib snug."

Now this was merely a "work-up job," and none knew it

better than myself, for I had furled the sail in question the evening previous, and at the mate's order had taken special pains to make it secure; moreover it was a task of no inconsiderable danger to a landsman like Chips, as the ship was rearing and plunging in that fierce head-sea like a crazy colt—her jib-boom one moment pointing to the zenith, the next to the nadir, and describing in every sweep a full semi-circle. So I ventured to say that I myself had furled the flying jib before our watch went below, had put extra stops about it, and knew it was as safe as ropes could make it.

“Ah!” said the mate, “since you are so fond of working your jaw-tackle you can lay out there too!”

Of course it was not for me to reply, but to obey. It is the very gospel of the sea to go when ordered, and taking the gasket in my hand I started forward. I heard Chips beg to be excused from the work, alleging that his legs were so weak they could hardly support him about deck, and he feared he should fall overboard. I also heard the rude curse and the still more brutal kick given him in reply; and the poor fellow came crawling out after me on the long spar which stretched like a gibbet-arm far over the water. We gained the flying jib-boom, and made rapid work of it—for really there was nothing of furling to do but to go through the form commanded by the mate—and I was passing the last turn of the gasket, when the foot-rope suddenly slackened beneath my feet, a wild cry of despair rang out on the midnight air, and I was alone on the spar. Looking downward I saw Chips clinging to a piece of rigging that dangled under the bows. My God! I shall never forget the freezing horror of that face as, lit by the phosphorescent glare of the parted waters, it looked upward for a help that my arm was powerless to give. Even now it haunts me of nights, and I often start from sleep with the cry on my lips which I then, more from instinct than volition, sent shrilling through the ship:—

“Man overboard!”

A terrible cry that, to mingle with the whistling of the gale. For a moment only he thus hung. The ship plunged

her head quivering under water, and when she again rose, shaking the spray from her hempen mane like a drenched lioness, Chips was gone. One piercing cry for help came from far to leeward, but none could be given. It would have been impossible to lower a boat in such a sea; and though the life-buoy was detached from the taffrail, it is not probable that any hand ever rose to clutch it.

With us sailors the name of Chips became a "household word;" and not infrequently rough hands would wipe away a tear when the empty "bunk" was mentioned. And what said the mate?—that "the skulking scoundrel had gone where he could 'soldier' forever if he pleased."

Well, we doubled the Cape at last, and gliding along in the smooth waters of the rightly-named Pacific, soon forgot the hardships through which we had so lately passed. In the nights of brimming beauty which crown the cup of the low latitudes, we drank oblivion to the manifold horrors of the Horn. One night—it was our larboard watch's middle-watch on deck—while bowling along at perhaps seven knots the hour, most of us lounging about deck in drowsy attitudes, Aileen-a-Roon came swelling on the air as distinctly as any human voice could give it utterance. It seemed to come from a little in advance of the ship, now dying away in plaintive melody, and anon rising in a wild swelling cadence, as Chips was wont to hum it. There could be no mistake about the tune; and the loungers, as by one accord, sprang to their feet to assure themselves that they were indeed awake.

"It comes from the flying jib-boom end," said Old George Nestor, of the forecastle. "I knew he would come again, and I know what he wants."

"What's all this nonsense about!" cried the mate, angrily, coming forward, as was his wont whenever conversation drew a group together on the forecastle: he was ever fearful that the crew were hatching some conspiracy against him. He knew that he deserved to be killed, and was correspondingly suspicious that some plot might be laid to that end. Perhaps, too, he saw the shadow of his doom beckoning him on.

"Chips has come back to finish passing his gasket, sir," said Old George. "Listen! Do you not hear him out there humming his Aileen-a-Roon?"

"Ailee-a-Roon be d—d!" said the mate; "it's the flying-jib sheet-block chafing on the top-mast stay. You didn't seize that scotchman on as I told you to, you old rascal. Look out for your watch below to-morrow. I'll soon clap a stop on this ghost's jaw of yours." And, taking a marline-spike in his hand, he started out on the bowsprit.

Now let no reader at this moment exult in that he has detected in the author a statement that passes the bounds of probability. None better than myself know that it is not customary for the mate of a ship to amuse himself by doing odd jobs in the rigging at night; I should never have ventured to invent such a story. To have maintained the usual custom of all officers of his sort, this mate should have sent three men out on the jib-boom to do one man's work, and distributed the rest of the watch at the different mast-heads to keep a sharp lookout for land in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. But again I say, gentlemen, that the finger of Fate was in it; he was beckoned on by his doom, and followed. Well, we watched the mate out, and, sure enough, when he seated himself crosswise on the spar, the melody ceased.

"Old Devil-bug's right about the ghost," said a merry younker; "no man once well clear of this old hulk would come back again dead or alive!"

No one gainsayed him; and, half-ashamed of our ready superstition, we resumed our lounging postures about the deck. Time passed on, and eight bells was struck. The relief watch turned out, but where was the mate to pass the orders of the night to his second? We all saw him go out on the jib-boom, but none remembered to have seen him come in. The second mate called "Mr. Maxim!" so loudly that he woke the captain, but no Mr. Maxim made answer. All hands were turned up, the ship hove to, and the boats lowered and sent in all directions, groping through the night, but without avail. And though we shortened sail and cruised

vigilantly in that vicinity for a week no tidings came of the missing mate.

Old George shook his head and said, "I told you so." The young sailor never again laughed at the credulity of his elders.

My story is done. In all essential particulars it is true. If you doubt the assertion of the author, seek any one of the men that sailed in the whale-ship *Waverly* on her cruise in '51, and see if the whole yarn does not have his corroboration. Or, granting the main facts, you may laugh and say that I have tortured a mere coincidence into a miracle; that the flying-jib-sheet hummed "Aileen-a-Roon;" that the mate fell overboard unheeded, and that the rushing waters stifled his cry for assistance. Very possibly you are right. Sailors reason by feeling, landmen by induction. But as none will dispute that retribution came where it was richly deserved, the precise manner in which the bolt fell is scarcely worthy of argument. We undoubtedly agree as to the hand by which it was launched.

I have told you of Chips' death, and what came of it. You can draw your own conclusions. Certain it is that two women in New England wear black—the one mourns a husband that went down to sea and never returned; the other, a lover.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

ALL ABOUT THE KING OF ASHANTEE.

MY sympathies seldom go very far from home. I'm not given to weeping over the heathen ; but I am sorry for the King of Ashantee. He has three thousand three hundred and thirty-one wives. Now I'd about as lief be king of a shanty as of anything else, but I don't know that I'd care to undertake to "boss" one with quite that number of women around me ; I'd not run it on any terms. Not that I don't like woman, for, on the contrary, I admire her ; from infancy up I have considered her an institution eminently worthy of encouragement ; my mother was a woman ; all my female relatives are women. In the pride of my heart I have said, that the sex had no stronger supporter than myself ; but this boast is not quite true. The King of Ashantee supports three thousand three hundred and thirty more than I do,—he is probably fonder of conversation than I am.

But I don't envy him his lot,—certainly not his lot of women. It may all be well enough in Ashantee, for they don't dress much there ; a feather in the hair, a cowrie shell in the nose, a modest string of glass beads, perhaps, and the thing is done. Fashion demands nothing more of her votaries. Here, however, the women want more than that—unreasonable creatures. I question whether one of them, in her pampered pride, would be satisfied with *two* feathers in her hair, or be happy with even *two* cowrie shells in her nose ; and as for the necklace, a bead would probably be drawn on the wretch who should offer glass ones.

The rent of a shanty in Ashantee, too, I take it, is much

less than here. "Landlords are coming down," write the correspondents of country papers. I believe it. One comes down on me as often as the month rolls round, and I fancy it grieves him to the quick to think he can come down no oftener. Rent, rent, rent! it meets one at every turn in this life; nor do I look for an escape from it beyond, inso-much as we are assured that when the solid earth has crumbled and houses all are damaged to an extent which no landlords could reasonably be expected to repair, then shall the skies be rent.

When the cost of living is taken into consideration, I sometimes think 'tis a pity that the practice of some foreign tribes—our aforesaid friends, the Ashantees, for instance—for appeasing hunger could not be adopted in this country. They bind a board to the belly, producing a compression which is said to be about as satisfactory as a full meal. Now it wouldn't cost much to board one's family in that fashion. The children might come to have a slab-sided sort of look, but one could spruce them up for extra occasions. And if a member of the family pined on his board, a pine-knot might be pressed upon him with excellent effect. I see no reason why the stomach might not be "stayed" after the manner adopted by these ingenious natives; many of our ladies use whalebone for a stay, somewhat similarly, and seldom have any appetite to speak of; is there any solid reason why they might not switch off upon wood to equally good purpose?

Another thing which I should think would trouble the King of Ashantee mightily is the matter of servants. Of course he has to have six thousand six hundred and sixty-two—two for each of his wives. Where he gets them I can't imagine, unless he makes raids on Ireland, or carries the war very far into Germany. The number of Bridgets and Katrinas that we have had in our housekeeping experience is incalculable,—the kitchen has vibrated like a pendulum between the two. (That domestics should be foreign involves a contradiction of terms, but the fact remains. Why it is,

perhaps some of our political economists can explain.) We find some minor points of difference between the nationalities, but the general result is about the same. Bridget is ready and willing,—her readiness to take offence and her willingness to undertake the performance of culinary operations of which she is totally ignorant, pass comprehension. If you asked her could she cook an elephant properly, her reply would be:—

“Shure yis, it’s many of thim I cooked in the ould country.”

I’d try her with an elephant some day were it not morally certain that we’d have to eat it without remonstrance or be discharged on the spot. Katrina, on the other hand, is slow and sure,—we find her slow to comprehend what we want done, and sure to do the very thing she has been carefully enjoined against doing. We are looking with hopeful eyes to the speedy introduction of Chinese labor. As a cook we imagine that Ah Sin can mind his pease, and at the same time be not inattentive to his own queue. We specially bid our maid servants to bind their hair, but they are careless with it, and “free-floating hair” loses its charm to the eye when found floating in the soup. What wages the Mongolian will demand on this coast I do not know, but on the Pacific he is moderate enough. If all accounts are to be credited, in California the wages of Ah Sin is death!

I should like to have the opinion of the King of Ashantee on Art; I have a couple of pictures which I should like to dispose of to him; they would please his wives. I seldom appear as a patron of Art, but the *rôle* has lately fallen to me. It happened in this wise—if the transaction can be called wise. I chanced to be in a down-town office when a dealer in pictures came in; he had a large one which he wished to dispose of, but the boys chaffed him, and he left with the sarcastic remark that ’twas evident there were no “connyseers” *there*. This touched my pride, it wounded me. Soon after another itinerant came in, with two pictures which he himself painted. He was in need of money, and

would sell them for little more than the frames cost him. A gentleman inquired what this might be, and he replied twenty dollars each ; he would sell the pictures for one hundred, and he proceeded to place them in what he considered a good light. The same gentleman who had spoken before remarked that, incredible as the statement might seem, such was the tightness of the times, he would not give twenty dollars for the two. There was a look of injured feeling in the artist's eye, and I, simply with an idea of restoring his self-respect, remarked that *I* would do better than that,—I would give twenty-five.

The artist's face lighted up at once with an expression of malignant triumph. "They are yours, sir," he said. There was no dickering about it, and no back-door, unfortunately, to the office ; he held out his hand for the money. Nothing remained for it but to pay the money. Hiring a small boy to carry them up town, and hoping he couldn't find the way to the house, I attached a card to them, on which I wrote a line, informing Mrs. Paul that after long pondering as to what I should give her for a Christmas present, I had come to the conclusion there was nothing so appropriate as pictures, &c., and would she, &c. When I returned home that evening, I found them set out in the wood-shed—Mrs. Paul thought they wouldn't do much harm there, and they'd be out of the way. Then I sent them to a friend out in Michigan as a New Year's present. They came back in less than a week with a note from that yeoman, saying that he had no place on his walls to hang them, but he had a tree in the front yard which he thought would do very well for the artist.

At the present writing these works of art repose in the garret, awaiting a purchaser. I don't want a profit on them, but I should like to get cost. They are "quiet, cool bits," landscapes, I believe. One represents a scene on the Hudson, the other on the Mohawk. Which is the scene on the Hudson and which is the one on the Mohawk I have not yet been able to decide, nor was the artist able to inform me,

A black and white woodcut illustration by N.H. Greenport. The scene is set indoors, likely a parlor or study. In the center, a man wearing a dark suit, a white shirt, a dark tie, and a top hat stands and smokes a pipe. To his left, another man in a patterned suit and top hat stands near a doorway, holding a hat. To the right, a third man in a suit and top hat sits at a table, looking towards the standing man. The room features a window with a curtain and a chair. The artist's signature 'N.H. Greenport' is in the upper left corner.

but this doesn't matter much. Indeed, it rather enhances their value, if anything. They will be a perpetual conundrum to the purchaser, a sort of illustrated rebus, which he can guess at his leisure; no restrictions are put upon him; having paid his money he can take his choice. Hereafter, I am not to be considered as a patron of art, and it would be impossible for an itinerant to get a bid for a picture out of me at any price. "Quiet, cool bits" are not in my way since this bite. I invariably step out of the way when a dealer comes into the office, fearful that the indignant kindling in my eye may be mistaken for appreciation, and that the wrathful quivering of my lip may be construed into a bid.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

CONCERNING THE CRUSADE AGAINST DOGS, AND THE DANGER OF HYDROPHOBIA.

I HAVE been staying quietly at home for a month or two back, letting mad dogs bite me.

None of the blame can be laid at my door. I warned them faithfully, argued with them, told them it was no manner of use; but they wouldn't be persuaded; they said every one else had been taking a hack at me for nigh upon a year now, and they might as well have a mouthful as not. So, as they seemed set upon it, and thought they'd enjoy it, and the difference to me was trifling, I quietly gave in.

Nineteen dogs bit me in one morning before breakfast.

Prompt precautions were taken, no exertions were spared on any side, and I did my duty like a Christian. Night and day I sat up with those unfortunate dogs; a mother could not have ministered to her own step-children more tenderly than I did to them; I would have called a Congregational Council had the season not been so far advanced; but 'twas of no avail. Every one of them died!

Let me own right here that I respect animals; yes, that I like animals. Perhaps, while about it, I may as well make a clean breast and confess that I love animals—all animals—even the human animal, when he is not irredeemably vicious!

When I remark that I have a particular affection for the horse, I expect to find the great multitude countenancing and bearing me company, for the horse is a "useful animal." None will gainsay me here. But perhaps I incline to push my conclusions in this case further than most lovers

even of the horse will care to follow me. For, weighing the matter well, I do not know why a good horse should rank lower in the social scale than a good man. Certainly, he preaches less and does more. The horse cannot talk, it is true, but then I can instance some good men who would be much better, pleasanter as companions, and every way more agreeable if they could not.

And who knows but the horse would talk were it made worth his while? Unfortunately, the only precedent on record in which he made an effort and developed talent as a controversialist, was scarcely calculated to encourage him in that direction. You perhaps remember that Balaam's horse opened his mouth once to admonish his master, warning him that danger and destruction lay dead ahead, and the prophet raised his evangelical staff and beat him cruelly for putting an oar in. Come to think about it, I don't think Balaam's horse would have spoken on that one occasion if he had not been an ass. Certainly if he had had even average horse-sense he would never have attempted to argue with a clergyman who, in addition to believing that he had a mission, carried a big club.

Let me make another confession: I do not belong to that large class of animal-lovers who, loving animals, "hate cats." That the cat is treacherous, I know; all my observation of her goes to prove it. She makes no professions, indulges in few demonstrations. And if you travel far out of your way, to tread on her tail, she is very apt to set her back up contumaciously and scratch, instead of immediately going out to the barn and bringing in one of her kittens for you to play with. Punch a dog in the eye, on the other hand, and the chances are that he'll wag his tail and look pleased. All this proves that the cat is a treacherous animal, and also establishes her as a nearer approach to the human animal than the dog is. And in this fact you have one reason why I like dogs better than I do cats.

For, liking cats, I love dogs—even little yellow dogs. They are "useless," but what of that? The same can be

said of nine men in ten. "Usefulness" and "convenience" should never be mentioned as elements to be considered when love of animals is professed. The great multitude of men love their wives mainly because they are useful, handy in many ways, convenient to have around; I do not say that there is anything wrong in this—the rule may be well enough in weighing wives—but my affection for animals builds itself upon quite another ground; not a matter of volition at all, there belongs to me neither praise nor blame for it.

I love the little yellow dog of incidental mention simply because he is one of the weak and helpless creatures which the Creator of us all has committed to the care of the stronger and more intelligent. And I never see a little yellow dog running round the streets without feeling deep down in my heart that, but for circumstances over which neither of us had control, our respective places might be changed, our conditions might be reversed; and had they been, it is not clear to me that the other creature would not have made a better man than I—nor do I know that I would have been half so good a little yellow dog as he is.

As for this absurd hue and cry of "mad dog," it is the people who are mad—idiotic! In the cities of New York and Brooklyn, with a million and a half of population (not counting dogs), how many deaths can you lay to the charge of dogs? If a man contemplated suicide, how soon could he effect his object by going around and waiting for a mad dog to bite him? About as soon as by standing in the street during a thunder shower and waiting for lightning to strike him. More men are killed in one day by bricks falling on their heads, than by dogs in ten years.

Afraid of unmuzzled dogs! Look at your gin-mills, loose all over town, seizing men by the throat on every corner, ambushed in every other cellar, grinding out death and damnation from the rising of the sun till its going down, and from its going down again until its rising. Muzzle the gin-bottles, and sweep the bloated brutes who launch this liquid

death away from behind their accursed counters into some proper tank where they may be tenderly drowned or humanely asphyxiated, and you will have taken a step in the right direction! Hydrophobia is undoubtedly a dreadful death to die; but what of delirium tremens?

A life insurance office will exact no additional premium of you because you keep a dog or a dozen dogs, but if habitually given to drink, it will refuse you a policy at all. This shows where they think the danger lies!

I merely introduce this parallel to illustrate the absurdity of this sudden access of popular terror. Thousands die every day of alcoholic poison, the most terrible of deaths, and not one of the shops which supply it is shut up. No proposition is heard to hang a barkeeper; but let one man in a century die of a dog-bite, and the cry is, Death to all dogs!

For the allaying of the popular apprehension, I purpose starting a Company for Insuring Against Death by Dogs. The premiums will be ridiculously small; no questions will be asked of the applicant, and the dividends will be larger, if the public will but patronize it, than ever any insurance company paid before.

Two years ago I was the unhappy possessor of a greyhound. Long and sharp of nose, like all long and sharp-nosed people he was cross and uncertain in temper. One morning he didn't feel very well and went off and lay down in his corner. Not having then learned that a dog by any possibility could object to being played with, even when sleepy and indisposed, I followed him up and rubbed noses with him, notwithstanding that he gave several warning growls. He grabbed me by the ear, and left it looking like a bad-conditioned cullender. No excitement about mad dogs existed at that time, but there was an immediate commotion in the family. As the first step, it was insisted that I kill the dog. This I did not do, because if he were mad I wanted to know it. I did not even whip him, for I thought then, and think now, that the dog did perfectly right. If this court has a proper understanding of it, I'd have done pretty

much the same thing had I been in his place. Dogs and wives do not pass the bounds of reasonable requirement when they ask to be let alone occasionally; and if they bit their masters oftener and more savagely, they would be respected more, and their wishes would be considered worthy of consultation once in a while.

On this occasion I was cruel to Mrs. Paul, and for the first time in life refused to do as she wished me. She begged that I would send for the doctor at once and have my ear cut off, declaring that if I did not she should not have a moment's peace: a temporary ear could be cut out of calf-skin, she thought, and sewed on so nicely that no one but myself would ever know the difference. Arbitrarily, perhaps brutally, I declined to gratify her. In consequence I have not yet had the bliss of knowing what unspeakable bliss it is to bound gayly through life with a leather ear. It may be that the experience is still destined to be mine, however, for since this mad dog excitement reached its present height, Mrs. Paul frequently asks me if I feel no symptoms; I cannot scratch the back of my head without her placing a bucket of water before me to see if I show signs of bolting, and she often advances a skirmish line of questions, the drift of which is to know if I do not think that I could hear all the good that is said of me and as much of sermons as I care to, with one ear. It may be that I'll have to lay both ears down on the altar of domestic peace before the summer is over.

As for the killing of animals, I have no sentimental objections on that score. Indeed, I never see a horse staggering under twice the burden that should be put upon him that I would not like to step mercifully up, and, while patting him gently with one hand, put a swift and kind bullet through his head with the other. This would relieve the poor animal from all injustice and misery, and perhaps his owner, ascertaining how inconvenient it was to drag his own dray around, might use his next horse decently, if ever he owned one again. The poor dogs that roam the streets, hungry and homeless, I would kill in the most painless way possible;

get them all together, give them as full a meal as they could eat, and then dismiss them beyond the reach of pain. More, any dog ill treated by his master I would provide for in the same merciful fashion. And so with cats and all other animals, for I see no other way out of the difficulty—no other means of getting rid of the shocking scenes of cruelty we every day witness, and, what is equally bad, know are going on every day around us, whether we see them or not.

Interference for the moment does no good. Reprimand the brute who is beating an overloaded horse or abusing a dog in the street, and you know that when he gets the poor horse into his stable or the dog into a cellar, he will revenge himself upon you through them. The mission of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals should be extended I think; at present it stops short of a proper result. It should be empowered to seize and tenderly and kindly kill all homeless and ill-used animals of all kinds—even cats. Yes, I will not even exclude human animals from the blessing of dying when they can do nothing better!

For if surplus and useless dogs are to be killed—which I do not dispute is the best disposition that can be made of them—why not dispose of all surplus and useless populations similarly? Why maintain so many useless human lives at such enormous expense? The argument holds as good in the one case as in the other. If dogs are dangerous, what of the unemployed criminal classes? You cannot take up a newspaper without finding record of some horrible outrage committed by these dangerous human animals. Murder, robbery, rapine! How many men of all classes have died in Brooklyn of dog bites within five years past I do not know; but I can speak to a pretty formidable list of inoffensive citizens who have been knocked on the head while quietly going to their homes, and not in the night time either.

Are there no other "social" or "necessary evils" that carry disease and death in their train to tilt against, that every lance is put in rest and this sudden slogan goes up against the best friend that man has?

CHAPTER LXXIX.

WHICH IS OWED TO THE COGGIA COMET.

ECCENTRIC orb, shot madly from thy sphere,
Planet without a plan, dost travel on thine ear
A courier out of place,
Through wide expanse of space,
Bent on a bender?
Known to be nebulous, indefinite, fluctuating,
Of volume vast, but thin; wide-circulating;
Thou holy, high, translated Legal Tender,
Approach, come nigher; obliging acquiesce,
For lo, the waiting swell-mob of the Press
Would fain go through thee,
And I, a youth, bald, honest, simple, gushing,
Of poor but honest parents born—not flush though born in Flushing—
Am here to interview thee.

Tell us thy lineage as I've told thee mine—
We have one end already of thy aqueous Line;
Thy sire,
Coggia,
(Thou canst not read that rhyme withouten ire)
But tell us of thy dam!
O most transparent, permeable sham,
A cheat that won't hold water,
In all tradition linked with woe and slaughter,
Thou well mightst be a son, a scion, a sliver,
An offspring of that vile dam at Mill River.

But no,
That was not thy reflow,
Yet tell us, Comet, *apropos*
Of water—thou'rt considered cross and crabbed—
Ere thou com'st nearer, tell us, art thou rabid?
Has Sirius bit thee?
(Sure 'tis enough to puzzle one,
They let that star ramp round without a muzzle on.)

But whether mad or not
 Don't dare to wag thy tail or thou'lt be shot;
 For *our* sweet "stars"—cops, peelers, worthy Celts,—
 Muss round with rusty pistols in their belts;
 And, thinking the more dogs they kill the merrier,
 They might declare that thou'rt a mad sky-terrier,

And blaze away and hit thee.

If so, take *thou* a crack,

And just blaze fiercely back
 Until thou melt'st the lying, mangy pack—

Confound 'em—

Like tallow candles down into their shoes,
 Or if thou burn'st with more vindictive views

Expound 'em!

This "mad-dog" cry—

I hate the hack word,
 But turn it round and spell it backward,
 And it describes the lie.

If naught's the matter
 With thy medulla oblongata,
 Tell us the chance of fancy stocks up there;
 What are the movements now of bull and bear?
 Do things all round look blue?
 Is *thy* name Daniel Drew?
 That milky way, where all the small stars meet,
 Is't there, O Comet, that thou milk'st the street?
 Aquarius with his pot,
 Who waters, waters, with one ceaseless drip,
 And only rests at times to dry his scrip,
 Is that man *Sage* or not?
 Are earnings of thy railroads ever "pooled?"
 The little fishes, are they ever fooled?
 And the Great Bear, *is* his true name Jay Gould?
 Thou canst not tell! yes, yes, one ought to know,
 Thou'rt up above—the Board meets down below!

As for myself, now sitting here in clover,
 And thinking all thy oblong matter over,
 It seems to me as well as rhyme there's reason
 To charge thy coming to commencement season.
 A graduate of *some superior college*,
 Art thou not starring 'round to show thy knowledge?
 Thou cam'st of Cambridge, one would surely say,
 To see thee so look down on New York Bay:
 But more like one of Yale
 Thy strut and spread of tail.

Thou scarce canst be of Princeton? No, by gosh!
 Such a rake-hell came not of good McCosh.
 Whence thou com'st, Comet, tell us; tell us true;
 Just name thy alma mater, meteor, do.
 As for diplomas, spare us if thee please—
 We'll take for granted all of thy degrees.

Of this sweet oil poured o'er thy hoary beard
 In unctuous rhyme be not at all afeared—
 'Tis like that poured o'er Aaron's, rich with spice,
 Which flowed all down his garments in a trice,
 And must have made him feel and look quite nice
 What papers have they there above the moon?
 In thee I seem to see a glorified TRIBUNE,
 Shedding a radiance rich and pure and sweet—
 Thy tail, what is it but the triple sheet!

That tail, O Comet, gives another text
 For questions; ends it here, complete, convexed,
 Or is't "to be continued in the next?"—
 In the next world, like Braddon's, Wilkie Collins',
 And that curst "Ancient History" of Rollin's,
 Which, when I thought I'd beaten its last column,
 Always outflanked me with another volume?

Say wilt thou meet us with no spiteful thrust,
 Or eke wilt "bounce" us, "bu'st our ancient crust?"
 Erect a mansard on this planet's brow,
 Raise Cain, turn Jack—in brief wilt have a row?
 If that's thy game, put up thy fins; why, dumb it,
 Earth's full of grit; thou canst not come it, Comet?
 But if thy tail swept by and failed to twist me,
 'Twould be just the first thing in life that ever missed me!

CHAPTER LXXX.

IN FAVOR OF SUPPRESSING THE FOURTH.

WHAT luck did we have in Brooklyn this last Fourth of July? Pretty good, thank you. We contrived to kill two children, and to seriously mutilate about twenty more; it wasn't a very good day for children, either.

Among the casualties I do not count the wounding of two men by policemen in a mad endeavor to shoot "mad dogs;" for I do not know that this was done by way of celebrating the day. In this you have nothing more than is liable to happen any day of the week, when imported "cops," who couldn't hit the broadside of a barn with a shot-gun, are provided with revolvers and empowered to take snap shots up and down the street at any dog that has sense enough to run for dear life the moment he sees one of their ugly mugs coming round a corner. After the police force have perforated a few more citizens in the exercise of this new duty of shooting dogs, perhaps they will be relegated to first principles, and ordered to confine their achievements to the regular and original routine of clubbing drunken men and arresting small boys on the edges of large crowds.

But it is not the suppression of the policeman that I call for, though the danger of allowing him to run at large has been several times demonstrated of late. Nor do I advocate handcuffing him, nor even obliging him to carry his club less jauntily and in a position which would make it less handy to use than it is when swinging gayly from his wrist, thus forcing upon him time for a moment's thought before dropping it on the first head that comes in his way. No, I

would not suppress the policeman, nor shackle his free limbs, for a wail would then go up from the cook in the area, down trodden Bridget.

But I would muzzle the Fourth of July; shear it of all the elements of fatality which now make it a terror to the land; confine it within safe and decent bounds.

Every year we have a recurrence of the same accidents—deaths, maimings, destruction of property by fire, drunkenness, disorder generally. Beyond a doubt this absurd manner of celebrating Independence Day will come to an end in time. But why not now? Why wait for a culmination in some terrible fatality or conflagration which shall arouse the common sense of the people and make the suppression of this intolerable nuisance imperative? A movement in the right direction might be inaugurated at once; the time is ripe for it, and there is no reason why the next Fourth of July should not dawn upon us peacefully, and wear on and go out like other Christian days, with no smell nor smoke, and with no bad record, instead of flashing upon us in flame, searing our eyeballs with its lurid glare as it passes, and leaving behind it a trail of death and fire, like a baleful star!

Our forefathers won independence for us. It remains for us to emancipate ourselves from Independence Day. The evil is apparent, gigantic—not a word can be said in its defense; why should it be tolerated longer? All that is necessary is the united action of a few right-thinking women and men. With but slight effort proper municipal action might be secured in every town, fitting restraint in every village, and this fearful nuisance would glide like a dismissed ghost gracefully into the past.

Saratoga is the only town I know of that has yet taken sensible action in the matter. After having been burned down several years in succession by fire-crackers on the Fourth, the villagers concluded that they had paid quite dearly enough for this most silly whistle, and prohibited even the sale of fireworks of any description in the village, while the letting of them off was made an offense punishable

with a penalty so terrible that no one has yet been able to ascertain for a certainty what it is; dark whispers of its nature are about, but nothing definite is known, and none so far have cared to inform their ignorance by a violation of the ordinance. In consequence you can pass a Fourth in Saratoga as comfortably and safely as though you were in the bosom of the Methodist Church, with not a fire-cracker to molest nor a torpedo to make you afraid. The eminent need of such an ordinance was brought home to Saratoga by a series of terrible lessons. Why will not villages generally, the country through, learn from this sister of theirs, instead of insisting that the same experience shall come upon them before they take warning or action.

Think of the millions which are annually fizzed away in gunpowder and fireworks, setting the attendant fatalities and expenses one side! The display is for the delectation of the poor, it is urged. Were the poor allowed a vote in the matter, do you not think they would prefer flour to fireworks, elect roasts instead of rockets? We are but the slaves of precedent and a foolish rivalry in this thing. We do it one year because it has been done in all years before. Brooklyn and Boston have fireworks because it is supposed that New York is going to, and the example spreads like a small-pox, till towns as small as Philadelphia become inoculated, and the eruption finally breaks out in burghs where you would scarcely suppose there was room for a single pimple of powder.

With individuals it is a matter of precedent and emulation as well as with towns. When my little girl asked if I would lay in some fireworks for her and exhibit them in the evening, the idea seemed so absurd that I laughed at it, broadly and long. But when she informed me that Mr. Smith in the next house on one side of us had his cellar half full of Roman candles and such things, I said I'd think about it; and when we actually saw Mr. Brown, in the house on the other side of us, carrying in fagots of fire-crackers, stacks of torpedoes, and poles of "punk," I thought about it

no longer; but, taking Paulina by the hand, started for the toy store round the corner, without waiting to put on my hat; for it would never do that our children should be behind our neighbors' in anything. If blowing up was to be the pastime of the hour, they must be blown up as high and come down in as small pieces as anybody else's children. And I returned home with an armful of "nigger-chasers," "pin-wheels," "rockets," "bombs," "flower vases," "Roman candles"—every diabolical device that the perverse ingenuity of the pyrotechnist has been able to evolve.

It looked like rain along toward evening, and I hoped for rain, prayed for rain, for I never prided myself on my skill as a pyrotechnist, and the smallest excuse would have been gratefully received. The rain came, but so long had I waited in hope of deliverance from the trouble that the neighbors and the neighbors' children, having exhausted their own fireworks, came over to see ours. This was pleasant, for I always did like to make a spectacle of myself before strangers.

The simple part of the exhibition went off very well. I got a number of little boys who had gathered on the sidewalk in front of the house to take the fire-crackers out into the street and let them off, whole packs at a time. But as for the complex pieces my soul misgave me. The rockets did tolerably, except that only one of the dozen got away from the ground. The other eleven, perhaps because of having their radish-like roots too firmly planted in the virgin soil, just stood still and slung sparks around without making an effort, seemingly, to rise. But this didn't look particularly bad, nor did it hurt anybody on the stoop.

And the pin-wheels did rather prettily till I came to the largest, which I had intended to reserve for the last but was persuaded to introduce into the middle of the performance for fear that it might rain. When I applied the match to this interesting firework, it went off at once, and with it went one entire side of my mustache; altogether in a bunch as 'twere, the abominable thing exploded, with a noise like a

cannon and without a preliminary fiz-z, blistering my hand a yard above the elbow, and setting both my eyebrows on fire. In the regular order of nature it should have ignited easily and gently, gathering rotary force as it burned, changing into brilliant combinations of beauty, and throwing off colored stars and crosses as it rapidly revolved. The bound that I made carried me well into the back yard, but for all the hurry of the occasion I noticed that everybody on the front stoop seemed pleased and laughed heartily; and I question whether they would have enjoyed the pin-wheel much more had it gone off as it was intended to; but the exhibition came to an end then and there, and there will be none on the same premises next year.

And next morning while I was poulticing up my hand and pasting a few false eyebrows on, an irate Dutchman came roaring in from ten blocks away, with a rocket-stick in his hand. It seems that the only rocket that fulfilled its destiny and mounted above the base earth, drove in at his windows, and after nearly impaling the Teutonic babe in its mother's arms, dashed on and broke the mirror besides, overturning a pot of glue in its mad career, and entailing in all a bill of damages to the amount of nearly my whole week's salary as pew-opener in Dr. Budington's church.

That any others have suffered similarly I am not unchristian enough to wish. But I record my experience in the firm belief that it must have been the experience of many others. And in calm and sober seriousness I wish to ask, Who will join me in signing a pledge not only to abstain from fireworks ourselves, and to prohibit them in our families in future, but also to endeavor to procure their prohibition in any city, town, or village in which we are resident?

I would quite as soon be bit in the leg by a mad dog as to have a rocket bolt through my abdomen or a pin-wheel explode in my ear.

CHAPTER LXXXI.

IN WHICH IS DUMPED AN ACCUMULATION OF PARAGRAPHS WHICH
COULD NOT BE OTHERWISE DISPOSED OF.

THINGS.

“Tell me not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream ;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,—
And Things are not what they seem !”

IN saying that he does not want to be told about Life in “mournful numbers,” the poet expresses, rythmically, as a poet should, but positively, the popular preference for getting the news of the day from a lively periodical,—one whose every number is made as cheerful as is consistent with the best interests of society, like my *Great Moral Organ*, for instance. However, I do not concur with him in thinking that the sole is dead which slumbers,—nor will any one else who has had, as I have, both feet asleep at once without a thought of burying either of them. It stands to reason that a sole may slumber without being dead,—that is to say, as dead as a herring. Instance in point : you may have noticed the story of “A Sleeping Girl” now occupying daily newspapers, to the exclusion of much other amusing and instructive information : here we have a *feme-sole* who has serenely slumbered on for the last ten years of her life, but she is not dead yet. She may not be actively alive to the rights of her sex, perhaps, but she is in many respects an admirable young woman, and that may be said of her which can truthfully be said of very few ladies under thirty,—she is no flirt ! In any event she must be just about alive enough to be Secretary of

the Navy, Postmaster General, or something else of that sort, and I am surprised that she has so long escaped the notice of successive administrations. Returning to the sole subject under discussion, may we not suppose that the poet means,—in short, is it not fair to conclude that he intends to convey,—but right here let me make an honest confession. Setting out with a remarkably indistinct idea of what ought to be said by way of introduction, if I have not succeeded in making what I mean to do equally clear to the reader, it is certainly no fault of mine. The Poet has done a kindly office in advance, by assuring you that these “ Things ” are not what they seem. Bear this in mind, and, though they seem foolish to you at times, believe sturdily that they are not, permitting me without further prelude or apology to plunge *in medias res*.

Houses, of late, not content with falling themselves, are getting a strange and sad habit of also knocking down the buildings which happen to stand next them. This seems to me specially unfair and particularly to be protested against. It is bad enough in all conscience to have your own house fall down on you, but to have your neighbor's topple over on yours, bringing that down, and burying you beneath the bricks of both, is provoking to that extent that you have a right to seriously remonstrate. It is adding insult to injury, so to speak, and not infrequently crowding the mourners, as it were. Even if no serious consequences ensue, the inconvenience in many cases is not inconsiderable. You have a party at your house, for instance, and a neighbor's walls come bursting into the parlor,—they are not party walls either! Every man's house is supposed to be his castle; but living constantly with your moat in one eye, you don't want a neighbor's beam in the other. Under this reign of things,—or perhaps I should specifically say rain of bricks and mortar,—the old proverb may be changed to read, “ Fools build houses, and wise men build others to tumble down on them ! ” It may come to such a pass that it will be better to have no neighbors at all, and no friends, but just to live life through

surrounded by one's relatives. Very many persons have wondered that I permit my city property to stand unimproved,—now you all know why I don't build.

There's another thing which must be rather trying to one's patience. You are walking quietly along the street, whistling an inoffensive tune maybe, and thinking how little you can consistently put in the contribution-box on the coming Sunday, when some fellow whom you've perhaps never been introduced to, comes tumbling on top of you from a fourth-story window. Now what right has he to do this? It may be he contemplated suicide, but this does not mend matters; on the contrary it rather perplexes them. Providence interferes to spare him, and instead he only kills you,—accidentally! This is gratifying in the extreme, the more so if you do not pride yourself on being professionally a philanthropist. The change of programme is pleasant enough to the fellow and his family, but how about you and yours? Had things gone as originally planned he would be a *felo de se*; as they go you are the fellow deceased! Is he not indictable? Should he not be hanged? No man has a moral right to go round the world, spilling himself from fourth-story windows on other men who are walking quietly along the street, whistling an inoffensive tune maybe, and thinking how little they can consistently put in the contribution-box on coming Sundays! Unfortunately, hanging him would do you no good, and even were the contrary the case, an ounce of prevention is equivalent to twenty shillings' worth of cure.

And this brings me squarely to the mention I have been artfully leading up to,—my new patent. Realizing the danger to which every man in the community is exposed while walking quietly along the street, whistling an inoffensive tune maybe, and thinking how little he can consistently put in the contribution-box on the coming Sunday, by the inconsiderate action of some other man having no regard for the rights of his fellows, who may tumble on him from a fourth-story window, I have invented, and now offer to the public, my patent recuperative man-repelling and brick-resisting

umbrella, warranted to keep in all climates, if the directions on the box as to keeping it locked up when not in use are strictly followed, before taking it—among brokers. Provided with one of these, you can give public notice that any fellow falling on you does it at his own peril. I look for an extended sale of my invention among that sex with which I have ever been a favorite, none of whom ought to be without a patent man-repeller, etc. For the dear creatures who, owing to circumstances over which they have no control, have no need for a man-repeller, I have contrived a love of a parasol, which I call the patent double-acting and never-failing man-compeller. For persons who do not like to carry umbrellas I design establishing a sort of insurance office, guaranteeing that any one who falls upon you from a fourth-story window shall strike you favorably. My office is to be a different one from most other insurance concerns, as honesty will be the best policy. So far I have only constructed umbrellas capable of shedding men and brick-bats, but hope soon to turn out some that can take fire-proof safes and such-like without winking. The principle is susceptible of indefinite application, and umbrellas may be built of enough power to keep your neighbor's house from falling upon yours, though where this danger exists, it would perhaps be better to build yourself two houses at once, one over the other. If you live in a locality where the nurses are careless and in the habit of letting babies fall out of windows, the advantage of my umbrellas cannot be overrated; one of them would pay for itself in a short time.

Last year I made application to a prominent insurance company for insurance, writing respectfully as follows:—

"I am a corner house; three, four, or five hundred feet from any other man. The stable is about thirty-three and one-third or possibly fifty-two and three-eighths feet distant from the house. There is nothing inflammable about the place except the cistern, for the gas is so poor that it won't burn, and coal is so high that we are using brickbats instead. The house has a heater in it, which we use as a refrigerator

in the winter, and we have no other fire or fireworks on the premises but a range and a red-headed cook. No lamps are used; we believe not in things seen or kerosene."

And they wrote back refusing my application and reproving my levity. As my house did not burn up (or down), I'm glad they didn't jump at me.

Emerson says of gifts:—"The only gift is a portion of thyself. Thou must bleed for me." This is what the Indian thinks when he requests a lock of your hair on the plains. But I for one don't like such Indian giving.

"You should have remained a week longer and joined our buffalo hunt," my brother writes me from the West. "We had capital fun, got thirteen buffaloes, and the next day two men were killed by Indians on the very place where we camped. Come out next month."

Yes, I think I shall; the prospect is inviting; I was always fond of being scalped. Buffalo robes are so intimately connected with sleighing that no one could object to being slain in looking for them. Getting acquainted with strangers, too, is a special hobby of mine. I should particularly like to meet Mr. Hole-in-the-day, or The-man-who-walks-under-the-ground in some out-of-the-way place, like a Kansas prairie, for instance; it would be pleasant for all parties. Mr. Hole-in-the-day might share his wigwam with me; or possibly he might make a wig warm for me, alone. There's no telling what the noble red men wont do for you when they feel sociable and friendly like. The noble red women are of companionable dispositions too. A bevy of sympathetic squaws, not long since, scalped a friend of mine one bright, beautiful Sunday morning. He had some doubts about the propriety of the thing at first, fears that he was an accessory to Sabbath breaking worried him sadly, but they soon relieved him of these; it wasn't much trouble, after they got their hands in, they said; they'd just as lief keep right on. I've seen the man frequently since then and talked with him about it; he's a veteran soldier now, but on that particular morning he was a raw recruit. A good church-goer in the main, he

yet does not like the peeling of Indian belles on Sunday mornings; he objects to such Dorcas societies. I've written to my brother to say to The-man-who-walks-under-the-ground that, much as I admire his walk and conversation, I don't think I'll visit him this fall; there *is* such a thing as running friendship into the ground. As for his being a legitimate heir of the soil, I'll take his word for it; deeds are not necessary; anyway I don't want to go down to investigate his title. It would be comforting to talk about the Great Father with him, and probably I'd know more about such things when he got through with me than I do now, but as my time is limited, both he and Hole-in-the-day must excuse their White Brother for the present; when I want to be scalped I'll let them know. As to the buffalo herd—I've heard a good deal about it, and can hear all else that I want to know from a safe distance. Much as I've heard about their wild charges, I'm not prepared to dispute them; they may put the whole thing down to me; I'm not going out there to examine items or make any deep scrutiny into totems. No, my brother, of the swift and vitreous eye, and the slow but sure tongue, live you in the wild West and chase the bounding bison; be it my more modest lot to track the prowling partridge to his lair, or seek the Jersey snipe in his marsh-meadow den—the more ambitious rôle of the great plains is not for me; I am not a prairie swell.

A correspondent writes from Maine to know if I can tell him where to go to find buffalo, and post him up about the business generally. Certainly I can, for I've made it my special study ever since I determined not to go myself. First, you must get a first-class ticket for the West,—no matter what railroad you go by, the chances of getting to your destination alive are too problematical to build upon to any extent. If stylish, and fond of show at funerals, take a rosewood coffin along with you, for they give you nothing but pine in St. Louis, and further along on the prairies you'll find only bark, principally furnished by the prairie-dog. By all means take the rosewood convenience with you, even if you should not

use it; there's nothing like making a handsome appearance when you're traveling. Tell them to let you off at Hays City, on the Kansas Pacific road,—ask them to let you off as easy as they can. I know all about this flourishing metropolis; it was laid out by this brother of mine before mentioned, who tried to trade me an interest in it soon after, for a double-barrelled shot gun and a pointer dog. If you ask me *how* it is laid out I can only reply that to the best of my recollection it is laid out flat. The population of Hays is active and enterprising; no stranger ever got away from among them with any money. If you haven't money they'll take your clothes and saddle-bags, for they're large-hearted and hospitable and don't mean to be mean about small things.

Arrived at Hays, you are in the heart of the buffalo country. Buffalo used to come into the streets of the town occasionally, but the local paper printed editorials about them, and this finally drove them off. One old bull lingered on, but after they had alluded to him as the monarch of the plains something over ten thousand times, he too lay down and died. To get a buffalo now you have to go about five miles from town, but you can get tolerably well killed by an Indian without going half so far for it. Spotted Tail will call on you himself, if you send him your address. It's a great place to go for health, especially if your physicians have recommended arrow-root to you. You can get a dozen arrows rooted in you without strolling much beyond the city limits. The savage comes upon you with a spring,—a hair-spring, so to speak. If you have no hair it doesn't matter much,—he just takes the bald place along with him. Yes, my friend, Hays City is the place you want to steer for, if desirous to find Buffalo or that other buffer, Lo, the poor Indian.

It may be that my washerwoman will get to heaven when she slips away from her suds here below, but I've an idea that she'll find better hot water facilities elsewhere. The sight that she makes of *my* linen fronts never was seen before if the plain truth may be spoken. Needlework of delicate fineness is made to look like needle-gun work; you would

think there had been a surprise of the posts, and firing all along the clothes-line. The mangling is that which might have been done by mitrailleuses. She does not wash by the dozen, this washerwoman of mine; she takes her work "by the piece,"—and returns it so. But she is not one of the piece makers whom we call blessed. Could you see the condition in which things are brought home to me; my shirts all seem to be on a sort of strike, but the bodies don't hold together; there is division among the members; my collars have a limp, dissipated look, as though they had been out all night and were determined not to get up in the morning. The handkerchiefs might have been given to my mother by an Egyptian, who was glad to get rid of them; they look as though they had been used by mummies. Those portions of my attire on which there are ruffles, æsthetic garments, epics in cambric, tales flowing in heroic measure, are resolved into ragged prose. Professing to "flute," this laundress plays upon my feelings, practices upon my patience, and does base violence to my vesture. But how wise are the provisions of Providence, how admirably all things are fitted in the great order of Nature! Washes the whole world over are brought home on Saturday night. This gives you the next blessed day in which to repent of the wicked words spoken when you gazed upon the scattered folds and realized how the flat-iron had entered your bosom. Laved in the suds of contrition, you come out on the following Monday as fresh and unsoiled in soul as a piece of linen—which has never been given to a washerwoman!

Spontaneous combustion seems to be the order of the day. We have had only one instance as yet. The unfortunate man was a friend of mine, and he had only two faults—drinking and borrowing money. I never had any to loan, and consequently there was no unpleasant feeling between us. Poor fellow! I thought for some time previous to the sad affair that something would happen to him. For his nose day by day got redder and redder until at last it resembled a Drummond light, and certainly would have shone as

far in a fog. His favorite lounging place was on the corner of Irving Place; and standing there of evenings he has often misled persons going to the opera, they mistaking him for the large red lamp that stands in front of the drinking saloon next door. It seems but yesterday that I saw him in the enjoyment of his usual health; his breath had a mellow flavor of Bourbon, which he explained by saying that he had lately used a little in removing spots from his clothing.

Poor Lippard! never again will he attempt to change his spots. He went off yesterday like a firework, burning himself out, for all the world, like a paraffine candle. There was no unpleasant smell apparent, and he himself did not seem aware of how fast he was wasting away—burning down in his socks, or socket, so to speak. A slight wreath of smoke curled up from his mouth, but no more than would have resulted from a cheap cigar, and a calm smile was on his face all the while. Several attempts to blow him out were all in vain, and as for snuffing him, that could not be done. He left no will, and no ashes. In convivial moments he had been wont to boast that he never made a cent, and no man ever made a cent out of him. Strangely enough he carried out that boast to the last—he didn't make a cent while burning, and he left no body for the coroner to sit upon, no chance for an undertaker to run up a bill. His last end was a wax end, if a flower of speech is permissible, and it cannot be denied that he was light, if not positively cheerful, to the last. Profiting by the sad lesson thus inculcated, a number of his boon companions have signed the pledge and others have got married.

There was a deal of beauty and some fine painting at the last Academy opening, but it was moving about the rooms rather than exhibited on the walls. This was as it should be, for beauty does not hang well. It will be remembered that most of the condemned good-looking women of whom we have record were beheaded. Perhaps this was so that they could not hope to wear pretty bonnets in the resurrection—which would be about the most terrible anguish that

could be inflicted on the female soul. Among the pictures that attracted my attention, I may mention:—

“A Study from Still Life,”—the seizure of a whiskey manufactory.

“The Happy Planter,”—a man burying his mother-in-law.

“Redemption,”—a scene in a pawnbroker’s shop.

“Resignation,”—cabinet officers handing in their commissions.

“The Last Roes of Summer,”—the final shad of the season.

“How Happy could I be with Ether,”—scene in a dentist’s rooms.

“True to the Core,”—Eve eating the apple.

“Enjoying the first Weed,”—a widow in her new black.

“Aiming at the End,”—parent chastising a child.

En passant—which is French for in the passage—I noticed a picture of game, which seemed to be well drawn. There was also a fish piece, which carried its own tale. One painter was well and favorably known by his fruits. He contributed the piece representing Eve and the apple—an admirable thing, by the way, for a Fall opening.

Last summer I seized old Father Time by four or five of his locks, and went fishing. Business was at a stand still, and the boys of the village showed me how they beguiled time by rowing up and down the little river endeavoring to persuade the long-headed pike below that the combination of tin, tinsel and feathers towing behind the boat was a good thing to take hold of. This they called “trolling,” and the other thing a “spoon.”

After trolling up and down the river for two or three days, I concluded that there was a “spoon” too many in the boat, and so pitched one overboard and rowed the other to the shore. Then I tried trotting with better success. There was a brook some few miles out on the line of road, where the speckled beauties abounded but you don’t want to go there with long lines, flies, or any such nonsense. By “whipping” the stream, you only punish yourself. Bring a few feet of line, a half-dozen spare hooks, cut a switch in the woods, dig some worms for bait, and you’re rigged. It is necessary that you have your bait convenient, and some fishermen hold it in their mouths. A double object is thus effected. Not only do you have the bait handy, but also the

fish seeing it in your own mouth, conclude that it must possess a superior flavor, and covet accordingly. If any prejudice exists on this score, however, you can compromise and carry the worms in your pocket. The brook abounds in charming little waterfalls, and below these, in the curling eddies as well as under the shelter of the cool rocks, the trout lurk.

But they are much like school girls, and dodge out of sight immediately a stranger becomes visible. You have to stand back from the bank, drop your bait gently down stream, wait with all senses alive, prepared to jerk at the slightest nibble, and very soon a trout is yours. Each trout makes a mouthful—unless you have a larger mouth than common—and thus you can measure your game nicely, and know precisely when you've caught enough for supper. But there are many vexations attendant on trouting. To steal along carefully in order to drop your line into a tempting "hole," and then blunder over a prostrate tree and drop yourself into it, frightening all the fish in the vicinity, is not pleasant; neither is it pleasant to land a trout in a tree, and have to climb for your fish as though you were bird-nesting. Nor is it conducive to serenity of spirit in throwing your hook upon the waters, to have it first take effect in the lower corner of your own eyelid; and it can scarcely be called encouraging to have an immense mosquito and a large trout bite at the same time. They divide your attention, and the chances are that both get away. Those who go into the woods before the first frost, will find it an excellent plan to arrange a mosquito net around the rim of their hats, allowing the ends to fall over the shoulders, and gathering it slightly about the neck. With the aid of this and India rubber gloves you can trout quite comfortably even in June.

Perhaps you've never heard the story of the Georgia colonels? If not, I'll tell it you, for it will at least fit in "between the cheese and the pear."

In the Mexican war, Georgia thought she'd raise a regiment, and did—but every man in it was a colonel. They



tossed up coppers all round to decide who should have command, and started off to reinforce Scott. Previous to marching, they consulted *Hardee's Tactics* and found that the soldier was directed to march with his "left foot foremost." So what did my precious regiment of colonels do, but go skating in that fashion all the way from Georgia to Mexico, shoving the left foot forward and dragging the right one after it!

For a band, they had sixty of the best fiddlers that the plantations of the state afforded.

Scott was drilling his men by brigades, when he saw a tremendous cloud of dust in the distance, which seemed to herald the coming of an army terrible with bummers. Ordering his batteries into position and his brigades into line, he galloped off with his staff to see what the matter was.

"What the devil are you, where do you come from, and where are you going to?" he shouted, as soon as within hailing distance.

"Georgia regiment of Georgia colonels, General," the commander made answer—while the fiddlers struck up a tune that set all the war-horses dancing—"and we're going to reinforce Scott!"

"But what are you marching in that fashion and kicking up such a devil of a dust for?" shouted Scott, in thundering and wondering tones.

"Hardee's tactics, General," returned the commander gaily, flourishing the open pages of the book in the air, "Hardee's tactics, left foot foremost, General!"

"And I'll be blessed, gentlemen," said the old General in telling the story to me, "if that whole regiment of Georgia colonels hadn't marched all the way from Georgia to Vera Cruz with their left feet foremost, kicking up the raggedest dust you ever did see."

With the rage for dramatizing everything it surprises me that no one has taken in hand the first ten chapters of *Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy*. The action is not quite as lively as could be wished, perhaps, but considerable fire

could be thrown into it by a small expenditure for resin, and there is nothing like lurid effect. Gunpowder is good, too. Use enough of it, and one cannot fail to bring down the house. My experience as a dramatist has not been sufficiently encouraging to tempt me to further effort, or I would attempt this work myself. When I brought out a little comedy in San Francisco, two of the principal actors were drunk, and when I changed the same play to suit New York and got it in rehearsal at the Winter Garden, the theatre burned down. And of a burlesque of *Arrah-na-Pogue*—"Arrah-na-Poke"—which I wrote, and which was played in San Francisco, there were only three copies in existence. One went with Dan Setchell—alas, poor Dan—to Australia, and was lost in the wild waste of waters at the same time that that rare good fellow and excellent comedian found a grave.

Another was sold to Mr. Peasley, manager of a theatre in Virginia City. He was shot and killed the day that he arrived home with it—the bullet boring the MS. and saturating it with his blood. The third copy was submitted to Mr. Stuart, who already had a piece of mine in rehearsal and expressed an amiable desire to read this. On Friday night it was placed in his hands—on Saturday morning the good old Winter Garden was burned and the MS. of my burlesque with it. How Mr. Stuart escaped with his life, after having anything to do with me, I don't know—it certainly was a violation of precedent. There is not another copy of the ill-starred production in this wide, wide world. I am very sorry, for I have had a quarrel with a householder, and would like to send him a copy, for beyond a doubt it would fetch him. I know of no other way that a man could commit arson or murder, and escape the unpleasant consequences!

Having had such bad luck with original pieces, it occurred to me that I might perhaps borrow something from the French and adapt. So I wrote asking a bright young friend in Paris to let me know what they had on the boards there that would "suit" me. Answer came back, "I'm afraid nothing here would suit you, for there's not enough on the

stage now to make a decent suit for anybody. At the Gaities they are playing *Paradis Perdu*. Eve wears tights and tulle before the fall, and fig-leaves and back hair afterward; while Adam picks up clippings for a living, and the Devil enjoys the burning pit, surrounded by a splendid ballet. The Chatelet is getting up *The Deluge*, regardless of expense—a nice piece for the summer time; umrellas for the occupants of front seats provided by the management, and none but good swimmers allowed in the pit. At the Boufféy they are playing *Le Bouef Apis*, in which Pharaoh and Potiphar figure largely, Potiphar getting in a towering rage at everything sounding like Joseph.”

I concluded to import none of these pieces. With woman's rights and tights I care not to meddle, and to tell the truth I'm tired of seeing women cavorting about the stage with little on but tight boots and a breast-pin. Snap and spangles don't please me so well as skirts. Dry goods and drapery answer a very good purpose, and Adam and Eve certainly paid dearly enough for the privilege of dressing, to have their descendants glad to avail themselves of it whenever occasion offers. I'm not a prude, but for regular wear give me something more than one's birthday suit, if it be only a coat of paint. Aware that there are better agriculturists abroad than myself, I shall not discourse at length upon the virtue and value of even a light-top dressing, and so far as morality is concerned I see no sufficient cause to mount the pulpit. That any sane man can be demoralized by a vast vision of fat fairies and slender sylphs dodging bad actors, in the guise of obese devils, about the stage, or standing on one leg among the flies,—lucky for them that the Black Crook hasn't Black Flies,—I cannot imagine. And this, I am told, is about what it all amounts to.

It is always well to know who you're dealing with. So, for the reader's enlightenment, I reproduce my “mental photograph,” taken some years ago. I was a bachelor then, but the likeness holds pretty good, now. You understand what “mental photographs” are, of course. A young woman

assaults you with a book, in which a lot of conundrums are printed down, and you write answers to them:—

Your Favorite Color?—Red—when it wins.

Flower?—Flower of the family.

Tree?—My own roof tree.

Object in Nature?—Two bowers.

Hour in the Day?—Bed-time.

Season of the Year?—First of May.

Perfume?—An odor of sanctity.

Gem?—Jemima.

Style of Beauty?—A round figure.

Painters?—Old masters and young misses.

Musicians?—Girls who play on my feelings.

Piece of Sculpture?—God's image cut in ebony.

Poets?—Tupper (M. F.) and Milton (J.)

Poetesses?—Mother Cary's chickens.

Prose Authors?—Sanballat and Tobias.

Character in Romance?—Joseph.

In History?—King Cole.

Book to take up for an hour?—Hervey's Meditations among the Tombs.

What Book (not religious) would you part with last?—My pocket-book.

What Epoch would you choose to have lived in?—When Eve span and everything was span new.

Where would you like to live?—In clover.

What is your favorite amusement?—Riding down Broadway in an omnibus.

What is your favorite occupation?—Shopping—with a sister.

What trait of character do you most admire in Man?—Persistency.

What trait of character do you most admire in Woman?—Consistency.

What trait of character do you most detest in each?—Pure "cussedness."

If not yourself, who would you rather be?—Susan B. Anthony.

What is your idea of happiness?—Clamming.

What is your idea of misery?—Feeling that you are one too many.

What is your bête noir?—Being introduced to people I don't know.

What is your dream?—Starting in new.

What do you most dread?—Going to Brooklyn.

What do you believe to be your distinguishing characteristics?—Constancy, industry, and economy.

What is the sublimest passion of which human nature is capable?—Compassion.

What are the sweetest words in the world?—"You are my affinity."

What are the saddest words?—"I don't see it."

What is your aim in life?—Amiability.

What is your motto?—When you must you'd better.

Mr. Herbert Spencer has long been one of the chiefs among my many admirations. I can't always tell exactly

what he's driving at, but I read along with a persuasion that he knows himself, and that it is all right anyway,—when I don't understand him at all I know that he's very profound, and so feel about as well satisfied as if I did. It grieved me, however, to find in one of his most abstruse works that he was not thoroughly up in contemporaneous literature, quoting the lines:—

“Washing his hands with invisible soap
In imperceptible water,”

and giving the credit to Dickens, when they happen to have been written by Hood. But the lines illustrated his point just as well as they could have done had they been credited correctly.

Strange what little things will sever the silken tie. I know of one happy marriage in prospective that slipped up last winter,—and what do you think it was on? Nothing but a pair of skates! A young woman permitted an old admirer to present her with a pair, and the husband to be couldn't and wouldn't stand it. If she'd take skates from another man, he determined to let her slide; and he did. They are separated now, and haven't spoken to each other for months. Unless some one steps in and breaks the ice, the coolness will ultimately end to the disadvantage of orange-blossoms.

My neighbor across the way has been out celebrating the occurrence of his forty-fifth birthday, and in consequence several friends are assisting him to ascend what seem to be the most aggravating doorsteps in the world. Surely the man ought to have arrived at years of discretion long ere this, but seemingly he has not. The sight saddens me. Whence came, I wonder, the foolish custom which persists in linking drunkenness and gladness together, making friendship and the imbibition of hurtful liquors go hand in hand? Why do not men fraternize and hobnob over a ham sandwich, or some harmless thing of that kind? A well-spiced sausage suggests itself in the absence of anything better, as

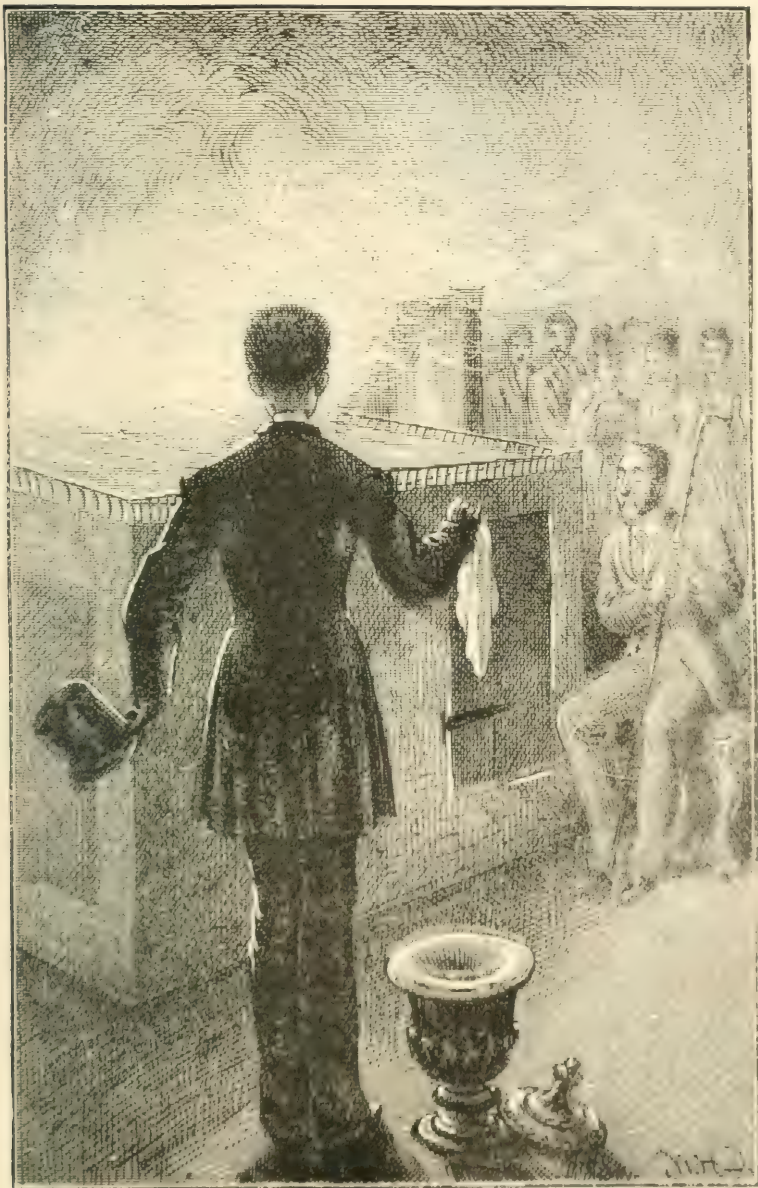
a link in friendship's chain, a sensible stimulant which cheers, but does not inebriate. Sitting opposite to a friend at table, might not a man raise a rubicund piece of beef to his mouth and *eat* his neighbor's health quite as well as to drink it? I could be content that we might chew the cud together like ruminating animals, with no conjunction of glasses at all, or that there were any way to perpetuate and prove friendships without this trivial and vulgar way of drinking; as for drunkenness, it is the foolishlest act a wise man commits in all his life; nor is there anything that will more deject his cooled imagination when he shall consider what an odd and unworthy piece of folly he hath committed. I shall indeed be glad when even the last grape is grown, for, much as I love raisins, sooner will I forego them, my favorite dessert, than see, without some protestation, the juice of a delicious fruit pressed into the service of the Devil.

When cremation really comes to be the accepted way of disposing of our dead, how the standard poetry of the language will have to be remodeled. For the grave and all its impressive paraphernalia have long been held in great esteem by the poets. At the tomb they found some of their choicest imagery and inspiration, and with it all funeral hymns, to say nothing of other slow music, is inseparably linked. Think how the old forms of expression will have to be changed. Impressed with the belief that one might as well accustom his harp to the new order of mortuary things, I have been trying my hand on a bit of pathetic verse, anticipatory of the future. You may call it

THE MAIDEN'S LAST FAREWELL, IN THE DAY OF CREMATION.

THEN the night wore on, and we knew the worst,
That the end of it all was nigh:
Three doctors they had from the very first—
So what could she do but die?

"Oh, William!" she cried, "strew no blossoms of spring,
For the new 'apparatus' might rust;
But say that a handful of shavings you'll bring,
And linger to see me combust.



THE LAST SAD RITES

"Oh, promise me, love, by the fire-hole you'll watch,
And when mourners and stokers convene,
You will see that they light me some solemn, slow match,
And warn them against kerosene.

"It would cheer me to know, ere these rude breezes waft
My essences far to the pole,
That one whom I love will look to the draught,
And have a fond eye on the coal.

"Then promise me, love"—and her voice fainter grew—
"While this body of mine calcifies,
You will stand just as near as you can to the flue,
And gaze while my gases arise.

"For Thompson—Sir Henry—has found out a way—
Of his 'process' you've surely heard tell,
How you burn like a parlor-match gently away,
Nor even offend by a smell.

"So none of the dainty need sniff in disdain
When my carbon floats up to the sky;
And I'm sure, love, that *you* will never complain,
Though an ash should blow into your eye.

"Now promise me, love"—and she murmured low—
"When the calcification is o'er,
You will sit by my grave in the twilight glow—
I mean by my furnace door.

"Yes, promise me, love, while the seasons revolve
On their noiseless axles, the years,
You will visit the kiln where you saw me 'resolve,'
And leach my pale ashes with tears."

CHAPTER LXXXII.

SHOWING HOW WHEAT IS RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THIS CHAFF
—A “FIRST PIECE” CONSEQUENT UPON GOING TO PIECES.

NOT wishing to seem wiser than what is written, I put the first thing I ever wrote at the last of my book. The experience is a veritable one, slightly exaggerated perhaps, but near enough true to call it so. Published at the West—in the *Chicago Evening Journal*—the article was very extensively copied at the East, and so I was encouraged on in sin. In the fourteen years since then, I have done little else but write—more’s the pity. For I’m persuaded that had I persevered as a wheat operator in Chicago, I might long since have been comfortably employed in the service of the state of Illinois, not far from Joliet.

Generally speaking, wheat is a good grain. It shows well in the field and in statistical reports; it looks well in stacks and in granaries; and when well ground, methodically kneaded, judiciously baked, and properly browned and buttered into toast, there is none who will speak more respectfully, not to say enthusiastically, of the vegetable than I. For I am, in the main, a man too well bred to do otherwise. But, as an article of commerce, affording speculative opportunities, I am emphatically down on the whole institution—both “winter” and “spring.” For the one has proven “the winter of my discontent,” while the other sprung a trap on me like that projected over unwary birds which nibble at the same bait. These remarks may seem severe, but they drop as naturally from me as kernels from a head of wheat that has been well thrashed.

I started in life with one talismanic maxim for money making:—Buy when every one is selling; sell when every one is buying. It seemed to me that in those few words all of human wisdom was embodied, and in several small deals I acted on my apothegm with eminent success. The rule worked very well 'till I struck Chicago, and there it seems all rules fail as well as half the dealers. Coincident with my coming to Chicago—as a sort of compliment, perhaps—wheat, which had been very buoyant, suddenly fell. Every one seemed to be selling. I had a little money, and confiding in my golden rule, pitched in and bought at eighty-five. Very soon the staple commodity dropped to sixty-eight. Now, thought I, is the time to “average;” so spouting my first lot—paid for as well as bought—as “margin,” I bought more. And I'll venture to say that no old lady ever prayed so devoutly for her bread to rise, as I did for that wheat. But still it dropped!

When I went round asking for the Why, they said 'twas in the East—piling a bad pun upon my other sufferings. In hope that my temporary absence from Chicago might help the market, I went off in the country for a while, but as wheat still kept dropping I now felt it my duty to return to the city and put a stop to it. The first greeting that met me as I stepped into the Tremont was a telegram on the bulletin board—“Wheat is flat.” Wheat probably was flat enough, but this announcement struck me as being rather a sharp fact. At 11½ o'clock I went down on “'Change.” It is perhaps needless to say that I found things materially changed since I had bought. Buyers were bidding fifty-five; most everybody appeared to be buying; so following out my aphorism, I sold.

If a temporary digression may be pardoned, I will further remark that I was invited to sell—the gentleman who represented me at the Board in the matter informed me distinctly that my margin was gone and I must sell. Things had been warm with me for some time, and now he said my wheat was heating—it had resolved itself into “stumptail.”

The result may be summed up thus:—

Two months since I had money and no wheat; subsequently I had wheat and no money. *Now*, I have neither! The second lot was a poor lot—as poor, in fact, as the second edition of Pharaoh's kine, since it swallowed the first. But I bought it to make an average—and made it. For I got just my average luck!

I think most operators will concur with me in the following conclusion:—

That to buy at eighty-five, and sell at fifty-five, will not pay, unless a man does a very large business. That wheat, when it begins to fall is a long while reaching the bottom. That when it once begins to heat, it very soon becomes too hot to hold. That, after all, the surest way to make money in wheat is to plant it in good soil. And lastly, that a man going into the wheat market, with even a very small capital, if he is industrious, and perseveres, may very soon succeed in owing more than it is probable he will ever be worth.

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

WHICH IS WHAT THE SHOEMAKER BEAT HIS WIFE WITH, AND THE
BEST IN THE BOOK.

THE world may not believe it, for an indisposition to receive great truths seems born into man,—but my book is done!

And none can be gladder than I, for it began to wear on me. I was not easy in my mind for weeks along towards the last. Book-making is like murder, I suppose; you get used to it after a while, and go on without remorse. But with the first crime a guilty feeling comes, and you are anxious to get the body well buried and out of sight.

In my prophetic ear there is already a rumble of adverse comment; I imagine I hear it whispered that I have put in a great deal that might just as well have been left out. This may be, good friends, but have I not left out a great deal that might just as well have been put in? An appendix can be added even now if necessary—and will be added if much fault is found with me. 'Tis still in my power to threaten. A score or so of poems yet remain in my scrap book, and these I would publish on very slight provocation.

As was frankly avowed as my intention in the very outset, I have drawn for my book upon all that I have ever done, only writing in what was absolutely necessary in order to link the past with the present. With the exception of the letters to the *Great Moral Organ*, which are of comparatively recent date (and even into these I have contrived to inject portions of letters written from similar summer resorts to another great moral organ thirteen years ago) nothing has

been admitted which had not the savor of antiquity and was at least five years old. This should suffice to defend me from the suspicion of being either a new-blossomed American Humorist or a wearer of other men's literary raiment. Indeed, some of the summer wear (and tear,) of my soul here collected have done so well in the service of others, that a feeling of pleasure, nearly akin to pride, steals over me as I step forward and claim them at last as my own. It is encouraging to find even the lesser flights of one's fancy winning willing fathers on all sides. Thus, in '67 or thereabout, when there was talk of nominating rare Ben Butler for the presidency, I struck into a Whittier line than I had ever before attempted, and wrote—

Oh, of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, we might have Ben!

The pun—if pun it be—became perennial. Regularly as the years rolled round you saw its modest head sprouting with new surroundings of flower and leaf. Not infrequently, some man of infinite jest and humor approaches me even now with:—

“By the way, did you see that neat thing I said in the *Massachusetts Mutterkin*? Butler is going for the governorship, you know, and I just made a little paragraph. ‘Oh, of all,’” etc.

Further than what has already been said, it was not my intention to appear as an apologist. Insomuch, however, as several have asked why I call this “John Paul's Book,” I will explain: First (and last,) because it is. A book of Wit and Humor it does not pretend to be; neither is it strictly speaking a theological book—nor yet a book written with any intention of ameliorating the condition of the upper classes. It contains much that I have written, represents in one way and another a good deal of my life. And as now printed on good clean paper, in fresh, clear type, it is my opinion—and has been my opinion from the first—that I for one shall enjoy reading it—notwithstanding the illustrations.

Notwithstanding the illustrations, I say, for it has been rather painful for me to see myself in these wild exuberations of artistic fancy, standing round with a cigar in my mouth on all possible occasions; and I have regretted that the artist did not visit me in the bosom of my family before attempting to portray my habits or catch the expression of my face. But these little inaccuracies of detail will matter very little to those who do not know me, and those who do will prefer perhaps to have me as I am not, rather than as I am!

Expecting only that My Book will be bought by my friends, I shall count each man (or woman) who buys it my friend. 'Tis a "subscription book," remember, and though I have no chromos or dog collars to give away with it as premiums, I shall be happy to send anyone subscribing a valuable receipt—for the money!

Looking over the foregoing pages with the calm, critical, and unprejudiced eye of one who, having got out of a scrape intends never again to be caught in another one, the only objection which I can imagine as likely to be urged against this book is, that there is not quite enough of it! The moment a man begins to get interested in the thing, it stops. Including the illustrations I can count up only six hundred and eighty-five pages; and when the brevity of human life is considered, the little time that man here below has for the acquisition of useful knowledge is taken into account, a feeling of regret comes over me that I had not written at greater length. But life is mostly made up of regrets, and after doing the best we know how, the best of us has to throw himself at last on the forgiveness of friends.

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